

PUNDITS AND ELEPHANTS

“Pundits and elephants are things which are associated in my mind, they alike arouse my deepest respect, and I shall ever be grateful to the country that has made me acquainted with them both.”

(Speech to the Asiatic Society of Bengal,
February 7th, 1927)



GATEWAY AT AMBER

PUNDITS AND ELEPHANTS

Being the Experiences of Five Years
as Governor of an Indian Province

by

THE EARL OF LYTTON

With Illustrations

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WAR ECONOMY

THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN COMPLETE
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The positions of Government House, Dacca (p. 4) and Barrackpore (p. 68) have been reversed and these pages should be altered accordingly in the List of Illustrations.

INTRODUCTION

THE PERSONS and events described in this book belong to a period twenty years before its publication. The only justification for publishing this chapter of history at the present moment is that India is again the centre of great interest. Many people are studying its problems and trying to understand the complicated issues in the political situation which they read about in the daily Press. Perhaps the best aid to understanding the present is a knowledge of the past, and therefore the personal experiences related in the pages that follow may not be without interest.

If it were possible, I should like to give a background to the story of my five years as Governor of Bengal, but I realise that nothing I could say would give to readers who have never been in the country a true picture of the India I knew and tried to serve. Scenery, of course, can be described, and readers with imagination can picture for themselves the great mountains and rivers and the tropical vegetation. Human actions and motives are what are so difficult to interpret. Readers of such matters inevitably think how they themselves would act in similar circumstances and apply to others motives by which they would have been influenced. It is here that errors are bound to be made. This is especially the case in India, where words are used that are familiar to English ears but have a different significance in the East. Phrases borrowed from English political life, such as franchise, electorates, constituencies, parties, do not always correspond with what their use in England would denote. Thoreau once said that it takes two to speak the truth—one to speak and another to hear. Truth in this sense is rare as between the British and the Indians, for the very terms in which their political controversies are conducted have very different meanings for each. Even, therefore, where sincerity and goodwill are present, it is easier to speak true than to hear true.

Again, generalisations are necessarily inaccurate. It is difficult enough to speak of English characteristics with any certainty that they are possessed by all Englishmen, but that is much more possible than to speak of Indian characteristics, for there are almost as many types in India as there are in the world. Nevertheless there are certain features which broadly differentiate Orientals from those who in India are called "Europeans". In

speaking, therefore, of "Indians" and "Englishmen" I am conscious that the characteristics which I describe as Indian apply rather to the Hindus than to the Mohammedans, and in many cases are equally applicable to all Orientals. Indian Moslems have characteristics which in so far as they are Orientals are common to other Orientals and in so far as they are Moslems are common to other Moslems.

Subject to these qualifications, there are certain facts which it is desirable to bear in mind when reading about India. The first is that for the Englishman conduct in life is fairly simple and governed by a few general principles that do not conflict with each other. For the Indian, on the other hand, conduct in life is a highly complicated affair, and is governed by principles which are of equal value and mutually contradictory. To choose between them is often a matter of extreme difficulty. For instance, truth to the Englishman is an obligation which overrides all others and is never qualified. This does not mean that all Englishmen invariably speak the truth; it only means that for them departure from the truth, however much it may be excused by expediency, is recognised as a moral delinquency. To speak the truth is also recognised by the Indian as a moral obligation, but for him there is another obligation of equal value, namely, never to say what is unpleasant to a man's face. To be the bearer of ill news is less forgivable than to qualify the truth. This conflicting obligation is only generally recognised by us in a very restricted sphere and has led to the establishment of a social convention. When Mrs. Smith is visited by Mrs. Brown, whom she does not want to see, she does not hesitate to say that she is "not at home". This departure from the strict truth is recognised as less objectionable than to tell Mrs. Brown that her visit is unacceptable, and Mrs. Smith would be greatly insulted if in consequence she were called a liar. But this conflict of obligations, which we recognise only in this small instance, exists for the Indian in every matter in life whether large or small and greatly complicates his conduct.

Another example of such a conflict of obligation exists for the Hindu in the matter of duty to his family. With us the use of patronage for the benefit of one's relations, which we call "nepotism", is condemned and regarded as inconsistent with the high standard of conduct we demand of our public officials. With the Hindu the matter is looked upon in an entirely different

light. Under the Hindu joint family system every man who possesses or earns money recognises the obligation to support all his relations, even his in-laws, so far as his income allows. Such support even involves maintaining all one's relations in one's own house. This is in many ways an admirable system and explains why in India, though there is great poverty, there is no pauperism; but in the case of the official, this obligation to support his family conflicts with the standards of public service which condemn nepotism. An Indian Minister, for instance, in receipt of a salary equivalent to that of a Cabinet Minister in England, may have as many as thirty or forty relations living in his house. When a post in his department becomes vacant, not only do all his relations impress upon him unceasingly that it is his duty to give the post to one of them, but he knows that if he makes such an appointment the relation in question will take away ten or twelve of those who are at present living on him, which would be a great relief to his own income. It is impossible to judge such a man by the same standards as we recognise in this country.

I mention these facts to show that life for the Indian is a very complicated affair, and his mentality is such that his tendency is to make things more complicated even than they need be, whereas the Englishman tries to simplify life as much as possible and therefore finds it difficult to understand the complicated mentality of the Indian. This is specially noticeable with Indian crowd action. I can remember many examples of how a simple incident almost immediately produced the most complicated reactions in an Indian crowd.

When I arrived in India an Englishman who had been there for some years said to me, "You cannot trust the Indians; sooner or later they are sure to let you down." I was shocked by the statement, and I came to learn that it was quite untrue, or rather I learnt the only sense in which it was true. I found that Indians could be trusted as implicitly as anyone else. They could be faithful, even to death, if need be, but always subject to this condition, which must never be forgotten, that their fidelity could be counted on, so long as their loyalty to you did not conflict with some loyalty which to them was even higher.

Another fact which has to be remembered is that all Hindus are very much under the influence of astrologers. Even those who have been educated in England and retain no superstitions

themselves are nevertheless governed in their homes by the family astrologer. According to these star-readers certain times are unpropitious, and no decisions must be taken at such times. These injunctions, though never avowed, explain why agreement which cannot be reached on one day may be achieved on another with startling ease. In all Indian transactions there are incalculable elements that are puzzling to the western mind, which does not appreciate how much Orientals are influenced by considerations which we regard as superstitious. Lastly, the element of time has an entirely different value for the Oriental and the Westerner. In the West we are always in a hurry; time is precious, and in business transactions we like to come to the point as soon as possible. The Oriental, on the other hand, is never in a hurry; to come straight to the point is for him evidence of bad manners. Negotiations which are limited by time are bound to fail, and infinite patience is required in all business transactions.

I mention these things, not because they are of great consequence, but because if not recognised they are apt to create stumbling-blocks in the path of understanding between two races who have fundamentally different outlooks. I have mentioned Indian characteristics which are often misunderstood by the British, but there are also British characteristics which are misunderstood by the Indians. Chief perhaps of these is what is regarded by Indians as our insincerity or hypocrisy—the frequency with which our acts fall short of our professions. Most English people have ideals higher than they actually achieve. They talk about these and sincerely profess them, even when they know that in practice they fail to achieve them. Browning expressed this characteristic when he wrote, “A man’s reach should exceed his grasp, or what’s a heaven for?” We are apt to excuse our shortcomings by saying that we meant well or tried to do better. To the Indian such professions merely savour of hypocrisy. As in the Parable of the Two Sons, they think better of the son who said to his Father “I go not” and went, than of the one who said “I go” and went not.

I have often had occasion to remark that we find in life what we look for. If Englishmen and Indians look for each others’ faults, they will find plenty, but if they look for what is best in each other, they will find much to admire. On the whole, the best rule for an Englishman when dealing with Indians is



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BARRACKPORE



never to be other than English and not to expect an Indian to be other than Indian, and *vice versa* the same rule applies to the Indian when dealing with the English. It is the one who tries to imitate the other, or who expects the other to be what he is himself, who is most likely to be disappointed.

Although these general observations do not exactly create a background to the experiences I am about to relate, they may perhaps suffice to show that the story must not be read with an English background, and that when it is found that Indians act otherwise than as English people would act in similar circumstances, it must not be assumed in consequence that they are acting wrongly. They are rather acting in accordance with a different standard of right and wrong.

CHAPTER I

GENERAL SURVEY

I WAS born at Simla in the first year of my Father's Viceroyalty, and the first four years of my life were spent either at Simla or Calcutta. I may be said, therefore, to have had a traditional interest in the country of my birth. I arrived at Knebworth, our Hertfordshire home, on my fourth birthday, and forty-two years later I returned to India as Governor of Bengal.

In the intervening years many and great changes had taken place in India. When my Father left it in 1880, the consolidation of India as a single State was nearly complete. The work of creating a single Indian nation from the many peoples and races within that State had not yet begun. British rule was still absolute over the whole area. When I returned in 1922 the nation-building work was far advanced. The Government of India Act, 1919, which introduced the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, had just been passed. Indian Ministers, responsible to local elected legislatures, were in charge of Transferred Departments in all the Provinces. There were Indian Members on the Executive Councils of the Viceroy and of all the provincial Governments. The Indian Civil Service had been largely Indianised. The capital of the State had been moved from Calcutta to Delhi, and New Delhi was in course of construction.

In the carrying out of all these changes I had taken no active part, and I had not maintained any connected interest in Indian affairs. In 1920, however, I was appointed Under-Secretary for India in Mr. Lloyd George's Government and began my official connection with the land of my birth. Mr. Montagu was then Secretary of State for India, and I soon became infected by his enthusiasm for the cause of Indian nationalism.

Montagu was passionately devoted to India and worked unceasingly for the advancement of Indian self-government. But he was the kind of statesman that creates rather than allays controversy. His personality and his methods were such that he met with the fiercest hostility among those who disagreed with him, and only rather reluctant support from those who shared his political views. He was cordially hated by many of my friends, and much of my time at the India Office was spent in

investigating the charges against him which they brought to my notice. I never found one that was deserved. In most cases there was some basis of truth in the accusations brought against him, but in every case there was some relevant fact which had been omitted from the story told to me, either because it was not known or because it had been deliberately suppressed, which completely altered the aspect of the case and exonerated him from the wickedness attributed to him. He was a man of the highest ideals and the greatest sincerity of purpose, but the methods he employed and the things he said were often lacking in tact. The result was that his career was a tragedy instead of a triumph.

Before I went to the India Office I had been Civil Lord of the Admiralty. There I had had definite administrative duties assigned to me, and authority within my own Department. When I arrived at the India Office, I asked what my duties as Under-Secretary were, and was told that no particular duties were assigned to my office beyond that of answering questions in the House of Lords. I said that I wished to see all the papers that went to the Secretary of State, and I asked Montagu to give me some special job to work at. Among the subjects which he asked me to take charge of was the position of Indian students at British Universities. A year later a Committee was appointed to examine this subject, and I was asked to be the Chairman of it. The Committee began its work in England, and visited all the Universities in turn, with the object of persuading them, if possible, to admit a larger number of Indian students, and of hearing from the students already there what difficulties, if any, they had met with. It had been intended, when the Committee was appointed, that it should finish its work in India, and I was looking forward to the opportunity that would thus be afforded to me of visiting India. I found it difficult to form a correct judgment of the papers and telegrams which passed through my hands daily, and of the subjects which were discussed weekly at the India Council, without any personal knowledge of the country to which they referred or of the individuals who played a prominent part in the constitutional struggle which was going on. A cold-weather visit to India would, I thought, supply this deficiency and help me in my work at the India Office.

But my introduction to India did not turn out as I had planned. At the last moment the Indian Legislative Council refused to

vote the expenses of the Committee's journey to India, as they considered that its work could be accomplished in England. The members of the Committee, however, felt that consultation with the authorities of Calcutta University and the Education Department of the Government of India was necessary to the completion of their enquiry, and it seemed as if we should have to leave our work unfinished and tell the Secretary of State that in the circumstances we could not complete the task entrusted to us. Mr. Montagu, however, pressed me very strongly to accept the Governorship of Bengal, which was then vacant, and finish the work with the Indian members of the Committee, who would in any case be returning to India. Montagu and I had had many talks about the filling of this vacancy. We felt that it was essential to send someone to Bengal who was sympathetic to the Reforms which had just been initiated, and we had tried unsuccessfully to induce one or two men whom we had thought of to accept the post. A year earlier, when Lord Chelmsford's Viceroyalty had come to an end, Montagu had suggested my name to the Prime Minister as his successor. But Mr. Lloyd George at that time had found another Viceroy in the person of Lord Reading. In the autumn of 1921, as no suitable candidate for the Governorship of Bengal could be found, Montagu said to me, "You must go yourself." I did not at all want the post, but the crisis over the Indian Students' Committee proved a deciding factor, and I felt that I must accept it.

I have often looked back since to the day when I took this important decision and wondered whether I was right to go. At that time I felt that the moment was critical in the history of India, and that it was all-important to get the Reforms started on the right lines. I believed that I might render valuable service in this capacity, and the call seemed to me one which I could not refuse. It meant a great personal sacrifice to me both in a private and a public sense—family separations which would be hard to bear, and the interruption of my political career at home, which was then at a critical point. I had filled two Under-Secretaryships, and could reasonably look forward to a Cabinet appointment at an early date—and this was the crown of my political ambition. The service of England at home had always been my dream—service overseas had never entered my mind. But in the two years I had been at the India Office India had taken a strong hold of me. It seemed that Fate was calling me,

and perhaps I had an exaggerated idea of my own ability to steer the destinies of that country at a critical moment.

Had I known then what I came to know later—that the discontented Indian Nationalists, whom I hoped to win by sympathy, did not want a sympathetic Government, but either a Government of their own making or one which they could abuse as tyrannical—I would never have gone to India. Had my decision been different it would have been no worse for India and certainly very much better for myself.

I arrived at Calcutta in March, 1922, and at once assured my Ministers and the Legislative Council of my wish to conduct my Government on a unitary basis and treat both my Ministers and Executive Councillors as members of a single Cabinet. For two years we discussed everything at joint Meetings of Members of Council and Ministers. We made no distinction between Reserved and Transferred Departments. All political prisoners were gradually released, and apparently every obstacle to the smooth working of the Reforms had been removed. The only result was a sudden and violent recrudescence of terrorist activity, which forced me to resort to special coercive legislation. The non-co-operation movement which I found in being gave place to a policy of Council entry and to Swarajist obstruction in the Legislative Council. My invitation to Mr. C. R. Das, the Leader of the Swaraj party, to become a Minister and accept the responsibility of Government was refused. He and his party preferred the role of irresponsible opposition, and they made it impossible for any other Ministers to be appointed by refusing to vote their salaries. For the last three years of my term of office I was obliged to suspend the Reforms and govern without Ministers. At the same time I had to suppress the terrorist movement, which aimed at the subjugation of all personal liberty to the authority of Secret Societies, and whose weapons were intimidation and murder. In my last year, too, bitter communal riots broke out in the Province between Hindus and Mohammedans on the subject of playing music before mosques. These led to considerable loss of life. All my attempts at an agreed settlement of this vexed question proved unsuccessful, and only after I had passed orders and enforced them impartially against breaches by either party was the controversy finally settled.

When I accepted the Governorship of Bengal I comforted

myself with the thought that I should not have to remain the full five years, and that if and when I had got the new constitution well started I might come home. But when these political troubles developed, it was obviously impossible for me to shirk my disagreeable responsibility, and I completed my term of office doing very different work from that which I had come out to do. The story of these troubled years will be told in greater detail in the pages that follow.

My work during these five years was intensely strenuous, for, in addition to being the head of the administration, with the work which this involved both at headquarters and on tours in the districts, I had a great deal of entertaining to do. In Calcutta there is a large English business community and at Darjeeling a large community of tea planters, and the Governor of Bengal to-day has to do all the entertaining which in former years was shared by the Viceroy, the Lieutenant-Governor and the Commander-in-Chief. Before I left England Montagu had advised me to give up the large dinner parties which were customary at Government House. Smaller and more intimate dinners, he assured me, would be more appreciated, and as they would be less tiring I could have more of them. I found, however, that the number of people who had to be entertained in the year—and the year in India means a cold weather season of four months—was so great that I could never have got through them on Montagu's plan, even if I gave the dinners he suggested every night. Even with three dinners a week of from 90 to 100 I was only able to entertain the heads of the leading Calcutta business firms, the officials, and the Indians who were willing to dine at my house, together with the visitors which every season brought to Calcutta.

The climate was exceedingly exhausting, being very hot and damp, and though I myself escaped all the serious tropical epidemics, my children fell victims to most of them, and anxiety about their health was a great addition to the burden of public responsibility which I had to bear.

I have mentioned the drawbacks of my office, but there were also compensating features. We made many friends, both English and Indian. Our holiday tours were intensely enjoyable. No schoolboy ever appreciated his holidays more than we did our camp life in Sikkim and Nepal. Mention will also be made of these tours in the chapters that follow.

I had some excellent sport, both fishing and shooting, and the racing was the best in the world.

Of intellectual recreation we felt completely starved. Music, pictures, plays, were rare pleasures. Occasional visiting companies were immensely appreciated. Pavlova and Harry Lauder were bright spots in our term of office, and I longed for the day when an English National Theatre would be able to send out to the scattered parts of the Empire a company of the best actors touring with a repertory of the best plays. In the main we had to be content with amateur efforts, some of which were of a quite high order.

I must pay a tribute to the work of English missionaries which I saw in India. I had previously been rather prejudiced against missions and missionaries. From the speeches and sermons which I had heard from missionaries in England I had gathered the impression that they were chiefly concerned in making converts, and I sometimes wondered whether the "heathen" were really the better for their conversion. In India I found a large body of most devoted men and women teaching in schools or nursing in hospitals, giving in their own lives examples of the best Christian qualities, not in the least concerned with making converts, but ministering with loving care to the needs of the children or the sick. I could always recognise a missionary hospital from the atmosphere of love which pervaded it. Although the premises were often inferior, owing to lack of funds, the doctors and nurses made you feel at once that they were working not as professionals, not for payment, but only because they loved their work and were inspired by the spirit of their Master in everything they did. I found the same spirit many years later when I was a patient in a German missionary hospital in Pekin, and I remember gratefully that to the skill of the German doctor and the devotion of the German nurses I owe perhaps my life—certainly my recovery from the serious illness which kept me in hospital when I was drafting the Report for the Manchurian Commission.

This record of my administration in Bengal could not have been written immediately after my return, as most of the questions with which it deals were still being handled by my successor. Twenty years have now elapsed; all the events here recorded are now matters of history, and most of the actors in them are dead. The story has been put together in the hope that it may

be of some interest to those who are now dealing with the problems of Indian administration, and may have some value as a human document for the general reader.

Looking back now, there is only one thing which I feel I may have accomplished during my five years in Bengal. I tried to sow the seeds of a spirit of self-help in the Districts which I visited, and even before I left the Province I had evidence that some of these seeds were bearing fruit. When I arrived I found this spirit entirely lacking. For generations the people had been accustomed to look to the Government to do everything for them. It never occurred to them to do anything for themselves. Politicians claimed that the people were ready to govern the whole of India, though they had never even tried to govern a village. The Local Self-Government Act which had been passed in the time of my predecessor was almost everywhere a dead letter, and the same politicians were doing their utmost to prevent the establishment of village Boards. Only in a few districts where the Collector had taken an active and leading part were the Boards flourishing successfully. A Children Act had also been passed on the lines of the English Act, but could not be put into operation owing to the absence of any volunteers for the necessary social service. At a conference which I held at Government House of the leaders of all the Communities to consider how the Act could be put into force, the only offer of help I received was from the Salvation Army. They were already doing magnificent work among the Criminal Tribes. But among Indians, whether Hindus or Mohammedans, the spirit of social service was entirely lacking.

In my first rainy season some disastrous floods occurred in Rajshahi, in the north of the Province, causing much loss of life and rendering many of the villagers homeless. I saw some of these villagers sitting disconsolately on the banks of the river, wrapped in blankets, amid the few brass pots they had been able to rescue from their flooded homes. Close by, some engineers were working desperately, but unsuccessfully, to repair the breach in the bank through which the water was pouring. I said to the villagers, "Why are you not helping to repair the breach in the bank?" They shook their heads and replied, "Oh, that is the business of the Sircar." That was the trouble everywhere. If some of these villagers had ever been told the story of the Dutch boy who stopped the first breach in one of his country's

dykes with his hand until help arrived, and had acted in the same spirit, the disaster could probably have been prevented. But the Sircar, which had looked after their needs for so many years, had never taught them to help themselves.

Wherever I went on tour in the districts of the mofussil I received addresses cataloguing the local needs in matters of health, education, irrigation, roads, bridges, etc., and asking for help from my "benign Government". I replied to them all quite heartlessly, "I am not interested in your needs but only in your achievements. You have asked me to pay you a second visit before I leave the Province. If all you have to tell me is of needs that have not been provided for, you will not see me again. But as soon as you have any local achievements to show me—a new ward added to your hospital, a medical school established, a new bridge built, an irrigation scheme inaugurated, a local anti-malarial society started, a co-operative bank opened—I will come at once to see it and give every encouragement to your efforts. Like God, I will only help those who help themselves." These were not my words, but the sense of them; they brought me much criticism from the vernacular press, but they had their effect. In my last year I only revisited places where some local achievement had resulted from my words.

One Indian I was glad to find working on the same lines and with admirable results. He was an able young doctor who had been working in the School of Tropical Medicine. He had applied for the post of Principal of the School when it became vacant, and his claims were fully considered, but the post was given to a British doctor with more experience and even greater qualifications. The Indian was so embittered by this disappointment, which he wrongly thought was due to racial prejudice, that he was on the point of giving up his profession and becoming an anti-British political agitator. Fortunately for his country he was too good a doctor to turn politician, and, instead, he decided to devote his life to teaching his countrymen how to look after their own health. He founded the Anti-Malarial Co-operative Self-Help Society, and he travelled throughout the Province founding local Self-Help Societies in every village where he could find the right response. People wrote to him saying "We hear you have stamped out cholera at X, or cleared malaria from Y. We have much sickness here, please come and help us." He replied to them in much the same sense as I did, "I am not

interested in your malaria or your cholera, but only in what you are doing to fight them. I do not save people from disease, I only show them how to save themselves." The result was all that he had hoped for, and the effect of his work on the health of the Province exceeded in a few months what Government grants had been able to do in as many years. I saw him often, and gave him every encouragement and such financial assistance as I was able to provide without Government interference. My one dread was lest his influence should diminish if he were known to have Government approval and help. In my last interview with him just before I left India he told me that in the two years since he first brought it to my notice his movement had made great progress. There were then only 50 Self-Help Societies—the number had since grown to over 1,000. I have not heard of it since, but I hope it has continued to flourish. It was the finest movement I met with in India.

The cultivation of a spirit of social service among Indians received considerable stimulus from the publication of Miss Mayo's *Mother India*. This book gave the greatest offence, because it pilloried all the social evils which the author had found in the country without balancing the picture with any tributes to the merits of Hindu civilisation. But in spite of the bitterness which it created, the book served a useful purpose, because it drew attention to evils which cry out for reform. A telling commentary on the book was made by Mr. Gandhi, when he said that it was a book which all Indians and no Europeans should read.

Another commentary on this subject was provided for me by the following legend related to me by Mr. Surendra Nath Mullick, of whom more will be heard in Chapter III:—

"Narada was a great Rishi, or holy man, who held frequent communication with Narayan—the Lord of Creation.

One day when he was on his way to visit Narayan he was accosted by a poor labourer digging in his field, who said to him roughly, 'Who are you and where are you going?'

Narada was offended at being so addressed and replied haughtily, 'I am a Rishi and I am on my way to hold converse with Narayan.'

'That is what I expected,' replied the poor man, 'and that is why I stopped you, because I want you to convey a message from me to Narayan.'

'Who are you to send messages to the Lord of Creation?'

replied the Rishi, 'and what chance is there that he will pay any attention to so poor a creature?'

'Tell him,' said the labourer, 'that I work hard all the week and only receive ten pice for my labour, that is not enough to feed myself and my family, and we cannot live on so poor a wage. I want you to ask Narayan to give me whatever you may consider my labour is worth and enough at least for me to feed my children.'

Narada was impressed with the justice of the man's case and represented it to Narayan when they met.

'The claim is preposterous,' replied Narayan; 'see here, when the whole wealth of the world is apportioned, this man's share is only Rs. 50. If I were to give him more, some one else would get less, and that sum has to last all his life, so he cannot have more than ten pice at a time, otherwise the sum would not last.'

Narada returned and reported the facts to the labourer, who then said, 'Please return to Narayan and ask him to give me my Rs. 50 in one sum; then at least I shall have enough for one day, and after that I care not what happens.'

Narada returned and repeated this request, but Narayan only got angry and said, 'The request is impossible. If the man were to spend his Rs. 50 in one day he would have no more to live upon and he would soon die. If I were to grant his request others might ask the same; then they would all die and creation would come to an end. I cannot have my scheme of things upset in this way for the sake of one wretched beggar.'

Narada returned to the labourer and told him what the Lord of Creation had said.

'But I do not live now,' replied the labourer, 'I do but die daily. I pray you consider my pitiful condition and repeat my prayer. If I receive my Rs. 50 in one sum I shall at least be able to give my family one good meal, and after that we can all die happily instead of living miserably as we are now doing.'

Narada sought out the Lord of Creation once more and told him how strongly he had been moved by the labourer's pitiful condition. He fell upon his knees and earnestly begged Narayan to grant his prayer.

Lakshmi, the wife of Narayan, then came to his assistance and said to her Lord, 'Narada has never made any request

for himself. Should we not grant his prayer when he pleads for another?"

At this Narayan relented and said, 'So be it. The man shall have his money to-morrow, but he must distinctly understand that I will listen to no further claim from him hereafter.'

Narada reported the good news to the labourer that his prayer had been granted and that he would receive the money on the morrow.

Accordingly the next day when the labourer was digging as usual in the fields, his spade struck upon something hard and he dug up a lota containing Rs. 50. With this sum he immediately bought a plentiful supply of dāl and rice and cakes, and then invited all the poor and sick among his neighbours to come and share with his family a great feast. Having partaken of an adequate meal for the first time in his life, and seeing his wife, children and neighbours all well fed, he felt happy and resigned to death, which must inevitably come to them all in a few days, as no more food would be available.

The next day he went to work as usual in the fields and again his spade struck something hard and he dug up another lota, in which he found a further sum of Rs. 50. So he again invited all his neighbours and provided them with a second feast. On the next and succeeding days he had the same experience, and with his new wealth he proceeded to erect a substantial store, in which he laid in provisions, and every day all his poor and suffering neighbours feasted at his expense.

When next Narada passed that way, expecting to find the labourer and his family all dead, he found there instead evidence of great prosperity, and he asked the labourer what it meant.

'I know not,' replied the labourer. 'You told me that if I received my Rs. 50 all at once I should have no further supplies, but every day the same sum has been given to me, and so I and my neighbours are now all well provided for.'

Much astonished, Narada hastened to the Lord of Creation and asked for an explanation. 'You told me,' he said, 'that if the poor labourer received his life's allowance of Rs. 50 in one sum he would be left thereafter to starve, but instead I find now he now owns a large store and is prospering more than before. How is this?'

'You told me,' replied Narayan, 'that the man would spend Rs. 50 on himself, but instead I find he is a very clever man, for with it he has opened as it were a profit and loss account with me. It is my duty to look after the sick and suffering, but this labourer has been doing this work for me. Daily he is maintaining his neighbours on his Rs. 50, and so long as he does my work I am proud to keep him in funds.'"

"I tell my friends," said Mullick at the conclusion of this story, "that so long as they allow the English to care for their sick—to minister to their lepers—to teach their children—to maintain schools and hospitals, and generally to do the work which they ought to be doing themselves, they will never get rid of them and have no right to do so. When, however, they have learnt to do these things themselves, the English will disappear."

One other anecdote I am tempted to mention in this connection. During my first visit to Dacca—the capital of Eastern Bengal—I received a deputation from the Namasudras—Hindus of the lowest caste, sometimes called "untouchables", because if even the shadow of one of them were to fall across a Brahmin, not only would that contaminate the man of the highest caste but bring disaster upon himself. These people came to tell me that their caste contained more than half the whole Hindu population, and to beg me, because of their depressed state, to reserve special places for their children in Colleges and Medical Schools, and posts for members of their community in Government service.

It must not be thought that these people were poor in a social sense, or what we should mean by "lowly-born" in England. Caste is a vertical, not a horizontal cleavage of society. A Brahmin might be a cook or a beggar, but he would still wear the golden thread which marked him as a member of the highest caste. A Namasudra might be a millionaire, but he would still be an "untouchable" of the lowest caste. A low-born man in England may rise to distinction in his own lifetime. He may marry a wife of higher social position, and his grandchildren may be "well-born". But a low caste Hindu can never change his caste. He can never marry a woman of a higher caste, and his descendants must belong to the same caste for ever.

When the Namasudras read me their address I felt rather impatient at their ready acceptance of their own degradation. Some of them were successful Pleaders, quite well-off and well

educated, and I did not like the way they grovelled and asked me also to recognise and perpetuate their inferiority. So in my reply I made rather a bold experiment, and told them how I should feel and what I should do if I were situated as they were.

"I would say to the members of my community," I told them, "'Though we cannot alter the caste into which we have been born, we can remove the reproach from which it suffers. We live in an age and under a system of Government in which learning, wealth and public service can secure for us the position and power which are denied to us by our birth. Let us therefore combine and organise ourselves, so that by our own efforts we may rise in the estimation of our fellow countrymen.' To those of other castes who regard themselves as superior I would say:—'You have despised us—you have kept us aloof from your society, you refuse to associate with us. So be it. We shall not ask for your help—we will help ourselves, and by our own achievements win for our community a respect which it will be no longer in your power to withhold.'

"You have told me," I continued, "that you are poor, but even from a poor community—as we know in my country—much money can be raised. You could even from your own people, who are numerous, raise a large fund. This fund you could use for the education of your children and for consolidating your political power and obtaining representation on all the elected bodies. You could thus make your Community rich and powerful and respected, so that the word Namasudra would in the course of years come to have a different meaning. Gentlemen, I have tried to give you more, I think, than you have asked for yourselves. I have tried to give you what others have deprived you of for generations, namely, respect for your own Community, and a power in time to obtain for that Community the respect of others also."

The deputation gave no indication that they had understood what I had said, and I did not know what impression my words had made on them. But in the evening of the same day the Baptist Missionary dined with me, and after dinner he said to me, "What have you been saying to the Namasudras?"

"How do you know I have been saying anything?" I replied.

"Because," he said, "they came to see me and asked for the loan of our Mission Hall, as they wanted to hold a great beano to celebrate a great occasion. When I asked what this great

occasion was, they replied 'We have seen the Governor, and he has told us not to be Namasudras any longer!'"

Since that day I have heard no more of any result from this effort of mine to instil a spirit of self-help into the members of this depressed Community. Probably the influence of centuries of caste inferiority has proved too strong for them and they have been unable to lift up their heads, but perhaps some day I may hear that fruit has sprung from the seed then sown.

I have called this book *Pundits and Elephants* because, as I said in my farewell address to the members of the Asiatic Society, these were examples of the indigenous, genuine and original qualities which compelled my admiration whenever and wherever I met them. I never tired of watching elephants and studying their ways and habits. They seemed to me to be the embodiment of the true civilisation of India. Their antiquity, their calm dignity, their deliberation, their immense reserve of strength, their complete self-confidence and their superb humility were qualities that I also associated with the Pundits whom I met at Dacca and with some of the members of the learned Society in Calcutta which I was addressing. I felt sure that if elephants could speak they would speak in Sanskrit. If those responsible for the training of youth in India could model themselves on the Pundit scholars, and if they could instil into their pupils the qualities of the elephant, they would produce a nation that would have no cause to hate or fear any other people in the world.

CHAPTER. II

WORKING THE NEW CONSTITUTION

I LEFT England on March 10th, 1922. On boarding the "Naldera" at Marseilles I heard that Montagu had resigned and at Port Said I got the news that Lord Peel had been appointed to succeed him as Secretary of State for India. This was a bad start for me. One of my chief objects in going to Bengal was to help Montagu at the Indian end. All my discussions of policy had been with him, and it would be difficult to work with a new Chief who had had no experience of India and with whom I had had no discussions. I also got news on the voyage that Gandhi had been arrested and sentenced to six years simple imprisonment. The two events were bound to be connected in the public mind, though I knew that they had no connection. Montagu, I knew, had been urging the Government of India to take this step since the previous September, but hitherto Lord Reading had refused. Montagu's critics, of course, assumed that the opposite was true, and that the arrest was the consequence of Montagu's resignation.

Mr. Sastri was travelling in the same ship with me, and also Lord Milner as far as Port Said. I had several interesting talks with both of them. The former was greatly depressed by letters from India telling him how unpopular he had become and what a bad reception awaited him. He was, I believe, on his way to attend the Washington Conference. I urged him if possible to get out of this engagement and devote himself to recovering his position in India as soon as possible. This, however, could not be done. Non-co-operation was still the Congress policy and at that time any Indian who, like Sastri, was willing to give his services wherever they had a public value lost rather than increased his influence with his own countrymen. This was a typical illustration of the unsatisfactory political situation at the beginning of this period of Reforms, and I was destined to come across many others in the course of the next five years.

After spending two days with the Lloyds at Bombay, we arrived at Calcutta on March 28th. Lady Lytton and the children went up to Darjeeling a few days later. I stayed on in Calcutta as I wished to see the Viceroy before going up to the hills. As

he was away on tour till Easter Sunday, I was kept at Calcutta for nearly three weeks. It was intensely hot—106 degrees—and it was only possible to see people in the evenings, but the time was profitably spent, as I was able to make the acquaintance of the leading Indian politicians and the heads of the business firms in Calcutta, and had some interesting talks with them about the political situation.

In these conversations I put my views as follows:—

“There has been too little definition hitherto about the meaning of the new Reforms. No one seems to me to be quite sure where they are going or how they are going to get there. There is talk of *Swaraj* or self-government, and in theory everyone is pledged to it. But no two people will give the same definition of it. Every Indian wants it, though he does not perhaps know what it means. Every European dreads it, though he too does not quite know what it means. Vaguely he feels it means ultimately the end of his job and to some extent a change in the character of that job, while it lasts, neither of which arouses any enthusiasm.

“The result is that everyone is unhappy. The Government of India itself is unhappy, because it never quite knows when to give way and when to stand firm. The non-co-operators are unhappy, because they are playing a purely destructive role and, however much they may deny it, are inspired only by a hate motive. The Indian co-operators are unhappy—those whose whole position and fortunes depend on the maintenance of our rule, because they think the Government is weak and they fear for its safety; those whose aims are really identical with those of the non-co-operators, but who think they can get more by coming into the Councils than by staying out, are also unhappy (or rather impatient), because they are not getting enough concessions from Government. The British, whether in the I.C.S., or in the Indian Army, or in business, are also unhappy, because they feel they are being betrayed and deserted, and don't understand what part they can play in any future which is likely to come out of the present policy.

“If this is anything like a true statement of the present position, what is the remedy? I suggest that it is necessary first of all to make it quite clear what is meant and what is not meant by ‘*Swaraj*’, so that each man may know whether or not he agrees, and if he agrees can co-operate cheerfully. My

definition of Swaraj would be—the ultimate constitutional independence of India, that is to say, the people who live in India should govern themselves instead of being governed from London. Further, that this self-governed State or Federation of States should associate itself with the other self-governing Dominions of the Empire and acknowledge allegiance to a common King-Emperor. If that be the ultimate goal, the stages of advance towards it should be measured by the proof which can be produced at each stage of—

- (1) suitability of the form of constitution to existing conditions in India;
- (2) complete racial friendliness and co-operation combined with equal opportunities for both races;
- (3) efficiency in administration.

Whenever the working of the Act of 1919 can be shown to satisfy these three conditions, let us proceed to consider an advance to the next stage, and so on."

In the main, both my Indian and European visitors agreed with my diagnosis and showed more enthusiasm for my proposed remedy than I had dared to expect. I went on to explain to both that vigorous, hearty and sincere pursuit of this policy must be accompanied by an equally clear and emphatic resistance to the pursuit of Swaraj in the sense of racial independence. If Swaraj meant sharing with the British, then I was for it all the time, but if it meant getting rid of the British, then I was against it from the beginning and would fight it at every stage.

If this were understood and accepted, we should at once have a rudder, and the aimless drifting of the last few years could cease. If the Indians could show the existence of disabilities which shut them out from an equal opportunity of co-operating in the government of their country, those disabilities must be removed; but otherwise all attempts to raise racial issues or force a settlement of them before they were ripe for agreement should be stoutly resisted. Similarly all demands for an advance in the forms of government should be resisted until the conditions which I had mentioned were satisfied.

Finally, I concluded by asking each of my visitors, "Will you help to organise a party which will do two things?"

- (1) Study the constitution of the Act of 1919 to see how far it really is suited to present conditions in India;

- (2) Establish the greatest possible friendship, understanding and co-operation between British and Indian in working the constitution, maintaining order and securing efficiency.'

They all answered me in the affirmative, but the Calcutta business men pointed out to me a difficulty which I had not foreseen.

They said:—"Our influence is derived from the fact that we live in Clive Street and carry on business there. While we are in business we have influence, but no time for politics; if we retire from business we begin to lose influence at once. If you bring out men specially to organise a political party, they will carry no weight with us, and if you take the very few retired business men who remain in the country, you will find their influence will diminish every month after their retirement." I suggested to them that that might be due to the fact that hitherto politics did not count for anything with the British in India outside the circle of Government officials, and that with the changed forms of government we might also expect to see a changed attitude on the part of the business community towards politics. They replied:—"Perhaps . . ."

My general attitude of mind at the time I arrived may be further illustrated by a few quotations from some of my answers to the addresses of welcome which I received in Calcutta.

To the British Indian Association

" . . . In the world of politics very little is certain and it is never safe to prophesy, but one thing at least is obvious—and that is that the particular stage in the constitutional history of India in which we find ourselves at this moment cannot last. It is but an interval—a bridge, so to speak, from one form of Government to another—and such periods, of course, have their special difficulties. At such times there is much uncertainty and restlessness—no one can settle down because he feels that some change must come soon and he does not quite know what the change will be and, therefore, everyone is inclined to wait, to expect, to ask for further developments rather than to use to the utmost the opportunities that are at hand. You will know better than I do how far that is true of the present time in India, but so far as I have been able to

judge it from a distance, it has seemed to me that there is just now a tendency to criticise and to depreciate the Reform Act as an inadequate instalment of self-government, and a failure to realise that the Act, though not by any means a grant of full self-government, is something more than an instalment of it—whether adequate or inadequate. It is a means to the attainment of self-government—it is, in fact, a bridge. May I go back to that simile for a moment and ask you to imagine a great river—greater even than the sacred Ganges itself? On one side of it is the country of autocratic Government in which India has lived till now; on the other side is the country of representative institutions—of Swaraj, in which she aspires to live some day, and meanwhile there is this great river between—so deep and so wide that not till the telescope of Western education was obtained was it possible even to see across to the other side; but looked at through that telescope, the other country appeared attractive—more desirable, in fact, than the country in which you were living—and the demand arose, first among a few, a very few, but an ever increasing demand to be transported into the Swaraj territory. But the great river remained a barrier and it could not be crossed. Till now there has been no bridge. The Morley-Minto Councils were not a bridge—they were a pier or a peninsula jutting out into the river and pointing to the opposite shore. It brought those who used the pier a little nearer to the opposite side, but it stopped in mid-stream—it was not a bridge, and those who walked along it would never have got any further, even if they had waited for a thousand years. Now, at last, a bridge has been built—it may not be a perfect bridge, it may not be a very wide one or allow many people on it at one time, but the important thing about it is that it is now a bridge and not merely a pier—it touches the other side.

“Now consider for a moment what is happening in connection with that bridge. Some are refusing to use it at all, because they are satisfied where they are and do not want to get to the other side; others, who profess to be most anxious to get to the other side, are refusing to cross it—they would even destroy it, and why? Because they say the bridge itself is not the land they want to live in. Of course it is not—but it is a means of getting there, and if you destroy the bridge you will be farther from and not nearer to your promised land.

"Then there are others on the bridge, and what are they doing? They seem to me to be so busy discussing the structure of the bridge—some saying it is a good bridge and some that it is a bad one—that they have forgotten its purpose, which is to lead to the other side. All this, Gentlemen, I have watched from a distance. I have played a small part in the building of the bridge. I believe it is strong enough for its purpose. I am now on that bridge and prepared to take the journey across it hand in hand with you. If we encounter difficulties I am prepared to help you, as I hope you are prepared to help me. How long it will take us to get to the other side I cannot say. That will depend on how much we concentrate our energies upon using this means of transit, or how much we squander them in marking time and clamouring for a better bridge . . ."

To the Bengal National Chamber of Commerce

"The maintenance of law and order will never, I can assure you, be with me a debatable issue of policy. The essential condition of the existence of any Government, whether it be an autocratic Government, a democratic Government, a Swaraj Government, or any other kind of Government, is to enforce its authority, maintain order and ensure obedience. That is obvious, elementary, and admits of no discussion—but there are some people who are foolish enough to suppose that it is the only function of Government—and this is, perhaps, the most dangerous school of all. It is as clearly the duty of statesmanship to investigate with patience, with wisdom and with sympathy, the causes of political unrest—the reasons which lead usually law-abiding people on rare occasions to defy the authority of Government."

To the Bengal Mahajan Sabha

" . . . I agree with you in thinking that bad economic conditions provide a very fertile soil for the growth of political unrest, and I shall certainly devote my attention to the improvement, where possible, of industrial and economic conditions in Bengal. The most perfect political institutions in the world would be valueless, if the people to whom they were granted were sunk in ignorance, loaded down by poverty or enfeebled by disease. For the State to be healthy the people that compose it must be healthy, both in mind and body, and

it is difficult to keep patience when one sees the efforts of unscrupulous agitators to delude people into the belief that poverty, ignorance and disease can be cured by some simple political panacea. Therefore, though interest in the development of the Indian constitution has been my chief motive in accepting the post of Governor of this Province, I feel that I should even be happier if I could say at the end of my term of office that I had been able to witness the extermination of the scourge of malaria from Bengal, and that I had seen the establishment of new industries by which the wealth of the Province had been so increased that a higher standard of comfort had been made possible in the homes and in the lives of its people, than I shall be if I can claim that in my time a new and satisfactory advance has been made along the road towards responsible self-government . . .”

To the National Liberal League

“ . . . I hope you will find, when we get to know each other better, that though I was not brought up in the same political traditions as yourselves, in political matters we have the same point of view. I have never been a member of the Liberal Party in England, though I have worked with it on many questions. I did not have to choose a political party in order to get into Parliament. I found myself in possession of a political status by inheritance, and the reason why I have never changed my party, as some of my friends have done, is a secret which I have never divulged to anyone in England; but if you will promise not to betray my confidence to any member of the National Liberal Club in London, I will tell it to you. The reason is that I never succeeded in finding more Liberalism in the Liberal Party than in the one into which I was born. In fact, my political apprenticeship was spent in fighting the Liberal Party for what I considered to be its illiberal attitude towards the women of England who wished to be admitted to the franchise. Then when the war came, we all abandoned party labels, and the only two Governments in which I have served have passed measures which in old days would have aroused the bitterest opposition of the Carlton Club, though they have contained members whose names were anathema to the National Liberal Club. I will ask you, therefore, to judge me by my fruits and not by the garden in which I have

been planted or the label which has been attached to my trunk . . .”

Before leaving for Simla for my interview with the Viceroy, I prorogued the Legislative Council, and in my first speech to its members explained how I proposed to work the Constitution under the new Reforms:—

“I am well aware,” I said, “that under the present Constitution I occupy a peculiarly difficult position, as I am responsible to two different authorities. For all the acts of my Executive Council in Reserved Departments I am still responsible to the Imperial Parliament through the Secretary of State, and for the acts of my Ministers in Transferred Departments I am now, with them, responsible solely to you. Between you and me, neither the Viceroy nor the Secretary of State nor the Imperial Parliament can intervene in such matters. Now I have always been brought up in the belief that no man can serve two masters, and suddenly I find myself called upon to do this very thing. It occurs to me, therefore, that it can only be done by making the two masters one as far as possible. In other words, I shall use my utmost efforts to secure your general approval and co-operation in the administration of reserved subjects, and to satisfy Parliament, through the Secretary of State, that I have confidence in my Ministers and in their administration. In pursuing this policy I hope I may count on your assistance and support . . .”

As soon as I got back from Simla I rejoined my family at Darjeeling, where I had a public arrival on April 25th. I had ardently looked forward to seeing this famous Hill Station with its incomparable view of the grandest range of mountains in the world, and while I was at Simla in sight of a very inferior view of the same range I had prepared my reply to the address of welcome from the Darjeeling Hillmen’s Association. Its rather high-falutin phrases reflect my own excitement at the time:—

“Gentlemen,

“I remember to have read somewhere a saying current among your people that he who has once seen the Himalayas will feel thereafter such a longing to revisit them that, sooner or later, he will have to come back. If that can be said of the casual visitor, with how much more force must it apply to one who was born in the heart of the Himalayan hills, whose eyes

first opened upon their trec-clad slopes and gazed with wonder at their distant snows. All my life I have had a passionate love of the hills. Wherever I have met them in different parts of the world they have seemed to me to be friendly and familiar, and I am not content unless at least once a year I can satisfy my eyes with the sight of a hill landscape and rest my mind in that peculiar peace which is only to be found among the hills. You can imagine, therefore, with what eagerness I have looked forward to revisiting the hill country from which I drew my first inspiration, and with what emotion I now find myself actually under the shadow of the most magnificent mountain range in the whole world. . . .

"The eloquent words in which you describe the simple needs and calm content of your people are the best possible tribute to the influence of the grand mountains amidst which you live. Who would be ambitious, who would wish to make the earth ring with his name, if from childhood he had known the majesty of the 'Queen of the Snows', whose throne is broad-based in the very foundations of the earth and whose head is pillowed among the stars? Who would give an ear to the blandishments of political agitators if he had watched the granite brows of these mighty mountains, furrowed by the age-long caresses of rain and wind and sun? You, who have had these visions before your eyes—you, who breathe the pure untrammelled air of heaven, can feel the kinship of all that lives and pursue your way along the road of life in harmony with nature, with charity towards mankind, and without striving to emulate, to retaliate, to separate, to subdue . . ."

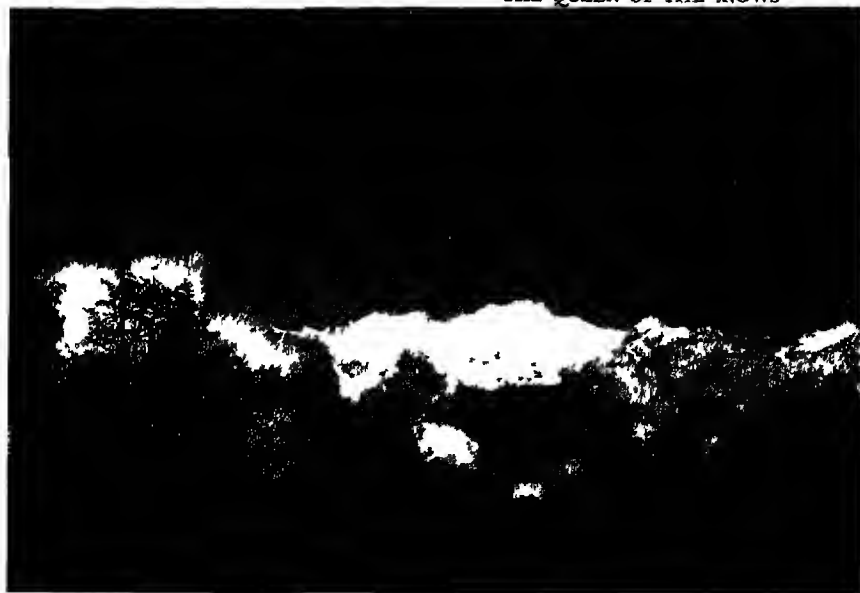
I had yet to learn the capriciousness of the "Queen of the Snows"! She rarely showed her full beauty till the autumn, after the rains were over, and then only for a few hours after sunrise. I learnt while I was at Darjeeling that when one lives among mountains the desire to visit the valleys and plains one looks down upon is almost as strong as the desire to reach the summit of the peaks that rise above one, and some of my happiest hours were spent in the warm tea-gardens or deep river valleys that lay below Darjeeling. These will be described in a later chapter.

The Indian members of the Indian Students Commission came to stay with me at Darjeeling, and by the middle of May we had completed and signed our Report, which was then sent to the English members for their approval. When our joint labours



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DARJEELING

"THE QUEEN OF THE SNOWS"



were ended Mr. Aftab, the Mohammedan member, wrote to me a very kind letter, in which he said:—

“Allow me to assure you that we have all along been deeply impressed with the whole-hearted interest and keen sympathy with which you approached the Indian students’ problem, and the patience and goodwill with which you tried to meet the views of your colleagues. I feel sure that any success which may be attained will largely be the result of your large-hearted statesmanship and the genuine personal interest you have taken in the whole work”.

Of the other Indian members of this Committee Sir Deva Prasad Sarbadhikari was a Hindu and a former Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University. I retained his friendship until his death a few years later. Dr. S. K. Datta was an Indian Christian from the Punjab. I am glad to say that I still count him among my friends. He was the only member of the Committee with whom I became really intimate. I wanted to make him an additional Private Secretary, so as to keep me in touch with the unofficial Indian world, but the proposal met with strong—and to me quite unexpected—opposition from my Indian Ministers. When this plan failed, I asked Datta to arrange for me periodical meetings with unofficial Indians at the Calcutta offices of the Y.M.C.A., so that I could exchange views with them in an entirely informal manner. I succeeded in holding one such meeting in my first year, but, in spite of repeated reminders, I could never get Datta to arrange a second. I never discovered the reason for this, but it is an illustration of the impossibility of bridging the gulf which separates official and non-official life in India, even where there is goodwill on both sides.

The Government which I found on arrival at Bengal consisted of an Executive Council of four members, and three Ministers who had been appointed by my predecessor and who had held office for one year. We worked together very harmoniously as a unitary Government, and by the end of the summer I was able to send to the Secretary of State a Memorandum embodying the results of my first six months’ experience. Characteristically, I received no answer from him except a bare acknowledgment. In all his letters to me Peel never did more than answer specific questions which I had asked him, and he did not evince the slightest interest in any subject connected with my work. When Lady Lytton went home on leave at the end of our first year,

I asked her to find out from Peel what he wished me to write to him about. The answer she received was as follows:—"Tell him to write about anything he likes except India. I get enough about India in my official papers!" What a contrast to Montagu, who although no longer in office continued to write to me regularly expressing the keenest interest in everything I was doing.

As regards the general situation, I was able to tell the Secretary of State that matters had improved to such an extent that it was difficult to believe how recently the country had been disorganised by political agitation. At the time of the Prince of Wales's visit a year previously the non-co-operation movement was at its height and the whole country was disturbed. Since the arrest of Gandhi the movement had collapsed and things were rapidly settling down again. At the schools which I visited during my autumn tour in 1922 "the dark days of the non-co-operation movement" were referred to by the authorities as a black chapter in their history which had been completely closed.

Ladies who came to dine with me told me of the times when they could not travel by railway or drive to the Club or golf-course without being insulted or having stones thrown at them. When I asked them to what times they were referring, they would reply "as recently as last winter".

Members of the Indian Civil Service wherever I went told me that in recent years their life had been almost unbearable, and the local conditions were such as to make their work almost impossible. All trace of such a situation had by now disappeared, and when I asked my informants how they accounted for things having got so bad, they replied with complete unanimity that it was because the Government would take no action against the non-co-operation leaders, and that within a few weeks of the Government asserting itself the whole movement had collapsed.

As an illustration of how far things had gone, I told the Secretary of State a story which had been given me by an Indian member of the Bengal Civil Service. As recently as March, 1921, in a rural district of Eastern Bengal, he had been told by the villagers that no jute was to be grown that year, by orders of the King. Surprised, he enquired what orders they were referring to. They replied that the British Raj had come to an end and that the orders had been issued by Maharaj Gandhi! Such was the result of the paralysis of the Government of India

due to the mistaken belief that they were creating a favourable atmosphere for the visit of the Prince of Wales.

As regards the working of the Reforms, my first criticism was that the present Government was unnecessarily large, and therefore unnecessarily expensive. In old days the Lieutenant-Governor had administered a Province which then included Bihar and Orissa without even an Executive Council, and with the help of Secretaries and members of the Board of Revenue alone. Until the introduction of the Reforms a little more than a year ago, my predecessor administered the present Province with an Executive Council of three (two Englishmen and one Indian). My present Government consisted of seven—four Members of Council and three Ministers, and though the Parliamentary work had been considerably increased owing to the enlargement of the Legislative Council, the actual administrative work was much the same, with the result that all the Members and Ministers were not fully occupied.

This increase in the size of the Government was solely due to the necessity of balancing the representation of different communities. Because two British I.C.S. members were thought essential on the Executive Council and some non-official Indian representation was also desired, two non-official Indians were added in order that one might be a Hindu and one a Mohammedan. Now that the Government worked as a whole this seemed no longer necessary and I suggested that the Executive Council might be reduced to two.

My second criticism of the Executive machinery was that there was a lack of homogeneity amongst the members of the Government. Even my three Ministers were not drawn from the same party and did not feel that they must stand or fall together. This led to a lack of co-ordination in the administration of departments and of uniformity in the policy of Government. In the interests of administration, I said, I would rather face the risks of full responsible government, which would provide Ministers drawn entirely from the majority party in the Legislature, and change them when they lost the confidence of that body, than continue the present system, which gave me a Government consisting of two I.C.S. officials, two unofficial Indian Members of Council, one a Hindu and the other a Mohammedan, who differed fundamentally from each other on almost every item of policy, and three Indian Ministers—two

Hindus and one Mohammedan—the first two belonging to the same party and generally in agreement, the third differing in outlook and temperament not only from his fellow Ministers, but even more widely from his co-religionist on the Executive Council.

My Memorandum to the Secretary of State contained these further notes on the Legislature and the Indian Civil Service:—

Legislature

“The great difficulty of the Indian Legislative Councils up to the present has been their habit of criticising without any sense of responsibility. Every member began by thinking that if he was a non-official, it was his duty to criticise and oppose the Government on every occasion. Some non-officials, who now support the Government, have told me quite naively that this was what they themselves at first felt. When the Council started, there was an artificial division between officials and non-officials. The officials were supposed to represent the supporters of Government and the non-officials the opponents of Government. Government under such conditions was, of course, impossible, as there was a large non-official majority. In our Council, however, I am glad to say that the Ministers have succeeded in organising something like a party among the non-official members of Council. During the two sessions this year this party has fairly consistently supported Government on all purely local matters, whether they concern legislation, administration or the budget. The Government have, therefore, been able to carry their three taxation Bills and have successfully resisted hostile resolutions on all important matters. I am very well satisfied with the increasing sense of responsibility which is apparent in the Legislative Council. Many of its members are now beginning to regard themselves as part of the machinery of Government and not merely as its critics. I am anxious to foster this feeling by assuring them that, as far as possible, I intend to be guided by their decisions. On two occasions, when in the first session they had rejected demands for grants proposed by Government, I only used my restoring power to enable me to resubmit the proposals to the Council at their July session. I explained what I had done and appealed to them to vote the money which the Government considered necessary for reasons which would be

laid before them; but I announced my intention of abiding by their decision, whatever it might be. In both cases the grants were then passed by a substantial majority."

The Civil Service

"The effect of the Reforms on the Civil Service was undoubtedly very disturbing at first, but here, as in the case of the Executive and the Legislature, things are improving. The opponents of the Reforms contended stoutly that Englishmen would never consent 'to serve under an Indian' and many members of the Indian Civil Service were inclined to fear the consequences of their accepting such a position. This feeling, I think, is disappearing, and the success or otherwise of the present system is found in practice to depend rather upon the character and temperament of the individuals than on the fact of their race. An Indian Civil servant who regards himself as an expert and has done his job efficiently for many years without interference is very likely to resent the fact that he may now have his policy interfered with and his plans upset by an Indian Minister who is himself obliged to think more of his critics in the Legislative Council than of the efficiency of his department. In such a situation a good deal of tact is required on the part of both men. The longer a man's service has been, the less ready he is likely to be to accommodate himself to the new conditions. Such men, if they can only secure employment at home, are inclined to avail themselves of the Government offer to retire on proportionate pension. Some, however, are deterred from doing this by their inability to secure other work. They therefore remain in the Service, but feel discontented, and it is from such men that most of the complaints have recently reached England. As far as I can judge, however, in this part of India the majority of the Civil Servants care so much for their work and for the country which they have elected to serve that they are accepting the new conditions wholeheartedly, and have come to see that it is not so much a question of working under Indians as of working through Indians. They are now obliged for the first time to secure the approval and co-operation in the first place of their Minister, and in the second place of the Legislative Council, before they can get their policy carried out. This, of course, is a new thing for the

Civil Servant in India, but the fact that the Minister may be an Indian, or that the majority of the Legislative Council are Indians, will not prevent him from accepting the position exactly as it is accepted by the Civil Servant at home. . . .

I have said that I would rather face the risks of full responsible government than continue indefinitely the present diarchy system, but this would only be on the assumption that I could count on a contented Civil Service, reconciled to serving an Indian Government, responsible to an Indian Parliament, and working with as much enthusiasm under such conditions as they did in old days. This is not the case now, and until the Service has become more reconciled to the new system, any announcement on the part of Government suggesting a further advance at an early stage would be disastrous and lead, I am afraid, to wholesale resignations.

This leads me to the next main subject I propose to discuss:—

The Next Stage in the Development of the Constitution

I have indicated that in my opinion the Reforms in their present stage are on the whole working well. There is, however, a practically universal demand among Indian politicians for their further extension at an early date. The non-co-operators, who are taking no part in working the constitution, are, of course, contemptuous of the whole system. At the same time, they are jealous of the opportunities afforded to the Legislative Council of influencing Government policy, and there is a growing opinion, especially in Bengal, in favour of entering the Councils at the next election. Those who are inside the Councils are showing an increasing interest in the business of Government and a growing sense of responsibility. Some of them are, of course, merely destructive critics, but the majority are, I should say, studying the procedure of the Council in a humble spirit and with genuine interest; but their attitude is very largely influenced by the desire to justify themselves in the eyes of the non-co-operators outside. They are anxious to show that they have accomplished more in the interest of their country by coming into the Councils than by remaining outside. They also want to show that they can put more pressure on the Government to secure a further constitutional advance as co-operators than as non-co-operators.

If it were not for this fact, I believe that they would soon settle down into taking an active and intelligent interest in the financial, administrative, and legislative problems of Government. I think it is very important that in any discussions which the Government of India may have in the near future regarding a further advance, those who have boycotted the Councils should be ignored, and that Government should deal only with the existing legislative bodies. It is also important, I think, that the initiative in such matters should come from India, and that no suggestion of further advance should be made by the Government at home until strong representations have been made to them on the subject through the Government of India.

An absolutely indispensable condition precedent to any further constitutional change is an improvement in racial feeling. Complete harmony, friendship and co-operation between the British and Indians in India is necessary if any measure of self-government is to work satisfactorily. We should therefore make it clear that we intend to concede nothing to demands based upon anti-British sentiment, though we are prepared to concede complete responsible self-government within the Empire by successive stages—the dates of each fresh advance being determined by the degree of goodwill and co-operation which can be shown to exist between the two peoples.

Need for Clearer Definition of Policy

The chief trouble in India to-day is, I think, the state of uncertainty which exists as to the future. We have got into the habit of using phrases to which different people attach different meanings. We are all pledged 'to work the Reforms', but no one knows exactly what that means. We speak of 'Swaraj', 'complete self-government', 'Dominion status', etc., but as far as I can make out no one really knows either what form the constitution will take when the goal of our present policy is reached, or what would be the precise effect of a further extension of the Reforms. . . .

I suggest, therefore, that what is immediately required is a discussion between the Secretary of State, the Government of India and the Provincial Governments, with a view to arriving at a clearer definition of our policy and agreement as

to the precise details of the constitution we hope some day to establish. When we have made up our minds on these points, they ought also to be discussed with leaders of public opinion in India. Before we go another step further, everyone ought to know exactly where we expect ultimately to arrive. The only question which would then remain for decision from time to time, would be the date of the next step and the degree of advance which it would involve. This would be a comparatively easy decision to take at any time.

I do not think the country was sufficiently prepared before the introduction of the Reforms in 1919. It is most important that this mistake should be remedied before we proceed any further, but we cannot begin to educate public opinion in India unless we are agreed among ourselves on all the details of our policy. I have not the least idea at the present time whether the Viceroy and the Governors of Bombay and Madras would describe the ultimate aim of our policy in the same words as I should.

There are other comments which I could make on the situation, but I have said enough to show that in my opinion the requirements of the moment are:—

1. A clear definition of future policy as a result of discussion between the Secretary of State and the various Governments in India;
2. A discussion of that policy with leaders of public opinion in India;
3. A publication of this policy when so defined, so that everyone may know what to expect of the future;
4. A declaration by Government that the carrying out of this policy depends upon the co-operation between Englishmen and Indians in India, and that the test required for every fresh advance will be the existence of goodwill and co-operation between the two races . . .”

In spite of the drawbacks in the new Constitution referred to in this Memorandum, the system on the whole worked surprisingly well for the first two years of my term of office. The members of my Government were able men and they served me with great loyalty. The Legislature, too, began to acquire a real *esprit de corps* and an increasing sense of responsibility.

In this they were greatly helped by Mr. (later Sir Evan)

Cotton, whom I persuaded to come out to India and become President of the Bengal Legislative Council. When I arrived in Calcutta in March, 1922, I found that the President of the Council who had been appointed by my predecessor was in failing health and had been unable to fulfil his duties for the greater part of the last session. One of my first tasks, therefore, was to find a new President with a knowledge of Parliamentary procedure, who would lay the foundations of the office on sound lines until the end of the present Council in 1924, after which, under the Act, the Council would elect its own President. For this purpose Cotton seemed to me to be admirably suited. The son of Sir Henry Cotton, he had a traditional interest in the Province; he was a Liberal of the school which Bengalis liked, and he had a very thorough knowledge of English Parliamentary procedure. I had met him at the India Office when I was Under-Secretary and we had worked together on the Judicial and Political Committee. I therefore offered him the post and was very pleased when he accepted it. He made a first-rate President and was, I think, much liked by the first Council over which he presided. After the entry of the Swarajists, however, in the second Council, he found it very difficult to keep his patience with men who behaved with the most childish irresponsibility. One of the saddest recollections of my Indian experience is the way in which this man, who brought to his task the utmost sympathy as well as ability, was turned in the course of a few years by the men whom he had come to serve from an ardent supporter of Indian self-government into an embittered opponent of any extension of it.

At the end of August, 1923, the Legislative Council was dissolved, and the elections for a new Council were held in the following November. In addressing the Council on the last day of the session, I reviewed its work from the day when it was first opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught on February 1st, 1921. I commended the industry of the members and pointed out that in the last 2½ years they had asked more questions, moved more Resolutions, and passed more Bills than ever before, and that judged by that standard the work of this first Legislative Council elected on a representative basis had been equal to that of about nine years in the old Councils. One of their Acts, the Calcutta Municipal Act, was one of the most voluminous pieces of legislation in the world. At the same time I expressed the

opinion that the real meaning of responsible Government was not yet fully appreciated either by the electorate or by the members of the Council, although a sense of responsibility was undoubtedly growing.

The members made no distinction between that part of the Executive Government which was responsible to them, and that part which was not, but classified both indiscriminately as the Bureaucracy and therefore as a fair target for their invective. As an illustration of this tendency on the part of the unofficial members in the early days of the Council to vote against all proposals of the Government regardless of the consequences, I mentioned the case of the proposal for the partition of the large district of Mymensingh. This project had had to be abandoned in March, 1921, when the Legislative Council refused to vote the sum of 6 lakhs to carry it out. It had been undertaken by the Executive before the Council came into existence, and contracts for the new buildings extending over 3 or 4 years had been entered into in the cold weather season of 1920-21. The sudden abandonment of the scheme necessitated a breach of this contract, and the contractors were suing the Government in the Courts for the payment of 4½ lakhs. If judgment were given in their favour, the Government would be committed to an expenditure not far short of the whole grant which had been refused, and there would be nothing to show for it. When I had visited Mymensingh the year before, a deputation including two of the representatives of that district in the Council had urged me to proceed with this partition; yet when the matter had been before the Council none of the Mymensingh representatives had spoken or voted in favour of the scheme!

That was in early days, and I acknowledged that in later years the Council had progressively shown a greater sense of responsibility. Looked at from the point of view of the Government, I admitted that the existence of a responsible element had been of the utmost value, as it provided the Executive with the means of testing the acceptability of their measures. In the last two-and-a-half years we had had to deal with many problems which were highly controversial, and the knowledge that in such matters it was necessary for us to seek, and that we were able to secure, the support of an independent elected Legislative Council, had been a great strength. Speaking as the head of the Executive Government for the greater part of the time, I



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expressed my appreciation of the support I had received both from the Ministers on the reserved side of Government and from the Legislative Council to which they were responsible, and thanked them for the time and trouble they had devoted during the last two-and-a-half years to the legislative work of the Province. I felt confident, I said, that the historian of the future would find in the record of those years evidence to satisfy him that the first Reformed Legislative Council of Bengal had played a not unworthy part in the constitutional development of India.

CHAPTER III

THE CRISIS OVER MINISTERS' SALARIES

IN THE first session of the Legislative Council, just before I arrived in Bengal, the Ministers had shown great courage in proposing three new Taxation Bills designed to increase the revenue of the Province. These were eventually passed, in spite of a good deal of criticism in the Council, after the Ministers had given an undertaking that the proceeds of these taxes would be spent on the Transferred, or "Nation-building Departments", as they were called, of which they had charge. In normal circumstances the new revenue would have been quite sufficient to have enabled the Ministers to have carried out considerable development in their Departments, which included the subjects of Education, Agriculture, Public Health and Public Works. Had they done this, they would have acquired a good deal of popularity and probably have secured a majority at the next election. Unfortunately, however, in the following year Bengal was overtaken by a sudden depression due to world causes for which the Government of Bengal had no responsibility, and instead of having a surplus for new development the Government was faced with a deficit on its existing expenditure. Not only could no new schemes be put into operation, but drastic retrenchment was necessary in every department.

By the end of 1923, therefore, when the life of the first Council came to an end, the unfortunate Ministers had nothing to show for their three years of office but increased taxation and reduced expenditure, and their Swarajist critics pointed with scorn to the futility of what they called "co-operating with the Government". Grave as were the inherent defects in the system of diarchy established by the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, the main reason for its failure was the financial crisis which coincided with its introduction. This was an aftermath of the Great War which reached India some years later than Europe, and, coming after a period of great industrial prosperity in the War years, proved disastrous to the working of the new Constitution. Without money to spend, the new Ministers had no chance of making their administration popular. The result was that when the General Election took place in November, 1923, their Swarajist opponents swept the board.

This party, under the leadership of Mr. C. R. Das, was the only united and organised party in the Province. It was also completely unscrupulous in the methods it employed with an ignorant and largely illiterate electorate. Sir Surendra Nath Bannerji, my first Hindu Minister and a Brahmin, was defeated in the ward where his supporters were strongest because the Swarajist canvassers had told his followers to vote for him by putting their cross opposite the second name on the paper, which was in fact that of his opponent! Little does the English public, when they read the results of elections in India, know the means by which these results have been achieved. The House of Commons has introduced into India a constitution which they believe to be democratic, because at the request of Indians themselves it is modelled on the British constitution; but democracy, as we understand it, is only possible in a country where the electorate is sufficiently educated and politically-minded to exercise the responsibility of the franchise. This is very far from being the case in India as yet. There are plenty of able men there just as capable of administering the government of the country as anyone in Europe, but the people as a whole are as yet quite unfit to be entrusted with the right of voting. Whatever form the constitution of India may take in the near future it will, in operation, differ widely from the model on which it is founded, and will be worked by Indians according to Indian methods and Indian standards. Indians, of course, know this, but the British public does not, and that is one reason why the less the House of Commons at Westminster has to do with purely Indian administration the better.

When the results of the General Election became fully known, and it was clear that my Ministers no longer commanded a majority in the new Council, they tendered me their resignations and I accepted them. I was then faced with the task of finding new Ministers who could command a majority.

It seemed to me that the person who obviously had the first claim to be considered was the leader of the party that had secured the most seats in the election. So I asked Mr. C. R. Das, the Swarajist leader, to come and see me. When he arrived I said to him, "Mr. Das, is it true that your party has a majority in the new Legislative Council?"

"I think so," he replied, "but I cannot be certain as the nominated members have not yet been appointed."

I then asked, "What are you going to do with your majority?"

"We shall submit our terms to the Government," he answered. "If they are accepted, we shall co-operate with you. If they are not accepted, we shall throw out your budget and vote against all your legislation."

"But, Mr. Das," I said, "if you have a majority in the Council it is for you to take part in framing the legislation and drawing up the Budget. I have asked you to come here in order that I may invite you to become a Minister. You can then select your colleagues and give me your advice in choosing the nominated members. Will you do this?"

He seemed rather taken aback, and said that he must consult his party before giving me an answer.

We had a long and interesting talk. I explained to him the way in which I thought the non-co-operation movement had failed, and the lines on which it would be possible for any party, that could secure and retain a majority of the electorate, to obtain the constitution it desired by taking office and attempting in the first instance to influence the policy of the Reserved Departments as well as that of the Transferred Departments for which they were responsible. If they failed to get their way, they could resign, and if their majority remained firm they could make it impossible for any other Ministry to be formed. If, however, they did not possess a majority, or could not keep it, they had no claim to dictate the policy of Government. I also told him that I thought the attitude of opposition to all government, which had been preached by the members of his party for many years, had had a most mischievous effect in India, and had led people to suppose that government was in itself an evil thing and that no member who took office was entitled to respect or to support.

He explained that he and his party objected to the system of government in India and were anxious to change it. They were tired of expressions of sympathy and goodwill, and would be content with nothing but acts. I replied that if he became my Minister he would have a chance of judging my acts, but that so long as he remained outside I could give him nothing but assurances; and I asked him to put my assurances to the test by trying to carry on Government in co-operation with my Executive Council. He had no right, I said, to say that this was impossible until he had tried it.

He replied that Ministers had no control over the Civil Servants even in their own departments. I denied this, and said that the Public Services were obliged to carry out the policy which Government decided upon. He then reminded me that Secretaries to Government had a right of direct access to the Governor on all occasions when they disagreed with the Minister. I admitted this, but reminded him that any Governor who persistently and tactlessly disregarded the wishes of his Ministers would not for long be able to obtain any Ministers; and equally, any Governor who rode rough-shod over the feelings and opinions of the Services at the dictation of his Ministers would very soon destroy both the contentment and the efficiency of the Services; and that he should not complain of the privilege of direct access enjoyed by Secretaries to Government until he had proved that it was in practice objectionable.

He next said that Ministers had no power of dismissing officers in the Public Services of whom they disapproved. I reminded him that Ministers in England also had no such power, and that established members of the Civil Service at home could not be dismissed at the whim of a Minister.

He then referred to the Charmanair incident and said that that showed how bad the Services were. I asked him what he meant; and he said that a Magistrate who took no action for a whole month after the outrages by the police at Charmanair ought to have been dismissed immediately. I then told him that in my opinion no outrages had taken place at Charmanair, and that there was therefore nothing for the Magistrate to investigate. The story of the outrages had only been invented a month later, and the Magistrate had instituted an enquiry as soon as he heard the stories that were being circulated. The result of his enquiries was to show that these stories were false, and that the alleged outrages had not in fact taken place. C. R. Das then became rather excited, and said that he had enquired into the allegations personally and was satisfied that they were true. I replied that I had also enquired into them and was satisfied that they were false. He said he had been a lawyer all his life and knew the value of evidence. He would not believe that the people whom he had interviewed were not speaking the truth. I answered that the same people who told one story to him and his friends told an entirely different story to the District Magistrate when he was conducting his enquiry, and that it was

obviously impossible to attach any value to the evidence of witnesses who told different stories to different people. They could not be speaking the truth on both occasions and it could only be a matter of opinion which of their statements was the more truthful.

His reference to this incident gave me more insight into his character than the whole of the rest of our conversation. I formed the impression that he was a man more influenced by sentiment than argument, whom it would be impossible to convince. He did not strike me as a leader of men or a man with any strong personality. I should certainly have found it very difficult to work with him, as once he had made up his mind on any question where he had been swayed by sentiment, he would have been quite immovable.

Six days later he wrote to me as follows:—

"I have the honour to inform Your Excellency that I placed before the party the position as explained by Your Excellency and that they have just decided not to accept Your Excellency's kind offer. The members of this party are pledged to do everything in their power, by using their legal rights granted under the Reform Act, to put an end to the system of diarchy. This duty they cannot discharge if they take office. The party is aware that it is possible to offer obstruction from within by accepting office, but they do not consider it honest to accept office—which is, under the existing system, in Your Excellency's gift—and then turn it into an instrument of obstruction. The awakened consciousness of the people of this country demands a change in the present system of government, and until that is done or unless there is some change in the general situation indicating a change of heart, the people of this country cannot offer willing co-operation. Under the circumstances I regret I cannot undertake responsibility regarding the Transferred Departments. My party, however, wishes to place on record their appreciation of the spirit of constitutionalism which actuated Your Excellency in making the offer which they feel bound not to accept."

An American lady who was staying with me at the time said to me after returning from a visit to C. R. Das, "Of course he would not have had any real power, if he had accepted, would he?"

"On the contrary," I said, "in the administration of the Transferred Departments he would have had a great deal of power, and, as a Minister, he would have had far more influence upon the administration of Reserved subjects also than he will ever have as an outside critic."

"But would he not always have had a pin through his body?" she asked.

"Certainly," I replied, "the same pin which is through the body of every Minister in England or of a Secretary of State in the U.S.A., the same which is through my body—the pin of responsibility, and that is just what he is afraid of."

I next turned to Mr. B. Chakravarty, the leader of a party which called itself Independent. This party was smaller than either the Swarajists or the party which supported the late Ministers, but it was fairly united as a group, and by its support it could give either of the larger parties a majority. Its leader, therefore, occupied a key position in the new Council. Mr. Chakravarty said he was willing to take office, but admitted, in answer to my questions, that he would have to rely upon Swarajist votes. I pointed out to him that the Swarajists would only support him so long as they considered he was advancing their policy of destroying the present system of government, but that they would desert him as soon as he failed to realise their expectations. He replied that if the Swarajists voted against him he would be able to count on the support of Moderate votes. I said I did not think the Moderates could be expected to keep their political opponents in office unless they had some representation in the Government. As he was unwilling to form a Coalition with the Moderates by accepting one of their leaders as a colleague, I told him that I could not ask him to become a Minister. I could accept either a Swarajist Ministry or a Coalition Ministry of his party and the Swarajists, if they jointly shared the responsibility of office, but I was not prepared to accept a puppet Ministry dependent on the votes of an opposition that had no responsibility.

My task now was to explore the possibility of obtaining a Ministry that could combine the remaining groups in the Council against the united opposition of the Swarajists and Independents. Of these groups the Moslems were the largest. Only a few members of this Community had joined the Swara-

jists, whereas most of the Hindus belonged to the two opposition parties. But the Mohammedan Moderates were divided into groups composed of the personal followers of three or four prominent individuals with little liking for each other. In addition, there were 17 elected Europeans who would support any Ministry formed from the Moderates, and there would be 26 nominated or *ex-officio* members whom I had not yet appointed.

The task was not an easy one, but if anyone could be found to unite all those who did not accept the leadership of C. R. Das or B. Chakravarty a Ministry could be formed which with the official and nominated Members would command a small majority. The Legislative Council consisted of 140. Of these 114 were elected and 26 were *ex-officio* or nominated. Of the elected Members the Swarajists numbered 42 (26 Hindus and 16 Mohammedans), the Independent Nationalists 25 (19 Hindus and 6 Mohammedans), the Europeans 18, leaving 29 Moderates (11 Hindus, 18 Moslems). If these 29 could all be united they would with the Europeans and the official bloc number 73 against an opposition whose maximum strength was 71!

There was no personality whom all the members of the Moderate Party—if Party it could be called—accepted as leader. Neither the 11 Hindus nor the 18 Mohammedans, even, had a leader of their own, and almost every member of the 29 wanted to become a Minister himself!

Eventually, after many interviews and discussions, a Ministry was formed, consisting of two Mohammedans—Mr. Fazl-Haq and Mr. Ghaznavi (later Hadji Sir Abdul Kerim Ghaznavi Nawab Bahudur), and one Hindu—Mr. Surendra Nath Mullick.

This Ministry was short-lived, as was only to be expected considering the narrowness of their majority, and each of the men composing it had to pass through some bitter experiences. Mr. Ghaznavi's health broke down temporarily under the strain, but he recovered and again became a Minister in 1927 and a member of the Bengal Executive Council from 1929 to 1934. Mr. Fazl-Haq, after many vicissitudes, became the Prime Minister of Bengal after the passing of the Government of India Act, 1935—a post which he has held to this day.

Of the Hindu Minister, Mr. S. N. Mullick, I must give a more detailed description, as he was the finest type of Indian Nationalist whom it was my privilege to work with. It was the object of his life to prove that Indians could be as good as any European in

public life, and he always maintained himself and required from others the highest standard of honesty and efficiency. In the first Council under the 1919 Reforms he was the leader of the opposition and one of the severest critics of Government. When I had to appoint a Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation in 1922, I selected him for this post—an example of what some of my critics called rewarding your enemies at the expense of your friends. My reason was that none of "my friends" had his ability or industry, or sincerity of purpose. I never regretted the appointment. He was a complete success in the post, and as the head of the largest Corporation in the Empire after London he proved himself an efficient and upright administrator.

In a conversation I had with him in the summer of 1923, he said to me:—"I do not envy your people the colour of their skin, nor their clothes and customs which my people imitate. There is only one thing which I envy."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Your moral integrity," he replied.

"And why do you envy that?"

"Because," he said, "if my people had it you would not be here."

When I was looking for a Hindu Minister in 1923, I sent for Mullick and asked him if he would take the post. At the same time I warned him that it was a sacrifice rather than promotion which I was offering him.

"Are you prepared to exchange a bed of roses for a crown of thorns?" I said.

He asked for twenty-four hours to think the matter over. When he returned, he told me that he had consulted Sir Campbell Rhodes, the Chairman of the British Chamber of Commerce, with whom he had so often sparred across the floor of the Legislative Council, and said to him, "The Governor has asked me to become a Minister. Shall I accept?" Rhodes had replied: "Well, Mullick, if you are thinking of yourself, don't. If you are thinking of your country, do."

"That was enough for me," said Mullick, "and I have come to tell you that I accept your offer."

For the short period that he was in office I found him critical of every proposal which did not satisfy his conscience, but always ready to listen to argument, and when he was convinced he never went back on his word and courageously used with

others the reasonings by which he had himself been convinced. He was unseated on an election petition, and as his Swarajist opponents were determined that he should not get another seat he had to resign his office. He retired into private life without a murmur. A few years later he was appointed to the Secretary of State's Council in London, and in that capacity he was one of my colleagues on the Indian delegation to the Seventh Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva in 1927. At the termination of his office he returned to India and devoted himself to the service of a hospital near Calcutta till his death.

On the day when the Budget was introduced in the Legislative Council in March, 1924, I addressed the members and explained to them the constitutional issues involved in the discussion which was about to take place. I said that I had been told that a section of the Council desired for reasons of policy to reject the Budget *in toto*, in the belief that I should thus be forced to take over charge of the Transferred Departments and to substitute undisguised autocracy for the much criticised diarchy. I was anxious, therefore, to explain exactly what would happen if the Council took this step. I explained that whilst I had the power to restore all the grants for the Reserved Departments, I had no such power in the case of the Transferred Departments. In their case I could only authorise, under Section 72D, Sub-Section 2 of the Government of India Act, expenditure which was in my opinion "necessary for the safety and tranquillity of the Province, or for the carrying on of any Department".

That being the law, I could, I said, provide funds for all the Services, for all the departments and institutions of Government, but it would not be in my power to do more than this. Government contributions to all aided institutions would at once lapse. No loans, no grants-in-aid could be 'authorised' by me. Both the Universities at Calcutta and Dacca would be deprived of all Government assistance, and the Dacca University, being without any other sources of revenue, would have to close down at once. Eighteen lakhs to local bodies for primary education would be withdrawn. Nineteen lakhs to Municipalities and District Boards for public health and water supply, and three lakhs of grants to hospitals, would cease.

The autocracy they would create would apply solely to the

Reserved Departments of Government and those Departments would not suffer by their action. Education, public health, medical relief, agriculture and industries would, on the other hand, be deprived of all assistance from Government, and a serious injury would be inflicted not on the Government but upon the people whom they represented. Let there be no illusions on this point. My Government would not be embarrassed by such a situation, which would not be of our creation. Those who brought it about would have to justify their action as best they might to those whom they represented and the final decision in the matter would rest with the constituencies, which would be vitally affected by the consequences.

This speech was bitterly criticised in the Nationalist Press, which described it as "bluff", but it had the desired effect upon the Council, which, although rejecting by majorities of one or two most of the demands for grants for Reserved Departments, was careful not to throw out the demands for the Transferred Departments. Only in one case was a Transferred Department affected. On a Thursday afternoon (which was mail day in Calcutta), when the European members were not in full strength, the Council rejected the demand for the salaries of Inspectors of Schools. This provided me with the best opportunity I could have desired of giving the Swarajist members a lesson in responsibility, and the next day I gave all the School Inspectors six months' notice of the termination of their services.

My action produced a strong protest both from the Viceroy and the Secretary of State. At the end of the previous year there had been a General Election in England as well as in Bengal, which had brought a Labour Government into office, and in January, 1924, Lord Olivier had succeeded Peel as Secretary of State for India. He sent me urgent telegrams complaining of my action, and saying that he could not defend in Parliament the wholesale dismissal of Government servants. I replied as civilly as I could that he would have no occasion to defend my action in Parliament, as the subject was both a Provincial and a Transferred one, with which the British Parliament had no concern. This did not satisfy him and he asked the Viceroy to intervene. Lord Reading summoned me to Simla and we discussed the matter at length. He wished me to authorise the salaries of the School Inspectors and spoke of giving me instructions to do this.

I told him that I intended to re-submit the demand to the Council in the summer, and that if there was no interference by the Government of India in the meanwhile I was confident that the money would then be voted. If, however, it ever became known that I was going to restore the amount in any case, the demand would certainly be rejected a second time, as the Swarajists would much prefer to see these officials paid by the act of the Governor than by their own votes. The only thing they did not want was to let the Inspectors be dismissed. I then went on to explain that, according to my reading of the Act of 1919, the Government of India had no jurisdiction in the matter, which was entirely within the discretion of the Governor, and that in my opinion there was no justification for overriding the decision of the Legislative Council. Indeed, I did not consider that I had any power to do so.

"Certainly in an emergency you have the power to do so," said Lord Reading.

"Yes," I replied, "but there is no emergency. You cannot say that the refusal of the Legislative Council to provide salaries for the Inspectors of Schools, who my own Retrenchment Committee had recommended should be abolished, has created an emergency."

"But that is exactly what I do say," said the Viceroy, "and the decision whether an emergency exists or not rests with the Government of India, not with you."

"Very well," I answered, "you say that an emergency exists, and I must accept your ruling on that point. Now the Act says that in an emergency the Governor shall have power 'to authorise such expenditure as may be *in his opinion* necessary for the safety and tranquillity of the Province, or for the carrying on of any Department.' In my opinion this expenditure is not necessary for either of these purposes. The safety and tranquillity of the Province are not endangered, and the existence of School Inspectors is not necessary for carrying on the Education Department. I think this is a heaven-sent opportunity for impressing upon the Members of the Legislative Council their responsibility to the electors, and I intend to profit by it. I wish I could do the same in the case of the police, whose salaries they have also rejected, but in that case the safety of the Province for which I am responsible to the British Parliament *is* involved. In the case of the School Inspectors the matter rests entirely with me, and you cannot give me orders."

The Viceroy was annoyed, and hinted that if I did not do what he wished it might be necessary to get another Governor, but he consented to leave the matter until after the vote had been re-submitted to the Council. I assured him that there was really nothing for us to quarrel about, as the occasion he feared would never arise.

My confidence was justified by subsequent events, for when this item of the Budget was re-submitted to the Council in the following September the Swarajists did not even challenge a division. When I reported this to him, the Viceroy said I was very lucky, but I replied, "It is not luck when you win on a certainty!"

Among the items in the Budget rejected by the Council was the demand for Ministers' salaries. The demand was rejected *in toto* by a majority of only one. This placed me in a difficulty. My Ministers argued that this was a snap vote and did not represent the considered opinion of the Council. They did not therefore feel called upon to resign, and were confident that they would secure a majority when the matter was re-submitted to the Council later in the year. I pointed out to them that I had no power to restore the grant or even to "authorise" the payment of their salaries temporarily pending re-submission. If they remained in office temporarily without salary and the Council eventually voted their salaries all would be well, but if the demand was rejected a second time they would not only have to resign but would get no payment for the work they had done in the intervening period. I therefore advised them to resign at once, and said that I would re-appoint them if and when the Council voted the money to pay them. This course, I thought, was both constitutionally correct and more in keeping with their own dignity. To this they replied that so long as they remained in office they would have considerable influence with the members of the Council, but that if they ceased to be Ministers they would have no influence as private individuals, and could not then obtain the necessary votes to secure a reversal of the Council's decision. I did not like this course, and did not believe that it was in the Ministers' own interest, but I felt that I could not insist upon their resignation.

During the next four months a determined struggle was carried on between the Ministers and their Swarajist opponents. I was unable to fill the vacancy created by Mr. Mullick's

resignation, and the two Mohammedan Ministers were left to carry on the struggle without any Hindu colleague. Both sides made use of every available expedient to secure the necessary support of Members whose votes were doubtful. The Ministers worked their power of patronage for all it was worth, and brought what pressure they could upon the members of their own community. The Swarajists used every means of bribery or intimidation which their fertile brains could conceive and their large party funds made possible. Practically no work was done by the Ministers in their Departments. I saw little of them, and failed altogether to persuade them to work out some policy of development which might justify their administration. They worked ceaselessly at the sole task of securing a majority for the restoration of their salaries, and sacrificed food and sleep to the accomplishment of their object.

The strain was terrific, but by July they assured me that they were confident of victory. The date fixed for the reassembling of the Council was July 7th, and apparently the Swarajists were also aware that they would not have a majority, for at the last moment they played a master stroke. Realising that they would not succeed in the division lobby they applied to the Courts for an injunction to prevent the President from submitting the question. The application came before Mr. Justice Ghosh, who granted the injunction.

Cotton brought me this news in great agitation. He was furious at the insult to himself involved in the transaction. Only an Indian brain, he said, could have conceived the idea of invoking the aid of the Courts in a matter of procedure in the Legislative Council. Imagine a Member of Parliament appealing to the Courts to dictate to the Speaker of the House of Commons what ruling he should give on a point of order! Wishing to do what I could to uphold his dignity, I authorised him to prorogue the Council.

So the struggle had to go on. My Ministers were confident that they would have had a majority of 13 on the motion for their salaries and that on the motion for restoring the cuts in the Education Department a division would not even have been challenged. They urged me to relieve them of the intolerable strain of anxiety they were suffering by authorising their salaries forthwith—a course which the Advocate-General, the chief Law Officer of Bengal, had declared to be legal. The Council, they

said, had been offered an opportunity of voting on the matter again, but instead of taking it, they had chosen to appeal to the High Court to save them from the necessity of accepting the opportunity I had offered them.

They gave me numerous instances of votes which had been bought by the Swarajists, and mentioned the actual prices paid in each case. I told them that though I sympathised with their anxiety and difficulty I had scruples about departing from a strictly constitutional procedure, and that the Government of India took the same view.

It may be well to state here that in re-submitting to the Legislative Council demands that had once been rejected, the Bengal Government was acting in accordance with a specific recommendation of the Joint Parliamentary Committee which had considered the Government of India Act before it was passed, and had expressed the opinion that no statutory provision for this purpose was necessary. The Government of Bengal appealed to the High Court, but before their appeal was heard, the Government of India, at the request of the Government of Bombay, announced that they had amended the Legislative Rules so as to make it clear that motions once rejected could be re-submitted, and we had no alternative but to withdraw our appeal. The precipitancy of this action was a severe blow to the prestige of both the Government of Bengal and the President of the Legislative Council. Cotton was furious and the Swarajists were jubilant. They knew that they would be beaten and had made an unsuccessful attempt to withdraw the suit. This having failed they were at their wits' end to know what to do next, when suddenly, on the very morning of the hearing of the case in the Appeal Court, the Government of India, in an Extraordinary Gazette, announced a change in the rules. It seemed to them too good to be true. They were now able to say to their hearts' content that the original motion was illegal, that it had been so declared by Mr. Justice Ghosh, and that the Government of India had admitted this by altering the law. To this there was no answer. The Government of India had unwittingly dealt me a severe back-hander!

The Legislative Council met again on August 26th and on the morning of the meeting the Swarajists again played a trump card by publishing in their newspaper *Forward* a letter purporting

to have been written by Mr. Fazl-Haq, (who, however, declared it to be a forgery) which suggested that he was engaged in a discreditable intrigue to purchase the vote of an unnamed Rai Bahadur. This caused a tremendous sensation, and so discredited the Ministers that in the afternoon the motion for their salaries was again rejected by two votes!

This time the Ministers resigned, and I had to assume temporary charge of the Transferred Departments. One more attempt was made to induce the Council to distinguish between obtaining the resignation of a Minister by voting for a token reduction in his salary and rejecting their salaries *in toto*, which made it impossible for me to appoint any other Ministers. In all the private conversations I had with individual members of the Legislative Council I pointed out this distinction to them. They all professed to be anxious to retain the Constitution, and explained to me their reasons for disliking the particular Ministers who happened to be in office. In fact each one in his heart wished to be a Minister himself, yet every time an opportunity was afforded to them of securing a change of Ministers they made the same mistake and voted for a total rejection of salaries.

The last chance was afforded to them when the Council met again in January, 1925. I was anxious that the issues should be made clear to everyone and that the procedure required for expressing disapproval of a particular Minister or Ministers should be fully understood. There were really three quite separate and distinct issues:—(1) whether there should be any Ministers at all, (2) what the salary of the Ministers should be, (3) whether existing Ministers at any particular moment had or had not the confidence of the Council. It was necessary to separate these issues, because only the Swarajists wanted to get rid of Ministers altogether as a way of wrecking the Constitution which they disliked, and they did not command a majority in the Council. Again, some Members who wanted to work the Constitution and wished to see Ministers appointed thought that 5,000 rupées a month (the equivalent of a Cabinet Minister's salary in England) was unnecessarily high and wanted to get it reduced. Lastly, there were those who wanted to register disapproval of a particular Minister by the convention used in the British Parliament of moving a token reduction in his salary. I had wished to distinguish these issues and explain the

procedure to be followed in each case in the previous August, but my Ministers had objected to my separating the personal from the constitutional issue. They determined to go for all or nothing, and they lost all. Now that there were no Ministers the matter could be considered quite impersonally.

With this object I summoned a meeting on February 7th, 1925, of representatives of all the political parties—the Swarajists, the Independent Nationalists, the Europeans, and the Moderates—to discuss this question. I explained the objects of the Conference and asked for their opinions.

Mr. Chakravarty replied for the Independents and said that his party wished to see a stable Ministry established and did not oppose the payment of salaries to any Ministers. They only wanted men whose politics they approved of. He suggested that a resolution should be submitted by an unofficial Member asking for the appointment of Ministers.

Mr. Sen Gupta, for the Swarajists, said that they objected to the present system of Government and could not answer with a simple “yes” or “no” to a resolution demanding the appointment of Ministers, which moreover he thought would not be in order, as the appointment of Ministers was the prerogative of the Governor. I agreed with him about the point of order, but said that a resolution asking the Government to make provision for Ministers’ salaries in the forthcoming Budget would be admissible, and would be the best means of testing the feeling of the Council on this point.

Mr. Sen Gupta then asked what was the use of submitting these questions to the Council in the abstract, as his party would oppose any individual Ministers who might be appointed.

I replied that the object was to prevent this very thing from happening again. On two occasions his party though in a minority had secured a majority of votes for the total rejection of Ministers’ salaries, by combining three sets of objectors:—(1) those who objected to any Ministers, (2) those who objected to particular Ministers, (3) those who objected to the scale of salaries payable to Ministers. If these issues were separated, I did not think the majority of the Council would wish to vote for (1), and it was important that no such vote should be recorded again unless the majority of the Council realised what the consequences would be. If the Council rejected Ministers’ salaries for the third time, it would necessarily lead to the re-

transfer by the Secretary of State under Devolution Rule 6 of the transferred subjects, and the re-establishment in Bengal of government by a Governor in Council. If that was what the Council desired, they should have an opportunity of expressing their wish, but it was important that the division should take place in circumstances which would leave no doubt as to the meaning of the vote given.

In the discussion that followed, it was clear that, apart from the Swarajists, there was a consensus of opinion in favour of such a resolution as I had suggested.

At the end of the meeting I asked the members if they wished any statement to be sent to the Press. If so, I thought we had better draw up an agreed statement of the discussion, as it would be undesirable to have different versions published. They unanimously agreed that no statement should be published regarding the proceedings and undertook not to communicate with the Press themselves. In spite of this undertaking a full account of the meeting appeared in *The Bengalee* the next day, with the text of the letter of invitation and a summary of the remarks of each speaker!

In accordance with the wishes expressed at this Conference, a resolution was submitted to the Council ten days later asking the Government to make provision for Ministers' salaries in the Budget, and this was carried by 75 votes to 51. This made it clear that a majority of the Council wanted Ministers, though the difficulty of finding any three men acceptable to that majority was not made any less thereby. After prolonged negotiations and discussions with representative people of all shades of opinion, I selected one Hindu and one Mohammedan for the posts, but when the demand for their salaries came before the Council on March 23rd it was for the third time totally rejected by 69 votes to 63! I was at Delhi at the time, in circumstances which will be described in another chapter. This meant that it was useless to try further to get the Council to understand the procedure for securing what they had shown in February that they desired. No other Ministers could be appointed, and for the remainder of my term of office I had to govern without Ministers.

CHAPTER IV

THE REVIVAL AND TREATMENT OF TERRORIST CRIME

I MUST now tell the story of the revival of terrorist crime in Bengal and of the measures which I was obliged to take to suppress it. This story begins in 1923, and runs through the period covered in another connection in the previous chapter. Mr. S. R. Das, the Advocate-General of Bengal*, had successfully collected a group as the nucleus of a recognised body to support the Moderate party in Bengal, to which the Ministers belonged, and in the first conversations I had with him after my arrival he told me, with some pride, that he was gradually forming a party in support of the Ministry which he hoped in time would be a match for the Swarajist organisation. As I knew that a parliamentary system could not work successfully without rival organisations of a party political character, his action seemed to me to be a move in the right direction which deserved encouragement. In the early summer of 1923, however, Mr. Corbett, the chief Police Intelligence Officer, and Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Tegart, who had arrived in March to succeed Sir Reginald Clarke as Commissioner of the Calcutta Police, came to see me to report that those whom the Advocate-General believed to be trustworthy supporters were in fact the same men who had organised the terrorist movement in the years 1912-16, and they submitted to me evidence that this group was beginning to plan a revival of the campaign of violence which had made those years such a terrible memory in the Province.

I reported this to the Advocate-General, who indignantly repudiated the charge and ascribed it to the ineradicable prejudice of the police, who would never believe that a criminal could ever reform his ways. He admitted that these men were ex-revolutionaries, but insisted that they had abandoned their belief in violence and found in the new Constitution a better way of achieving their object. He assured me that he knew them personally and could vouch for their reliability. The very fact that they had previously belonged to revolutionary organisations was what made them useful to him, as they understood how to

* Not to be confused with Mr. C. R. Das, the leader of the Swarajists.

organise, and their present activities were strictly lawful and constitutional.

This conflict of opinion placed me in a very difficult position. I could not dismiss the thought that S. R. Das might be right, and I had to be on my guard against a predisposition on the part of the police to think that a man who had once been a revolutionary must necessarily always be a revolutionary. At the same time the evidence they had shown me was very disquieting, and if a terrorist campaign was in fact being revived, its authors would be much more dangerous working under the patronage of the chief Law Officer of the Government!

The summer months were a very anxious time, but by August the evidence that the police were right was indisputable. Five murders had been committed, and even the Advocate-General could not dispute the evidence which connected his protégés with them. He admitted sadly that he had been misled, and the Government now had to consider what steps should be taken to deal with this menace.

It was a relief to know that so far as the Government was concerned there was no longer any difference of opinion as to the danger with which we were faced. But the general public still knew nothing of the facts, and the crimes which had been committed were ascribed to ordinary criminals known as *goondas*.

The justification for any revival of violent political crime was entirely lacking. A large instalment of constitutional reform had recently been instituted. There was now an elected legislature with elected Ministers responsible to it in charge of nearly all the matters which most closely touched the life of the ordinary citizens. The political prisoners, who had been arrested in connection with the non-co-operation movement, had been released. There was at the moment no great political grievance. Yet this was the moment chosen to revive an attempt at armed revolution. Arms were being smuggled into the Province, robberies and murders were being committed, partly to raise funds for the purchase of arms and explosives and partly for the purpose of blooding young men and thus binding them to the terrorist cause. Political agitators in India are always insisting that political crime is the consequence of lack of sympathy on the part of the Government. In fact the opposite is generally true, as in this case; violence is resorted to in order to

compel the Government to take repressive measures, which are then cited as an excuse for the violence.

The last of the five crimes committed in the summer of 1923 was known as the Sankaritola murder. In this case a body of men wearing masks entered a post office and pointing revolvers at the postmaster ordered him to hand over the money in his charge. When he refused, they shot him dead, took such money as they could find, and escaped. One of the gang was arrested, brought to trial and condemned to death. This murder was followed by the arrest of a number of the known leaders of the revolutionary organisation, who were charged with conspiracy. When later they were brought to trial they were acquitted.

The last terrorist campaign in the years immediately preceding the war had eventually been stamped out, when during the war the Government acquired the special powers conferred upon them by the Defence of India Act, which included preventive powers enabling the members of a known revolutionary organisation to be detained or confined to a particular locality. After the war, however, these powers lapsed. Now the same trouble had begun again. The organisation of the revolutionary societies was the same as in the pre-war days, the same names—Juguntar and Anushilan—were employed, the same individuals were at work, the same methods were being employed, but the Government no longer had the same weapons with which to deal with them. We therefore applied to the Government of India for an Ordinance giving to us the powers of the Defence of India Act which had proved so effective in the past.

In order to prepare public opinion for such a step I told the Legislative Council what was happening when I prorogued the Council in August. I reminded them of the nightmare experience of the past which they could well remember and which everyone hoped had gone for ever, and I told them that in dealing with the revival of this menace the Government would require to an exceptional degree the support of the public. "The contaminating influence," I said, "of these gangs of fanatical idealists, who adopt terrorism with its weapons of intimidation, robbery and murder, is a danger to the younger generation from which no family can feel altogether immune. A week ago, the latest victim of this sinister conspiracy told in the dock the story of how he was sought out by those whom he acknowledged as his leaders and ordered to join with others in a robbery which

led to the murder of a perfectly innocent man. It is the impressionable youth of Bengal which is seduced and sacrificed by this insane organisation. I appeal to all those who remember the dark days through which Bengal passed from 1912 to 1916, to all those who have sons of their own to protect, to rally to the support of Government and to help us to stamp out this disease before it grows to dimensions which will make it difficult to cope with. This is no case of mere political opposition or seditious propaganda. It is a conspiracy of dangerous, fanatical criminals, amongst whom violence is an acknowledged creed and terrorism a deliberate policy, whose agents are trained in robbery and murder, whose victims are selected without motive or discrimination, and who constitute a danger to every household in the country. I have every confidence that when this is realised, the whole educated opinion of Bengal will demand that vigorous and effective measures shall be taken to exterminate the evil."

A full memorandum of all the facts was sent to the Government of India with our request for emergency powers. The emergency powers were refused, and the Government of India asked us to be content with Regulation III of 1818. This procedure was equivalent to the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act in England. That is to say, it enabled us to arrest a certain number of individuals and keep them in detention without trial. The decision was disappointing because the procedure of Regulation III was wholly inadequate to deal with the kind of conspiracy with which we were faced, and it gave us no preventive powers. It was at once an unpopular and ineffective form of coercion. But we had to do the best we could with it.

Matters went from bad to worse during the cold weather of 1923-4. The revolutionary conspiracy became more widespread and received every encouragement from the Swarajists, who entered the Legislative Council after the elections. More crimes were committed. We were unable to prevent them, and in most cases unable also to secure the conviction of the perpetrators. Intimidation by anonymous threats became the order of the day and was used not only against members of the Legislative Council but even in municipal and parochial matters. Everyone went about his business in fear of these secret societies and individual liberty was practically destroyed. On February 5th the Government of India announced that they had approved the recommendation of Sir Leslie Wilson, who had succeeded Sir George

Lloyd as Governor of Bombay, for the unconditional release of Gandhi. Although all the Presidency Governors had been consulted before he was arrested, his release was effected without any consultation with us, and it added immensely to my difficulties in Bengal.

We carried on as best we could till the end of the hot weather. Bomb factories were discovered and raided, attempts were made on the life of Mr. Tegart, and Mr. Day, an English merchant, was murdered in the streets of Calcutta in mistake for him. An attempt to blow up my train on the way to Darjeeling was discovered in time and averted by a change of plans at the last moment.

These months were a very difficult and anxious period for the Government. The Swarajists not only sympathised with but actively assisted the terrorists. The Ministers, entirely engrossed in their own struggle to save their salaries, gave no help. The late Ministers with personal grudges against their successors sided with their political opponents. Normal supporters of the Government were shocked by our arrests under Regulation III, which they thought were based upon unsupported police testimony. I spent a great deal of time in explaining to them in personal interviews that the evidence against all those who had been arrested was not only examined and checked most carefully by me, but had been submitted to two District Judges, who were satisfied that in every case the arrest was justified. The evidence was also shown to the Viceroy, who was an ex-Lord Chief Justice of England, and in some cases forwarded to the Secretary of State as well. Although I assured them that it was quite impossible for all these responsible and impartial authorities to be mistaken, and although they expressed themselves as satisfied with what I had told them, none of them had the courage to defend the action of the Government publicly, such was the demoralising effect of secret intimidation. In trying to protect the liberties of law-abiding citizens the Government was almost without any support except from the Europeans and from its own officials.

An interview I had this summer with one of the terrorist leaders throws an interesting light on the case, though I was not able to make any use of it at the time as our conversation was private and privileged. The leader of the gang that had attacked the Sankaritola Post Office, who had been acquitted in Court

when accused of conspiracy in this case, was one of those who had subsequently been detained under Regulation III. This arrest had naturally caused the strongest criticism, because it looked like using this arbitrary procedure to punish a man for a crime for which he had been acquitted by a Jury in open Court. The Regulation was, however, used preventively, not punitively, to prevent crimes that were known to be contemplated, not to punish those who had already committed them, and this man was known to be plotting the murder of Tegart, myself, and others. I knew him to be a sincere, though misguided, fanatic, and, unlike the other detenus, he had given no trouble in jail since his arrest. So when I heard that his health was suffering from his imprisonment in the plains during the hot weather, I had him moved to Darjeeling and visited him in prison while he was there. I was unaccompanied and had a long talk with him in private, as man to man. I asked him what had caused him to take up this campaign of violence, and, after he had harangued me for nearly an hour on India's grievances and the wickedness of Government, I asked him to listen to me in return. In about ten minutes I explained to him my own view about Indian nationalism and what I had been trying to do since I took office. Then I said to him, "Now, tell me, what is there that you want for India that I do not also want? What are you trying to do that I am not trying to do also?"

"So far as I can see, nothing," he replied.

"Then why do you want to kill me?" I asked.

He did not reply, "I do not want to kill you. I am innocent of any such design, and I don't know why you have arrested me," as he would have done if we had made any mistake about him, or if he were speaking before witnesses. He said simply, "Well, the Government has been cruel and tyrannical for so long that we cannot change our attitude at a moment's notice merely because we get a sympathetic Governor once in a way."

"Sympathetic Governor!" I exclaimed. "Before I came here to-day and talked with you, did you not think that I was a very wicked man and the greatest enemy of your country?"

He smiled and said, "Yes, I did."

"Do you think so now?"

"No, I don't."

"After hearing my side of the case, you changed your opinion and now call me a sympathetic Governor. Don't you think,

if you had had the opportunity of talking to my predecessor, you would have thought him sympathetic too?"

He smiled again and said, "Perhaps."

At the end of our conversation I said to him, "Does the blood of the Sankaritola Postmaster not weigh on your conscience?"

Again, he did not reply, as he would have done if we had made any mistake about him, "I do not know anything about that murder. I was tried for complicity in it and found innocent." We were talking as man to man and there was no need to conceal the truth, so he simply said, quite coldly, "Well, I admit that was a mistake."

"How do you mean, a mistake?" I said.

"Because," he answered, "we did not get the money. We got hardly anything, but if we had got a lakh of rupees, which we had hoped for, what is the life of one man compared with the help we should have received for our great cause?"

Although I could make no public use of this conversation, it completely satisfied me that our own evidence was entirely trustworthy. I was glad of this confirmation, although I did not need it. Although our information came from inside the movement from agents whose lives depended on their activities being kept secret, yet in exercising these extra-judicial powers, which were a great responsibility, we were careful never to act on the information of a single agent, but only when the evidence was confirmed by different sources unknown to each other. With the procedure we followed, and the care we took to check every item in the chain of evidence, the possibility of error was practically eliminated.

At the end of July, 1924, I went to Simla and told the Government of India that I could not carry on without the special preventive powers which I had asked for a year ago. I reminded them how the previous terrorist movement had continued for three years, so long as the Government of Bengal were without sufficient power to deal with it, and how the powers of the Defence of India Act had enabled them finally to suppress it. I said that what they had given me during the last year had proved ineffective, as I had warned them would be the case, and ineffective coercion, I said, was the worst of all policies. It only produced the maximum of odium with the minimum of results. I said that, if they wished, I would continue to govern the Province without any special powers beyond the ordinary law,

but in that case I could not accept responsibility for the consequences. If, however, they wished to suppress the terrorist movement and prevent further murders being committed, they must give me the emergency powers for which I had asked.

To this Sir N. Sarma, the Law Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, replied, "Lord Lytton, you have said that the former movement was completely suppressed by the use of the powers conferred by the Defence of India Act, but you must be mistaken, because you are here to-day to tell us that terrorist crime is again rampant. The remedy could only have been superficial; its roots were never destroyed."

"I agree," I said, "that the roots can never be destroyed until the cause of a movement of this kind has been removed by the establishment of a Constitution with which everyone is satisfied, but, as you know, it is not in the power of the Government of India or of the British Parliament to devise such a Constitution. If you once admit the right of any dissatisfied section of the people to use the weapons of secret intimidation and murder against their political opponents, this evil will become endemic. Assassination will be used as an argument in political warfare, first by one side and then by another, and personal liberty will cease to exist. The reason why this form of crime has been revived is because the weapon by which it was suppressed on the last occasion was thrown away. If every time you have forged an effective weapon you throw it away after you have used it, you will find the evil constantly recurring, and will always have to forge your weapon anew. The only way to prevent a recrudescence of the evil is to keep your powers intact."

To this Lord Reading objected that you could not make emergency powers permanent any more than you could keep war-time legislation operative in peace. I admitted that emergency powers could not and should not be continued when the emergency had passed, but I still pressed that the Act by which the powers were conferred should be made permanent with a provision by which they would lapse as soon as they were no longer required, but could be again called into operation by the Government of India at a moment's notice if and when the need arose.

The Viceroy could not agree to this, but he offered me the powers for which I had asked for two years. This I refused to accept because, though it would carry me to the end of my term

of office, it would leave my successor defenceless on his arrival. The offer was then extended to five years. This I accepted, and said, "If my successor and yours then decide to let the powers lapse, the responsibility will be theirs." I returned well satisfied with the result of my visit.

On the occasion of this visit to Simla I received a curious sidelight on the character of the new Secretary of State. On my arrival I found Lord Reading much excited about a speech which Lord Olivier had recently delivered in the House of Lords. He showed me a telegram giving a verbatim report of it, from which it appeared that Olivier had said that he had been informed by "a high authority in India that Mr. C. R. Das was a particularly upright and scrupulous politician, second only to Mr. Gandhi in saintliness of character!" I could not help laughing heartily when I read these words, and I expressed the opinion that they would hasten the end of both Olivier and Das—neither of them would ever recover from the ridicule which would be aroused by this phrase. "Saintliness" was the very last word which even his best friend would think of applying to C. R. Das. We then discussed who the "high authority" could be and I urged Reading to ask for his name, "because," I said, "everyone will naturally think it is you." This, he replied, would be impossible, as he had not only forwarded all the information he had received from me, but had sent Olivier a special telegram a few days ago warning him to be particularly guarded in his references to Das in his forthcoming speech, in view of the information which had been sent to him confidentially.

Imagine my amazement, therefore, when on my arrival in Calcutta I received a telegram from the Viceroy saying that the Secretary of State had told him that *I* was the "high authority"! I looked up my correspondence with Olivier, and found that at the end of a long letter, in which I had told him of C. R. Das's complicity with the terrorists, of his bribes to members of the Legislative Council and of his corrupt management of the Calcutta Corporation (he was the Mayor of Calcutta at this time), I had concluded with these words:—"and this is the man who the Indian Nationalist press would have us believe is an upright politician, second only to Gandhi in saintliness!" Olivier had replied that as my information though reliable was confidential and could not be published, it was only open to him if he was convinced that Das was acting in concert with the

Revolutionary Committee, "just boldly and dogmatically to state the fact." I had received this letter at Simla on the very day that Lord Reading had shown me how Lord Olivier had "boldly and dogmatically" stated the fact!

The Government of India had agreed to give me for five years the powers which had previously been contained in the Defence of India Act, on condition that we subsequently embodied them in a Bill of our own and submitted it to the Legislative Council. This we had agreed to do, provided that we first received the powers in the form of an Ordinance which could be kept secret till the last moment and thus enable us to act against all the members of the Revolutionary Societies before they had time to go into hiding. In the next two months we prepared our plans, and struck on the night of October 24th. During the hours of darkness nearly all the terrorists whose names and addresses were known to us were rounded up by the police and arrested. They were taken completely by surprise. No opposition was encountered, and few of them escaped.

I spent that night with my family at a lovely little bungalow at Birik in the valley of the Teesta, below Darjeeling. Sitting there on the verandah of the bungalow in the cool scented air, in the intense peace of the starlit sky, surrounded by the black silent forest and with the distant roar of the river coming up from the valley, it was difficult to realise the passions and prejudices which developed hate in men's hearts and drove them to manufacture bombs and import arms for the destruction of their supposed enemies. India, I thought, was a sad land which nature had endowed with exquisite beauty, but where ignorance and fear had blinded men's eyes and poisoned their hearts. In the peace and beauty of those grand hills I had only love in my heart both for the country and its people, yet in the close and crowded streets of Calcutta I was probably hated and feared as a hostile tyrant. If only heart could speak to heart, I felt, instead of through the medium of words which can be so easily misinterpreted, how much misunderstanding would be avoided!

In November I made three speeches, two in the country districts and one in Calcutta, in which I put before the public the case for the action the Government had taken, and tried to prepare the ground for the introduction of our Bill. In the first I described the nature of the menace with which we were threatened. The danger, I pointed out, did not come from any

popular movement. There was no spirit of revolt in the hearts of the people of Bengal. There was no specially acute economic distress to cause a general unrest in the country. The peace of Bengal and the lives of its citizens were threatened by no popular uprising, but by a comparatively small number of men who had introduced methods of terrorism into their political programme and were seeking to murder those whom they hated or feared, to overawe by threats of murder those whose political activities were inconvenient or objectionable to them, and to import foreign arms and ammunition into the country for the purpose of making their terrorism effective. By this conspiracy of violence peaceful citizens wholly unconnected with politics in the innocent pursuit of their lawful avocations had been murdered in broad daylight, robberies had been committed to secure funds, men suspected of giving information to the police had been assassinated, witnesses in trials had been threatened with assassination, even candidates for election to and members of the Legislative Council had been intimidated with threats of murder if they did not conform to the wishes of these self-styled patriots.

It was against the members of this revolutionary organisation alone that our action was directed. The effect of our policy would be not to interfere with liberty, but to establish it. Unless the terrorist movement were suppressed there could be no liberty in Bengal, and it was the duty of all those who lived within the law, who desired its protection and who wished to be free from intimidation in the pursuit of their lawful business, to support the Government in stamping out the use of the bomb and the revolver. "I am told," I said in conclusion, "that we cannot crush the spirit of freedom in a nation, nor stifle its desire for political independence by coercion. That is not only true but obvious, and if our measures were directed against any deep-rooted popular movement, they would be bound to fail; but they are directed against no such thing. Why should I, of all people, wish to crush the political freedom of the people of Bengal, when it is for the express purpose of enabling them to secure political freedom and develop self-governing institutions that I have come to Bengal? This particular menace can be stamped out by what is called repression and by no other means. It is repression of crime, not repression of liberty."

In my second speech I dealt with the question whether or not we had discovered and arrested the real authors of the terrorist

conspiracy, and whether the powers under the new Ordinance, which it was our intention at the earliest possible moment to replace by a local Statute, were or were not the best remedy for the trouble. With those who did not wish to believe us all argument was useless. If we produced statements, they would say they were lies; if we produced documents, they would say they were forged; if we produced confessions, they would say they were extorted by torture. I addressed myself only to those who did not believe that we tortured innocent men to make them incriminate themselves or others, who did not believe that we told lies or forged documents, who were satisfied that if we had taken action repugnant to all our political convictions, we must sincerely believe that we were justified by the direst necessity, but who nevertheless thought that we might have made mistakes or that the information on which we relied might be inaccurate or maliciously false. To such listeners I explained the elaborate procedure we followed, which eliminated every possibility of error. I reminded them that though some 1200 men were dealt with during the six years of the last revolutionary conspiracy, every one of whom had since been released, and though there had been many accounts of those days published by the revolutionaries themselves, there had been no serious allegation that anyone had been unjustifiably suspected of connection with the revolutionary movement.

I explained how it was impossible to produce evidence before any Tribunal which was unable to protect the lives of our witnesses, and I dealt with the suggestion that we ought to submit our action to two High Court Judges instead of to District Judges who, being Civil Servants, were not considered so impartial. We could not, I said, use the High Court except in its judicial capacity. The service of examining our evidence in secret and advising us as to its reliability was an executive service which could not be performed by Judges of the High Court. It was not our unwillingness to consult them, but their unwillingness to serve in this capacity, which precluded us from resorting to Judges of the High Court. When, however, the conspiracy had been finally stamped out and it was a case of reviewing past acts, not the examination of living records, we could use them. This had been done in the past and we should be willing to do it again.

My third speech was at the Annual Dinner of the Caledonian



BIRIK

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DACCA



Society of Calcutta on St. Andrew's Day. A year before I had warned them of the existence of a small cloud on the political horizon. During the last twelve months this cloud had spread until it now covered the whole political horizon, yet I was less anxious now than I had been then. A year ago the menace had only been apparent to the Government—now it was clearly seen by everyone. Then we were inadequately armed to resist it—now we had effective weapons at our command. I concluded this speech in the following words:—

“You remember the parable in the Bible of the husbandman among whose good crops an enemy sowed tares during the night. So it is with the fair garden of Bengal, where among the healthy growing plants of constitutional progress enemies have sown under cover of darkness the rankest, most poisonous weed which is to be found in a political garden—namely the weed of intimidation.

“Mr. C. R. Das has recently told us that he has noticed these weeds—in fact, he says, that he has seen more of them than we have, and his remedy is that we should give them more sun and water, and he assures us that they will then turn into healthy and harmless plants. That advice, perhaps, seemed to him in keeping with the instructions of the husbandman in the parable, but as in affairs of State we cannot wait for the Day of Judgment to solve our difficulties, we have preferred to eradicate the weeds before they grow too rampant and to restrain those who have planted them. Whereupon Mr. Das cries out, ‘You have accepted my diagnosis, but refused my remedy, and instead of destroying the weeds you are plucking up my *Swarajya* shoots which are the healthiest plants in the garden’. Gentlemen, the reason why I do not accept Mr. Das's remedy is because he is not my gardener, and has no responsibility for the consequences of his advice. If he had become my Minister when I gave him the opportunity, and if in that capacity he were now to say, ‘I will be responsible for the lives of our police officers without the use of these emergency powers’, then I should be prepared to listen to him. As he refused to take responsibility, he cannot now make it a grievance that his advice is not accepted.

“It may suit Mr. Das's purpose to say that our action is directed against his party, but the complaint is deprived of all reality when he tells us in the same breath that instead of

doing it any harm we have in fact given it a magnificent advertisement. If our object had been what he asserts, we should have arrested not three Swarajist Members of Council, but forty, and effectively removed the obstruction which he thinks is so embarrassing to us. Gentlemen, our policy is not directed against Mr. Das's party, nor against any other political party working within the Constitution for the establishment of a national system of Government in India, but against a terrorist organisation which aims at the overthrow of the present Government by force, or its coercion by murder and intimidation. Members of that organisation will not be allowed to screen themselves behind any other political label, or obtain immunity by claiming membership of a party which professes to repudiate their methods.

"The leaders of all political parties in India have a very grave responsibility for the present situation. If they had had the courage to remain true to their publicly-avowed principles of non-violence, if they had said without any qualification, 'We have no place for the revolver and the bomb in the Nationalist movement—we will not accept the help of those who use them. Whatever the ideals may be of those who use these weapons, they are so damaging to the credit of our cause that we will support any Government, however constituted, in suppressing them'—if they had had the courage to say that when the menace first made its appearance, there would have been no need now for the special powers we have been forced to use. But instead of doing that, they have either condoned the means for the sake of the end, or they have allowed themselves to be blackmailed into betraying their principles.

"Mr. Das has claimed that freedom is his birthright. Certainly, but it is mine too—it is Mr. Tegar's—and the first birthright of any man is to live. Our determination to suppress intimidation is as much in the interest of Mr. Das himself as of any other political leader. The day may come when he himself may be in a responsible position, and opposed by an irreconcilable minority. What would become of his birthright if those who could not accept his policy were to be free to terminate his existence, and where could he turn for protection if Government were not strong enough to afford it? The man who yields to intimidation surrenders something more precious even than his life.

"I came to India in the hope that I might render some small service to the land of my birth. I did not know when I came that it would be my lot to give it the most precious gift which any country can possess, namely, freedom for its citizens living within the law to speak and act in conformity with their conscience. I did not know that during my term of office Bengal would be deprived of this freedom and that it would be my privilege to restore it. But such has been the task which has come to me unsought. I do not shrink from it. If I accomplish nothing else, I shall be satisfied if when I leave Bengal I can say that I have been able to guarantee to every Government servant and to every law-abiding citizen of the Province safety in the discharge of his duty and freedom from fear of violence in the pursuit of his lawful business."

I had to make these speeches because at that time there was no one else to make them. I had no Ministers, and my Executive Councillors were not politicians but Civil Servants. It was necessary, however, that the Government case should be stated as fully as possible before our Bill was introduced into the Legislative Council early in the New Year.

The Viceroy came to Calcutta for Christmas this year and stayed at Belvedere. I thus had the opportunity of discussing with him the many difficult problems with which I was then confronted. On Boxing Day, December 26th, we drove in state to the racecourse for the Viceroy's Cup. We had a very cordial reception all along the route and an unusually hearty one when we got to the Grand Stand. There was absolutely no sign of any ill-feeling anywhere. The Viceroy's reception along the route was equally cordial, and Lord Reading spoke to me about his surprise at this. I told him that the credit of Government in Bengal stood higher at that moment than at any time since he or I came to India. This was entirely due to the fact that we had shown that we were not going to allow ourselves to be intimidated.

When the time arrived for the introduction of our Bill, I went to Barrackpore to prepare the speech in which I should recommend it to the Council. I always found that I could work better there than in Calcutta. There was an atmosphere of peace and calm there in which I never failed to find inspiration. Government House, Calcutta, seemed to me to be haunted by the spirits of tired and harassed men, but Barrackpore was pervaded

by the spirit of a loving and lovable woman.* While I was thinking over the case which I should have to put, and of the apparent impossibility of dispelling the miasma of suspicion and mistrust with which all the actions of Government were surrounded, there came to my mind a very remarkable and dramatic human story with which I had been personally connected, and I thought if only I could tell this story publicly it might have greater weight than any words of my own.

This was the story:—

When I was touring the British Universities with the Indian Students' Committee in 1921, I was told at Armstrong College, Newcastle, of a wonderful Indian student whom they had had, named Nagendra Nath Sen Gupta. He was, they told me, the best student, the best scholar, and the finest character that had ever come to them. They could not speak too highly of the wonderful influence this man had exercised in the College, and they said they would gladly take as many Indian students as we cared to send provided they were of the same type. When I got back to the India Office I asked Sir William Duke, the Permanent Under-Secretary, who this model student could be?

He smiled and said, "Don't you know?"

"No," I replied. "Ought I to know?"

"He was the accused in the Mussalmanpara bomb case," said Sir William Duke.

"I am afraid I am still no wiser," I said.

He then told me all about the case and gave me the papers to read. In 1914 a conference of police officers was being held in Mussalmanpara Lane, a narrow back street of Calcutta, when a bomb was thrown through the window from outside. The aim had not been true, and the bomb hit one side of the window-frame and exploded partly in the room and partly outside. One police officer had been killed and others wounded. Tegart had been one of those present who escaped. Lying in the street in a pool of blood was a young man who on being searched was found to be carrying a revolver which was identified as one that had recently been stolen from a Government arsenal. He was taken into custody and charged with murder. His story was that he was strolling innocently along the lane when a bomb exploded and he fell wounded. He denied being in possession of the revolver, and said that the police had planted it upon him in

* Lady Canning, who is buried in the garden.

order to secure a conviction. His story was believed and he was acquitted. Not only that, but Sir Ashutosh Mukharji, one of the Judges who tried the case in the High Court, used the following words: "I desire only to emphasise that after anxious consideration of every element in the case as it was developed before us from day to day, I am strongly convinced of the absolute innocence of the accused; my deliberate conclusion is that the endeavour made to establish a connection between this innocent lad and a dastardly crime, by means of evidence, tainted in a large measure by manifest untruths and manufactured incidents, has been completely unsuccessful."

Lord Carmichael, the then Governor of Bengal, who believed in Sen Gupta's innocence, took an interest in him, and after his acquittal he was sent to England to complete his education, with the result which I had subsequently learnt.

When I returned the papers to Sir William Duke I said, "This man has apparently profited by the chance which was given to him and has since made good. What has happened to him?"

I was told that he had gone back to India, but that the Government of Bengal refused to employ him in Government service because he was forever being cited as a victim of their injustice, and the police, who knew that he was guilty, were forever being accused of having persecuted him.

When I got to Bengal I found Nagendra Nath Sen Gupta with Father Douglas at the Oxford Mission at Behala. He had married and become a Christian, and Father Douglas was preparing him for confirmation. I discussed his case with Father Douglas, who had a very high opinion of the young man's character, but said that he had not liked to broach the subject of his trial. I said, "I think you must get at the truth. This is a very solemn moment in his life. If you remind him that he is in the presence of God and ask him whether he was innocent or guilty, and if he then says that he was innocent, you must believe him. I, too, shall have to feel that there has been some terrible misunderstanding somewhere. A man with the character which all who know him are agreed that Sen Gupta possesses cannot lie to you at such a moment." The result was that Father Douglas returned to me a few days later with a full written confession signed by Sen Gupta.

When I was preparing my speech at Barrackpore I felt at first that it would never be possible to dissipate the atmosphere of lies

and misrepresentation which clouded our every act or word. Whenever I wanted to defend my Government from one or other of the false charges which were brought against it, I was always prevented by consideration for some man's life or reputation. Then I remembered the Mussalmanpara bomb case, and I thought if only I could make public the truth in this case I might perhaps convince those at least who were willing to be convinced that we were not the wicked and unscrupulous people we were made out to be. I had Sen Gupta's confession, but I regarded this as confidential, and I was very doubtful whether it was fair to ask any man to give up the shield of a judicial verdict and confess to the world that he was not what he had passed for among his fellow men. But then, Sen Gupta was a very exceptional man, and perhaps he might even welcome the chance of putting himself right with the world. I consulted Father Douglas, and he said he felt sure that Sen Gupta would readily agree to my suggestion, but that I must ask him myself. This I did. I asked him to come and see me, and showed him the statement I proposed to make in the Legislative Council. He read it without any trace of emotion. His face was as impassive as if he had been reading a treatise on potato culture, and at the end he looked me straight in the face and said that he would have no objection to my making the statement. He added that when he had first written out his confession and given it to Father Douglas he had assumed that it would be made public. The only stipulation he made was that I should add a sentence explaining that in his confession he had not incriminated any of his former associates.

On January 7th, 1925, the Legislative Council met in a special session for the sole purpose of considering the Bill in which we had embodied the powers conferred upon us by Ordinance in the previous October. At the beginning of the sitting I addressed the Council, and told them that as the subject matter of the Bill was intensely controversial it would have been improper for me to make a speech that would embitter the discussion. My sole object in addressing them was, if possible, to make it easier for them to conduct the debate in a spirit of mutual tolerance and respect. In ordinary political controversy I tried to keep aloof and to be an impartial friend to all who, in the exercise of their constitutional rights, were willing to accept my friendship or advice. The difficulty in which I was placed by my divided

responsibility under the then transitional stage of the Constitution was greatly increased by a deep-rooted distrust of Government as such which did not exist elsewhere. The measure we had been obliged to introduce to deal with the terrorist movement had been made even more controversial than it need have been by the constant reiteration in the Press of the charge that the Government of Bengal had abused its powers in the past. These wholly undeserved charges were almost always founded on a single case, namely, the Mussalmanpara bomb case. I then proceeded to tell them the story of my own connection with that case, and pointed out how in it there had been an error of our imperfect human justice and a remarkable illustration of divine justice. The life which had thereby been given back had been well spent, the chance to redeem the past had been fully utilised. By the revelation of the truth, the injustice which belief in his innocence had done to others was now removed, and he himself had been rescued from the falsehood to which otherwise he was wedded for the rest of his life. I then concluded as follows:—

“I have told this story not merely for the purpose of clearing a former Government of a false charge, but in the hope that this example may help us without any submission or surrender on one side more than on the other to find a common meeting-ground. You know the saying once uttered by the founder of Christianity, though the purport of it is not confined, I believe, to the Christian religion but is common to many others:—‘Know ye the truth, and the truth shall make you free.’ Here is a truth by which one man has made himself free. May we not all use this same truth to make ourselves free also—free from the antagonism which now enslaves us? With this example before us of all the evil that must result from hatred and violence and of all the good that can follow the abandonment of such methods, can we not all join in offering to the young patriotic men of Bengal a better way of serving their country than by importing arms and manufacturing bombs for the destruction of its supposed enemies? I appeal to you with all the force that I can command to help us in saving your country from the greatest evil which can overtake it. If you once allow secret terrorism to become established in your midst, it will become a habit that you will never be able to eradicate. It is not merely British officials who are affected by it, and no change in the form of Government will get rid

of it. It will be resorted to by any discontented minority under any form of Government.

"We all deplore the necessity for special legislation of this kind, but you will not get rid of that necessity by rejecting this Bill. You can do something better than that—you can help to make it a dead letter when it is passed. Some of you have influence with the men who have adopted terrorism as a means to their end. I appeal to you to take to heart the story I have just told you and to make it the starting-point of a new chapter in the political history of Bengal. If you will persuade these men to sink their weapons in the waters of the Hooghly and to abandon terrorism once for all as a political method, we will promise you our whole-hearted co-operation in providing them with other and better ways of serving their country. I offer you my assistance with both hands in finding the best means of progressing towards the realisation of those ideals which we have in common. With your help and goodwill my Government can do more good to those who look to us for assistance than we can do against your opposition; with our help you can do more good in remedying the many social and economic grievances of the people than you can if you are wasting your energies in barren political controversy. We cannot in this Council settle the constitution of India, but we can, if we will, build up in the villages and country districts of Bengal workable self-governing representative institutions which will serve as a solid foundation on which the final structure of provincial self-government can afterwards be raised. That is in our power—that we can do ourselves without reference to the Government of India or to Parliament. Is it not the best service we can render to the people of Bengal? Is it not the best service which Bengal can render to the people of India?

"If this Council will resolve to-day that terrorism and secret conspiracy shall cease and that all parties shall come together to evolve the best possible system of local self-government in the rural districts to serve as a foundation for ultimate Provincial self-government, future generations will have cause to bless your labours and to say of this Council that it proved a turning point in the constitutional history of India, as it turned Bengal from the wilderness of profitless strife in which she was wandering and set her feet upon a

broad highway which led straight to the promised land of her political aspirations."

Had responsibility for the consequences of their action really rested with the Council, had its members felt that they had to choose between the Government Bill and unrestrained terrorism, my appeal would probably have carried weight with them. As, however, they knew that the Bill would become law in any case by my certificate, the luxury of voting against "repressive legislation" without fear of the consequences was irresistible, and my appeal fell on deaf ears. The Bill was rejected by 66 to 57 votes. The only speech made against it came from my late Minister, Mr. (afterwards Sir Provash) Mitter! He had been a member of the Government when the terrorist movement had started, he knew all the facts, he had approved the Memorandum we had sent to the Government of India in 1923, asking for these emergency powers; and he gave as his reason for voting against the Bill that it differed in some respects from the Rowlatt Act—a former repressive measure based on the recommendation of the Commission of which he had been a member! As I said to him in a subsequent interview, the time for raising his objection to the wording of our Bill was when the Clauses were being discussed in Committee, and his action in voting for the rejection of the Bill was like that of a man who, when his country goes to war, joined its enemies because he disagreed with the terms of the ultimatum or the disposition of the troops!

The use by the Government of Bengal of the powers conferred on them by the Criminal Law Amendment Act*—as our Statute was called—enabled them to get the better of the terrorist movement. The outrages ceased, those who had organised them were in confinement, and impressionable young men were prevented from associating with those who might lead them astray. Bengal was saved from this insidious danger to the liberty of its citizens. We were soon able to make selected releases, and before I left the Province most of those who had not actually committed crimes of violence had been set at liberty.

* The text of this Act is given in an Appendix.

CHAPTER V

VICEREGAL INTERLUDE

IN OLD days it was impossible for a Viceroy, a Governor, or a Commander-in-Chief to leave the country during his term of office. If, for any reason, he had to return to England, it was necessary for him to resign. After the introduction of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, however, an Act was passed enabling each of these high officials to come home for four months leave once during his term of office, and it was usual for this privilege to be exercised about half-way through the term. In 1924 it was impossible for me, owing to the situation described in the last chapter, to think of leaving Bengal, but I was very anxious if possible to go home in the summer of 1925. The political situation had by then become sufficiently settled to enable me to leave, and I had strong domestic reasons for wishing to be in England that year. My eldest son came of age on May 13th, 1924. As we could not be with him to celebrate it then, we had arranged to postpone the official celebration for twelve months. His Oxford career would then be over and he would be able to come to India with us when we returned. Our plan was that Lady Lytton should go home in February and that our elder daughter—the younger one and both our boys were already in England—should stay with me and we should follow in May, in time for the coming-of-age celebrations, all returning together in July.

I mentioned my wishes to Lord Reading when I was at Simla in July, 1924, and asked if he had any opinion as to the time of year when I could most conveniently be spared. He explained that the matter was complicated by uncertainty regarding his own position. He also wished to go home and, if he went, the time he would choose would be March or April next. He agreed that I had a claim to take leave in 1925 and promised to suit my wishes as far as possible as to the date. When he came to Calcutta for Christmas we discussed the matter again, and on January 1st he told me definitely that he had decided not to go home and that I could take my leave at the time which suited me. We therefore made all our plans to carry out the programme we had arranged. Lady Lytton had booked her passage in the

P. & O. steamer which was due to leave Bombay on February 28th. I was actually in the hall waiting for her to come down and drive to the station on the evening of February 25th (we were going to visit the coal-mining district of Asansol *en route*) when a telegram from Lord Reading was put into my hand, saying that after all he had decided to go home and had recommended that I should take his place as Viceroy in his absence!

This change of plan must have been discussed for some time between Lord Reading and Lord Birkenhead, who by this time had become Secretary of State for India, but no word of warning had been given to me, and the last-minute information caused me the maximum of inconvenience. To make matters worse I received a telegram from Birkenhead on my journey, telling me that Sir John Kerr, the Governor of Assam, would officiate as Governor of Bengal in my absence. Though I was very glad to hand over to Kerr, I knew that he also had made plans to go home this summer and he also, therefore, would be inconvenienced by the decision. I had drafted a telegram to Birkenhead suggesting that as an alternative Lord Willingdon might be sent out to officiate as Viceroy, but when I got his telegram saying that everything was settled and would be announced in a few days, I realised that there was nothing to be done but to accept the situation. Our journey to Bombay was spent in ceaseless discussions of plans, and in receiving telegrams and drafting replies. We decided that Lady Lytton must go to England, as arranged, for the coming-of-age celebrations, but that she should return immediately they were over and join me at Simla. In the meantime Hermione would stay in India with me and take her Mother's place as officiating Vicereine when I went to Simla. The journey was rather a nightmare in these circumstances, and our separation at Bombay even more distressing than usual.

I went to Delhi on March 20th to see Lord Reading and receive from him an account of the various matters I should be called upon to deal with. This he gave most admirably. His conciseness and lucidity on this occasion were in strong contrast with the wordiness and indecision which had marked all my previous discussions with him. On my first visit to Simla in 1922, I found him completely unable to come to a decision upon any subject, and he would spend so long with his first visitor each day that all the later ones were kept waiting and sometimes

failed to see him altogether. This was much resented by the Executive Councillors, Secretaries to Government and Commander-in-Chief, who all suffered in turn from this habit. As he acquired more experience he corrected this fault, but he was never happy when a difficult decision had to be made, and put it off as long as possible. One day at Barrackpore he told me that the happiest time of his life was when he was the leading Counsel at the Bar and knew that he had presented the case of his client as well as it could be stated, and that the decision rested with others. Now in 1925, while he was summarising for me all the questions with which he had been dealing and telling me the stage which they had reached, he was once more in that position of marshalling all the facts, knowing that the decisions would have to be taken by someone else. In this task he was masterly, and I was filled with admiration at the way he did it.

I got back to Calcutta on March 24th, and there learnt of the rejection of the Ministers' salaries for the third time, which has been described in Chapter III. At a meeting with my Executive Council we came unanimously to the conclusion that in the existing circumstances the formation of a stable Ministry was impossible. The whole public life of the Province was so completely demoralised, that to continue the temporary administration by myself of the Transferred subjects would only serve to keep alive both a sense of grievance and the methods of corruption which had been employed in this second Council. We decided, therefore, to recommend to the Government of India the re-transfer of the Transferred subjects under Devolution Rule 6.

On April 8th Hermione and I left Calcutta on our new venture. We arrived at Delhi on Good Friday, April 10th, where I was sworn in as Viceroy and acting Governor-General in the afternoon. The next day we were shown the principal ancient monuments of Delhi, and were converted by our guides into the most ardent Delhi-ites. The place teems with historic interest and gave me the sense which no other place but Rome has ever done of belonging to all ages. Before I came there I had always been under the impression that the seven Mohammedan cities of Delhi had all been built on the same spot and had been superimposed one upon the other. But I now learnt that they were all distinct, occupying different sites, and that the ruins of each still survive. Delhi seemed to be unique among capital cities

in this respect. It is more than a city—it is a district of dead cities as well.

First we were taken by Mr. Abbott, the Chief Commissioner of Delhi, for a circular tour through the surrounding country. We drove past the King Edward Memorial Garden and Daryaganj, through the Delhi Gate, past Firoz Shah Kotla, to Purana Killa. This was the old fort of Humayun and is said by the Hindus to be the site of Indra-prastha. Here we got out of the car and entered through a fine old ruined gateway into a huge enclosure, which once encircled the fourth City of Delhi. The outer walls and gateway are all that remain. I was told that till about ten years ago the ground within the walls had been covered with untidy native *bustis*: these had since been removed and replaced by a great grass lawn, which was well watered by a number of hydrants, and at the time of our visit was being mown by a couple of mowing-machines drawn by oxen. This great expanse of green grass gave a very peaceful appearance and smelt like a new-mown English cricket field. The only buildings which still stand intact within the enclosure are the Killa Kona Mosque and the Sher Mandal. The latter is an octagonal three-storeyed building, suggestive of an observatory tower. This was built by Sher Shah and captured by Humayun, who used it as a library. It has a very steep flight of stone steps down which Humayun fell one day and "broke his crown".

We left by a side gate and re-entered the car. We then drove to Humayun's tomb, which is close by. Here we got out again and entered another fine enclosure which is laid out as a Moghul garden, with square ponds connected by narrow aqueducts running down the centre of a broad gravel path with beds on each side. At the end of the garden is a high broad terrace on arches, like that on which the Taj Mahal is built, which one reaches by a flight of steep steps, and in the middle of this is erected the Mausoleum itself. It is a fine building, with a great central archway set in a square frame and surmounted by a dome—the usual Moghul design, with two square wings on each side. There are many tombs in the building, containing the bodies of various members of the House of Timur. The central chamber under the great dome, containing the body of Humayun, is very impressive. The chamber is quite plain, without decoration, but its size gives an impression of grandeur. The usual blue rock-pigeons were flying under the dome, and the slightest

sound echoed impressively round the walls. In the centre, raised on a slab with two steps, was a simple little ivory sarcophagus. The very simplicity of the whole thing gave me a greater sense of solemnity and grandeur than the more elaborate decoration used by the later dynasties. Certainly these Moghul Emperors knew how to build tombs!

It was here that the three sons of the last King of Delhi took refuge after the Mutiny, and were captured by Hodson and shot by him on the way back to the city.

By the time we had finished seeing the tomb and got back to the motor-car it was getting hot, and as we had not yet had breakfast I felt I had done as much sight-seeing as I could manage on an empty stomach. We therefore drove on from here to the Kutab, and did not stop at the ruins of Tughlakabad, the third city of Delhi, built in 1321.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when we arrived at the Kutab, and we were cheered by the sight of breakfast spread out for us under the shade of the trees. We ate heartily, and then felt sufficiently invigorated to devote ourselves to a study of the most interesting of all the places we had yet visited.

The Kutab Minar stands in the centre of what was the first city of Delhi. It is a great tower of red sandstone, 238 feet high, divided into five storeys by four balconies. The top was added when the monument was restored by Major Smith, a Bengal engineer, in 1828. We were told that it had probably been erected as a tower of victory to celebrate the Mohammedan conquest or, as Mr. Abbott put it, "to impress the Hindus that their new rulers were men of some account."

After breakfasting in view of this monument, we proceeded to examine the ruins of the old city. The most interesting and beautiful was the Kunwat-ul-Islami (The Might of Islam) Mosque. Twenty-seven Hindu temples had been despoiled of their pillars by the Mohammedans to provide the colonnades of this great mosque. It is now completely in ruins, but the fragments that remain are very beautiful. In the centre of a courtyard stands a very remarkable iron pillar of unknown origin and great antiquity. An inscription in a language now extinct (recently deciphered by Mr. James Prinsep) records that it was erected by a Vaishnavite (Brahmin) King called Chandra or Dhava—no date or place, however, is mentioned. It is thought that the pillar must have been a meteorite, as there is no iron ore

in the neighbourhood, and the metal must be of great purity not to have rusted away through the centuries.

After this we were shown other shrines and palaces and tombs, and Mr. Abbott proved a most enthralling guide. At last, having seen where the Kings of old had lived and loved and died, we motored back to Viceregal Lodge through Raisina, where a new Imperial city was rising from its foundations, with no city wall to protect it from the invader, and no Minar to record the victories of its builders, whose chief monument is a great Hall of Debate in which the chosen of the ruled will make known their wishes to the rulers.

The rest of the morning was spent discussing with Colonel Patterson, the Political Secretary, the affairs of Hyderabad, Indore, and one or two other Indian States.

We had intended to visit the Fort by moonlight after dinner, but, as a storm was gathering, we decided to go there at 6.30 and see as much of it as we could in the fading daylight. This was an unforgettable experience. Captain Campbell met us there and, as everyone who has met him must know, proved himself the most perfect of all guides. We found him a great talker, full of anecdotes and full of knowledge, but his most attractive quality was his intense love of the buildings of which he had charge.

As he conducted us round the Fort in the rapidly vanishing light and talked of the old days, he made the past live again for us. In the semi-darkness he seemed himself to become in turn the living embodiment of each of the people whom he told us about. As Shah Jehan he had built the Diwan-i-Am (Hall of Public Audience) and the Diwan-i-Khas (Hall of Private Audience) and seated on the Peacock Throne had heard of the birth of his first grandson. As one of the master masons employed in the construction of the palace, his own hand seemed to have traced upon the walls the inscription, "If Paradise is to be found anywhere on the face of the earth, it is here, it is here." As one of the Sultanas, he had sat on rich carpets behind the exquisite screens of justice in the Rang Mahal (Palace of Colour) "which in excellence and glory exceeded the eight-sided throne of heaven", and whispered soft sounds through the marble tracery or swung elegant limbs on hot afternoons in front of the trellised window that looked out over the waters of the Jumna. As Aurungzebe, he had built the Pearl Mosque and begun the decline of his dynasty. In later times, he had witnessed the agony

of the Mutiny, and, as a common soldier, had splashed the jewelled walls with whitewash, and slept among packing-cases in the Royal Halls. Later still, he had, with his own eyes, seen King George and Queen Mary revive the glories of the past, hold Durbar in the Halls of Audience, and show themselves in gorgeous robes to the crowds below from the little ivory balcony where the Moghuls had stood of old.

It was a mysterious setting in which we first saw these lovely buildings and heard their story. The sky was black with cloud, a strong hot wind was blowing from the south, thunder rumbled in the distance, and flashes of lightning illumined the Courts and silhouetted against the darkness the lovely lines of these delicate and rather sensuous buildings. We were shown the most beautiful designs of flowers in coloured stones inlaid in marble or painted in gold by an art that has long been lost—all this by the light of a hurricane lantern held up by a white-clad peon. I was glad to have seen the Fort for the first time in this romantic setting, and in consequence shall always associate it with an atmosphere of mystery and ghostliness. The Taj, which I first saw by moonlight, is imprinted on my memory like a vision in Heaven—the Fort is stamped there as a ghost from the past.

My first day as Viceroy had indeed been full, interesting and happy.

The days that followed cannot be described in the same detail, but they were all made as pleasant as possible by the extreme kindness which I received from all the officials with whom I worked. They must have regarded me as rather an interloper, but one and all treated me with as much respect as if I had been their permanent chief, served me as loyally, and did everything in their power to make me feel that I was welcome in my officiating position.

Hermione made an excellent substitute Vicereine. Her duties were all enjoyable. She was very popular, and everyone was at pains to make her happy.

I was pleased and surprised to find that the work, which I had expected to be heavy, was not in fact as strenuous as my work in Bengal during the last three years. The hot weather season at Simla was a comparatively slack period; the Legislative Assembly was not in session; the entertaining was less than in Bengal; the climate was less enervating, and I had no harassing anxieties. The administrative work was done by very competent

officials, and the matters which came to me for decision presented no particular difficulties. On the whole, therefore, these four months which I had feared would be very exacting proved to be rather a restful change from the troubled Province which I had been called upon to govern.

As it was necessary for the Viceroy to go on a tour in April while the Government of India was moving from Delhi to Simla, Hermione and I paid a visit to Lord and Lady Goschen and spent ten very happy days with them at Ootacamund. Here, in addition to the delightful company of our charming host and hostess, I had some interesting talks with a few of the leading people in Madras, and some very enjoyable days of camp life, with excellent trout fishing. I had always wished to visit this best of all the hill stations of India. Those in the Himalayas are all situated on the tops of high mountains, with grand views but with the climate and conditions of the high mountains. They are steep and inaccessible, with deep valleys below them on all sides. Ootacamund, on the other hand, is situated on a high plateau with rolling downs covered with heather, and lakes and rivers of its own, as in Scotland. Riding in the surrounding country is therefore possible. Ooty has its own hunt, and its rivers are well stocked with trout. Our visit to this enchanting place was a most restful and welcome holiday.

On April 30th we reached Simla, where I had a formal and official arrival, and was introduced to all the Members of Council and Secretaries to Government with whom I was to work. The next day the routine of my official life as Viceroy began.

During the month of May before Lady Lytton joined me we were kept busy making the acquaintance of new people and new places. We spent several happy week-ends at Mashobra and Naldera, and I specially enjoyed occasional rambles in what was called the Catchment Area, which was a wonderful sanctuary for wild birds. I have always been a keen observer of birds and a lover of their song, and was therefore particularly interested to make the acquaintance of new species in India. In Bengal I had been much disappointed at finding no one to help me in the identification of different specimens. The Bengalis are a very intellectual race, but they are entirely lacking in any appreciation of natural history. They seemed to derive no pleasure from their own lovely scenery and knew nothing of the flora or fauna with which they were surrounded. It was also disappointing

that there were no singing birds in the Province. With the exception of a few brightly-coloured birds, the Minevets and Verditer Flycatchers in the hills, and the Bee-eaters and Blue Rollers in the plains, the sky seemed to be filled with birds that were both ugly and raucous—crows, kites, koels, owls, 'brain fever birds' (a species of cuckoo) and mynas (the Indian starling) which made the air hideous with their cries both by day and night. At Mahabaleshwa, the Hill Station of Bombay, I had heard some lovely songs from bulbuls, and at Bombay too there was an excellent Natural History Society, whose publications I received and derived great pleasure from all the time I was in India. But in Bengal the birds were on the whole a torture rather than a pleasure.*

At Simla I was particularly fortunate in finding Mr. Whistler, a Superintendent of Police, who was a great ornithologist, and I got him to accompany me in my rambles in the Catchment Area. He was a most charming and knowledgeable guide and taught me everything I wanted to know. He introduced me to the Himalayan Grossbeak (a very beautiful black and yellow bird, almost as bright as the Oriole), the Black-headed Sibia (another large and very handsome bird), the Streaked Laughing Thrush (a common and very sober brown bird), the Himalayan Nutcracker (with a peculiar call like a rattle), the Hill Partridge (with a mournful cry like a soul lost among the hills), the Meadow Bunting (with a beautifully-marked head), the White-browed Blue Flycatcher—what a name!—the iron-grey Bush Chat, the Crested and Red-headed Tits, the Himalayan Griffon, the White-backed Vulture, the Lammergeier (the largest of all the kites and the link between kite and vulture), the Blue Magpie (a most remarkable bird with a long feathery tail which made it very conspicuous), the Upland Pipit (with a flight like our own Tree Pipit, but with a song so feeble and high-pitched that I could not hear it) and the Kokla or Wedge-tailed Green Pigeon (a very lovely species of pigeon, almost as brilliantly coloured as a parakeet, with green head and neck and much yellow about the wings, and a beautiful warbling note like a melodious human voice yodelling in the distance). We visited

* There was a Natural History Museum at Darjeeling which I found in a state of decay when I arrived. I was fortunate in securing from the Bombay Society the services of Mr. Inglis as curator. He not only completely reorganised the Museum and made it of great interest, but he proved a most helpful instructor to me for the remainder of my term of office.

the eyries of the Hawk-Eagles, who breed there in the spring. We saw three of their nests—enormous platforms of twigs—which are visited by these birds in alternate years. The old nests are utilised over and over again and repaired on each occasion. As their nesting-time is in February, they were of course deserted when we saw them.

I was also very fortunate to find at Simla Colonel Evans, who was a great authority on butterflies and possessed one of the finest collections of Indian butterflies. In the matter of butterflies Bengal is richer than any other part of India—the valley of the river Teesta, where I used to go fishing, containing the largest and most beautiful specimens in the world after the Amazon valley. I was delighted, therefore, to be able to identify in Colonel Evans's beautiful collection some of the species with which I was already familiar.

While I was in Simla, I invited the Agents of the Governor-General in the various Indian States to stay with me in rotation, and thus learnt a good deal about these States. This was a valuable experience for me, as in my own Province there were only two of these States—Cooch-Bihar and Tripura. In both of these States the ruling Maharajahs had died during my term of office, and I had to make arrangements for a Regency Government, as the heirs in each case were minors. In the Bombay and Madras Presidencies there are many of these Indian States, so the Governors of these Provinces know much more of this side of India, which is one-third of the whole country, than the Governor of Bengal. While I was acting as Viceroy, I was able to visit some of the States in Rajputana; I also had interviews with many of the ruling Princes and discussed with them the future of their States in the United India we were trying to create.

It was also a valuable experience for me to have this period of working at the headquarters of the Government in India. The Local Governments are often impatient with the communications they receive from the Government of India. It was an agreeable experience for me to correct some of the drafts of communications to the Provincial Governments while I was at Simla, and to say to those who brought me the drafts, "You see, I know what the Local Governments feel when you write to them in those terms." Action taken by the Local Governments is sometimes embarrassing to the Government of India and *vice versa*, and in my opinion there is much too little consultation between the various

authorities in India who are trying in their different spheres to carry out the policy which is determined from time to time by the Imperial Parliament. During my term of office I tried repeatedly, but unsuccessfully, to induce Lord Reading, and Lord Irwin who succeeded him, to summon a conference of all the Governors in order to co-ordinate their policy as much as possible. The objection always made to my proposal was that such a meeting would arouse anxiety and suspicion in the general public as to the possible object of such a gathering of authorities. I replied that this might be the case with the first meeting, but that if they were held regularly as a matter of routine no special significance would be attached to them. But my proposal was never acted upon. The only person from whom I got any sympathy was the Commander-in-Chief, who told me that he could not possibly co-ordinate his military policy unless he held frequent meetings with his area Commanders.

I found the Indian Princes very anxious about their own position, and they complained to me that though they had tried repeatedly in interviews with successive Secretaries of State and Viceroys to have their future position made clear, they had never received a satisfactory answer to their questions. One Ruling Prince told me that when he had put his question to Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy had replied to him that he might begin to introduce a democratic form of Government by establishing an Advisory Council on the model of the Morley-Minto Councils in British India, and then go on gradually to the creation of local Parliaments. "In other words", this Prince had replied, "you recommend that in committing suicide we should begin with a small scratch; but supposing we don't want to commit suicide, what then?"

My own answer to the Princes' questions was on the following lines:—

"In India to-day there are two systems of Government existing side by side—the system of hereditary personal rule, which is indigenous and has a long past behind it in the Indian States, and a democratic system of government, which is imported and is now in process of establishment in British India. Both are now on their trial at the assize of public opinion, and the test by which each must be judged is its ability to secure the welfare of the governed. Only the future can decide which of these two will best achieve the desired result. I see no reason why

they should not continue to exist side by side until that decision has been reached, but I must warn you that if in the ultimate judgment of the people of India their welfare is better secured by a democratic system of Government, your personal authority will have to become limited, as the personal authority of the Crown has been limited in my country. It may be, however, that the democratic system may prove unsuited to Indian conditions, and that when it is fully developed, the people in that part of India which is governed by Parliaments and Ministers will not be as happy as those under your autocratic rule. In that case the democratic system may have to be modified. I cannot say what the verdict of history will be, though naturally, as an Englishman, I think the democratic form of government is the better.

"In the meantime, I think the Government of India might come to an understanding with you. As the Suzerain Power, it is its duty to see that in your States the welfare of the people is being secured. If it finds that the Ruler is selfish, incompetent, or corrupt, it should advise the Ruler to mend his ways. If the advice is ignored, it should issue a warning of what the consequences of further misgovernment will be. If the warning is also ignored, I think it would be the duty of the Government of India to depose the Ruler—not for the purpose of annexing his territory or changing the system of Government in his State, but to establish in his place another Ruler who will be more considerate of the interests of his people. In taking such action I think the Government of India should consult the other Ruling Princes as much as possible through the medium of the Chamber of Princes, and I think the Princes should give the Government of India their fullest support, since it is clearly in the interest of all the Princes that the system of personal rule should not be brought into discredit by the misgovernment of a single individual."

All the Princes to whom I spoke in this sense fully agreed with me and expressed the wish that such an understanding might be established; but I did not meet with any support from Lord Reading or from the officials of the Government of India with whom I discussed the matter.

Two examples occurred during my term of office in which the Government of India had not acted on the lines I suggested, with, I think, unfortunate consequences. When Lord Reading was giving me at Delhi his summary of questions with which I

should have to deal, he mentioned the case of the Maharajah of Indore, who was believed to be involved in a murder which had taken place in Bombay. He thought that he should be given the chance of appearing before a special Commission to defend himself, but that if he refused to do this, or if his complicity with the murder was established by the Commission, he should be deposed. He hoped he would not be allowed to resign.

His reason for advising this course of action was that in another case, that of the Maharajah of Nabha, the Ruler, after having been found guilty of grievous misgovernment and great cruelty, had been allowed to resign and left the State. He continued to live just outside the borders of Nabha, where he posed as a victim of the injustice of the Government of India and fomented a great deal of political agitation. The Government of India, which had all the incriminating evidence in its possession, never published it, out of consideration for the susceptibilities of the other Ruling Princes, and patiently allowed themselves to be accused of harsh treatment! This information was confirmed to me while I was at Simla by Mr. Wilson-Johnston, the Administrator of the Nabha State. He gave me details of the appalling conditions of cruelty, immorality and injustice which had prevailed there.

The Indore case duly came before me, and I appointed a Commission with two other Princes as members of it before which I offered the Maharajah the opportunity of appearing. This he refused to do, and just before I left Simla I decided that he should be deposed. As, however, the decision was an important one and the end of my officiating period was very near, it was held over for Lord Reading's confirmation. I was surprised to hear later that the Maharajah had been allowed to resign in favour of his son, and I was not convinced of the wisdom of this decision.

Whilst Colonel Macpherson, the A.G.G. in Rajputana, was staying with me he told me an amusing anecdote about one of his fishing experiences. On one occasion he was fishing with Lord Chelmsford on the Giri (the river below Simla where I also used to fish). During the morning they had been fishing at different parts of the river and neither had been successful. They met at luncheon time, and afterwards in the next pool below he succeeded in catching a good-sized mahseer. The Viceroy's Jemadar

(the same faithful man who had been with Lord Hardinge when he was bombed in Delhi and who was still with me) immediately annexed the fish, saying, "This is the Lord Sahib's fish; he wounded it in the morning!"

Another good story was told me by Colonel Patterson, about the late Maharajah of Jaipur. Some five years before, the question of installing telephones in the State arose, and the Maharajah said to Patterson:—"I understand that a bell rings and that this means that somebody wishes to speak to me—probably a Sahib; also that he expects me to answer him. As, however, it is my practice never to answer any question under a year, I do not want any telephones in my State. Please have them all removed!"

On Whit Sunday, May 31st, Lady Lytton arrived from England to join me. It was a wonderful moment for me, and from then onwards I had the comfort of her companionship, sympathy and support. Our separations from each other and from one or more of our children were the hardest of our trials while we were in India. But they had their value, as they helped us to understand better the hard conditions of service there, and to admire the more the splendid men in the I.C.S. who have periodically to endure these separations throughout their official life.

Our first official ceremony together took place two days later on the occasion of the King's Birthday, when we watched the parade of troops on the Ridge very efficiently carried out by a regiment of Gurkhas and the Simla Rifles. The most striking incident of the parade came at the end, at the moment when the troops marched off the ground, when four aeroplanes flying in formation dipped over the narrow parade ground. They had come all the way from Ambala in the plains and arrived on the scene exactly at the scheduled moment. In the evening we had a State Banquet followed by a Reception in the ball-room to about 400 guests.

Of my official work during these summer months there is nothing particular to record. I met many interesting people and learnt a great deal about the complex issues of the great problem of Indian government. In Bengal my daily interviews were all with people connected with the Province. At Simla, in addition to my routine interviews with Members of Council, the Commander-in-Chief and Secretaries to Government, I was visited by

Indian Princes and people from different parts of India. One of my visitors, a Mohammedan from the United Provinces, came to tell of the helpless position of his community, which was a minority in this Hindu province. He asked my advice as to how he could get the interests of Mohammedan education attended to. I advised him to go first to the Director of Public Instruction, then to the Minister and, in the last resort, to the Governor. He told me that he had already approached the first two without success. The Minister—himself a Hindu—had explained that he was entirely dependent on Hindu voters and could not do anything to offend them. The Director of Public Instruction had said that he was obliged to carry out the orders of his Minister. I thought this was a good illustration of the way in which the interests of minorities in India were liable to suffer under a system of governing by the counting of heads, and of the justification of reserving special powers to the Governors in such matters. In a Mohammedan Province a Hindu minority might suffer in the same way.

Another of our visitors one day was Sir John Marshall, the archæologist, who thrilled us with his accounts of the recent excavations in Sind, which had revealed the existence in India of a very advanced civilisation at a date before the birth of Abraham. He said there were three cities—one below the other—and only the top layer had at present been uncovered. He showed us specimens of jewelry, pottery, seals, tools, etc., exhibiting a very high artistic development. His view is that the civilisation of India spread westwards to Mesopotamia and thence into Egypt. Once before I had been impressed by the immense antiquity of India, when I had been shown in the Calcutta Museum a fossilised tree which had been dug up at Asansol and which I was told was more than a million years old. Sir John Marshall assured us that he had work in Sind to occupy him for the next 500 years!

On June 15th I heard that C. R. Das, the Swarajist leader in Bengal, had died suddenly at Darjeeling. This was sensational news likely to have far-reaching effects. He was a big figure-head in Indian politics, though, in my opinion, his influence was only mischievous. As a leader he inspired a good deal of enthusiasm in his followers and was a very efficient party organiser. He was not strong enough, however, to carry his followers with him in any unpopular direction. He was what

Sir Martin Conway would have called "a crowd exponent", not "a crowd compeller". He was the kind of leader who had to follow rather than lead the political school which he had adopted.

The rest of our time in Simla passed rapidly and very pleasantly. We formed ties of real friendship with all those with whom we were associated and were very sorry to part with them when our time came to an end. It only remains for me to mention the interesting visits we paid to some of the Indian States of Rajputana when the rains began.

Our first visit was to Jaipur, where the Maharajah had recently died, and as the young Maharajah was still a minor, the State was being administered by a Regency Council. We stayed at the Residency, given up to us by Major and Mrs. Field, and drove through the city after our arrival. It was like suddenly being taken back into the 14th century. The town is surrounded with high embattled walls, and there is not a single modern touch about the city within. The streets are broad and all the houses are connected in a continuous line of buildings. The walls of the houses are washed with a pleasant pink, much faded with years, and almost every shade of brilliant colour was represented in the dresses of the native population, the prevailing tints among the women being dark red and orange. In sunlight the effect of the coloured crowd must be very gay, but while we were there we never saw the sun.

The next day we visited the Palace and were shown all the State processional paraphernalia. These included decorated elephants with silver trappings and men bearing banners, other elephants with State howdahs, camels with guns, fine ornamental *kham-jhams* and *palkis*, a hundred Nagas dressed in their dancing costume with musical instruments, two State carriages, a number of ornamental bullocks with their horns swathed in different-coloured materials, a troop of *sowars* in mediæval chain armour, innumerable Palace servants in brilliant costumes, and, best of all, a number of led horses most exquisitely caparisoned and with gold and silver buckles round their hocks. All these strange and brilliant processional items were drawn up in a line round the inner courtyard of the Palace when we arrived, and we inspected each in turn. Again, the absence of sun was regrettable; unfortunately, it was a dull morning with drizzling rain which ended in a downpour during the March Past: in fact, the

procession ended in a general stampede of drenched humanity for cover. Inside the Palace we saw the State jewellery, historical manuscripts and exquisite old carpets. In the afternoon we had a tiger shoot, which will be described in another chapter.

On the third day we again visited the Palace and were shown some of the private treasures of the Maharajah. The armoury was a wonderful museum of weapons of all ages, many of them of historical interest, and some of great value. Here again I was struck by a fact which I had first noticed at Bharatpur in 1922 and also when visiting the Maharajah of Patiala at Chail. These Indian Princes made a wonderful display. As was the case with so much else in India, they were at their best when they were original and at their worst when they were imitating European taste. Their clothes and their jewels were really beautiful and contributed greatly to the pageantry of all State functions. Their greatest qualities were their wonderful hospitality and generosity.

In the afternoon we inspected the contents of a number of shops, which were brought to the Residency for us, and made some purchases. Major Ogilvie, the President of the Council, presented us with some gifts from the Jaipur Durbar. Lady Lytton, Hermione and I each received one of the gay padded silk dressing-gowns called *Artemzuk* ("joy of my soul") which are the speciality of Jaipur. In the evening we had a dinner party and Reception.

The next day we had another tiger shoot, and on our last day we paid a visit to Amber. This is a very beautiful fortified Palace on the top of a hill above Jaipur. It is no longer occupied and is partly in ruins. We had been told that a ride up the steep cobbled road into Amber on elephants in the sunset was an experience not to be missed, but though we had waited till the last day for the sun it never broke through the clouds. The situation of Amber is superb, and some of the buildings are fine. The interior decoration, however, is gaudy and not pleasing. We were shown a temple with a famous idol, said to have been brought from Bihar. The Goddess, we were told, had announced her intention of remaining there on condition that a goat was sacrificed to her every day. We were shown the spot on which, and the sword with which, this gruesome rite had been performed daily for the last 300 years! Near-by was another spot where a buffalo was sacrificed once a year, in the presence of the

Maharajah and his Court. These rites, like those performed at the temple of Kali at Calcutta, are common to all religions where the sacrifice of living animals is customary, and they arouse feelings of repugnance in those whose conception of God precludes the possibility of pleasing him by the shedding of blood in his honour.

We left the rose-red city of Jaipur with regrets, as we had been very hospitably received there, and we were particularly grateful to Major and Mrs. Field, who had turned out of the Residency in order that we might occupy it. Mrs. Field had come up each morning and attended to the catering and housekeeping.

Our next visit was to Kotah, where we arrived the same evening. The Maharao met us at the station and introduced us to Mr. Devon, who has acted as Chief Engineer in the State for many years. I drove with His Highness to Raj Bhawan—the old Agency house which had been unoccupied for the last two years, but had been recently refurnished for our accommodation. After Mrs. Devon had shown us over the house, we went for a drive with the Maharao through the Public Gardens, along the banks of a very fine lake and back by a huge green *maidan*, used for polo and other games. I was impressed by the signs of wealth and good management, as everything appeared to be kept in the most perfect order.

The next day we were taken to a distant lake, where the crocodiles were fed for our entertainment. On the way I was given an opportunity of some black buck shooting and managed to secure a specimen of these handsome animals. In the afternoon we had a tiger shoot. In spite of most excellent arrangements the tiger on this occasion managed to break out of the beat up the hill instead of coming along the shore of the river where we were waiting for it in boats. His Highness was much distressed at this failure, and said the tiger must have been a stranger from the neighbouring State of Bundi, or it would not have behaved in this unorthodox manner!

The Maharao was a most charming and lovable old gentleman and a very considerate host—simple, childlike and unostentatious. He was sociable and fond of company. He did not eat with us, but came in after dinner and played rummy with us. The Devons told us that he often dropped in to spend the evening with them, but would never eat anything except English chestnuts, which he loved and cooked himself over their fire. He would never have a

fire in his own Palace in the cold weather for fear a bird might have built a nest in his chimney, but he liked to come and warm himself over their fire. What a contrast was this scrupulous regard for animal life to the daily slaughter we had been told about at Amber! The Hindus are a strange mixture. They hate taking any life—the Jains will even wear respirators lest they should swallow a fly—and some animals, cows, peacocks, monkeys, etc., are sacred and must never be killed even to put them out of pain; yet this same religion which forbids them to take the life of some animals demands the frequent slaughter of others. Perhaps they would say of us, "You too are a strange mixture, professing a great love of animals, yet taking much pleasure in killing them for sport."

From Kotah we went on to Bundi—a neighbouring State which we reached by motor over a very bad road—so bad that as we travelled along it for 22 miles we wished that we had never heard of Bundi! We were rewarded, however, by the most picturesque experience of our lives, which we would not have missed for anything. Our visit chanced to coincide with a religious festival called the Tij. After we had been received by the Maharao Raja about three miles from the town, shown the camp of tents which had been provided for our accommodation, driven through the streets, and again been received by His Highness at the Palace and given tea, we were taken to a house in the main street of the bazaar overlooking the route along which the Tij procession was to pass.

The streets and houses of the city, like those at Amber, were completely mediæval; but instead of being deserted and partially ruined, as they were at Amber, they were crowded with brilliantly attired people who might themselves have belonged to the Middle Ages. The street which we overlooked was very narrow and the houses low, so that the procession as it passed was very near to us, the heads of those riding on elephants being practically level with the balcony which we occupied. First came some sword dancers on foot, then a procession of troops, elephants, camels and horses, similar to one we had seen the day before at Kotah. We were struck by the mixture of grandeur and shabbiness; horses with the richest trappings and silver ornaments were ridden with bridles of coarse rope, and men in rich robes of State drove in ramshackle old landaus and four-wheeled cabs.

The Maharao Raja himself was superb in full gala dress, mounted in a silver howdah on a huge elephant with silver frontlet and gold rings upon its tusks. He was a very striking figure, with a fierce-looking black beard and whiskers (unfortunately closely trimmed at that time on account of mourning)—very different from our friendly old host at Kotah. He had immense dignity, but his features never relaxed into a smile during our visit. As he passed our balcony he salaamed with a proud and dignified gesture. The procession paused, while nautch girls danced in the street in front of him. The Goddess which was the principal object of the procession was a figure with a painted face covered with tinsel and jewels and looking rather like a decorated Madonna from a Roman Catholic Chapel. She was followed by about 150 women dressed in all the colours of the rainbow. The Tij festival is largely a woman's day, and we were told that after our departure the Goddess would be taken back to the Palace and worshipped by all the female members of His Highness's family except those who were widows.

After the procession had passed by, we again got into our motor-cars and drove to the big open space beyond the Chowgan Gate, which by this time was packed with the gayest and brightest crowd I have ever seen. The Maharao Raja received us for the third time with due ceremony at the foot of some steps leading up to a dais, where two thrones were placed. Here we were photographed and garlanded, and after exchanging further civilities we separated. The day ended with a formal banquet with speeches at the Palace, and we were very tired when we at last got back to the camp where we spent the night. The next day, as the rain fell relentlessly in torrents, we were obliged to leave without seeing more of the city.

We got back to Simla on July 27th. Ten days later, on August 6th, my period of officiating as Viceroy came to an end and we returned to Bengal. These four months had completed my education and increased my knowledge of India. I had now had experience of the machinery of its government, first in the India office in London, next as the Governor of a Province, and lastly as Viceroy at the central headquarters. I felt able, therefore, to understand better the point of view both of the central and the local governments.

CHAPTER VI

HOLIDAY TOURS

I MUST now give some account of our holiday tours, which came each year for about three weeks at the end of October, while the Government was moving back to Calcutta from Darjeeling. Those three weeks of daily marches and nightly camps among the hills were our happiest times. We looked forward to them with the greatest eagerness and enjoyed them to the full. It was fortunate for us that they came at the loveliest moment of the year in the hills.

In India there are only three seasons—the hot weather, the cold weather and the rains. The first is very unpleasant in the plains, the last is very unpleasant in the hills, the cold weather is beautiful in both. There are two winters in the hills—one a bright cold dry one, the other a dark damp muggy one; and they are followed by two springs. The first spring is chilly and misty, and the small proportion of the vegetation which in India sleeps through the winter awakens slowly and reluctantly. The new leaves push off the old ones, so that even when there is spring in the air, there is always the rustle of autumn on the ground. The second spring comes suddenly and dramatically. It is as if the seasons were reversed, and you go back from the mists and rain which in England we associate with November, to the sunshine and cool airs which in poetry, rather than in reality, belong to May and June. Like the rare sunny days of April which are harbingers of an English spring, there are breaks towards the end of the rains in India, which are promises of what is to come. These are followed by deluges and long spells of mist and rain, until at last, with the Puja festival, comes the real holiday season, when the whole earth seems to burst into fresh green luxuriance. If Keats had lived in India, it is in October rather than in April that he would have written:—

“After dark vapours have oppressed our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.”

When the rains stop at last and the sky clears, it is almost

unbelievable. The landscape is incredibly beautiful, and mountains and valleys reappear of whose existence one has been unaware for months past. Moreover, instead of being far away and inaccessible, they seem to come near and to cry out to be visited. Little red roofs and brown *busties* look smiling and friendly, and everything dances and sings in the sunshine. It was at the moment of this lovely second spring that we usually started on our tours.

We were lucky, too, in having so close to us the little State of Sikkim, which afforded perfect conditions for our marches. It was not a sporting holiday resort like Kashmir—it provided neither fishing nor shooting; but, in consequence, it was not overrun like Kashmir with holidaymakers from all parts of India. It was quite unfrequented—parts of it even unexplored. Sikkim, for its size, is probably the most mountainous country in the world; there is not a flat spot in it except the tennis court of the Residency at Gangtok! It is completely broken up by valleys and mountains, the latter being among the highest in the world. Travelling through Sikkim, therefore, is a slow process and involves hard exercise. It is a well-kept little State, its roads are in good condition and its bungalows clean and comfortable. Its people too are kindly and welcoming. Travelling across country by road in the hills is made possible by the existence of a chain of *dāk* (post) bungalows about every fourteen miles—a distance which in the conditions I have mentioned represents an average day's march. The little hill ponies on which we rode were strong and sure-footed, and some of them trickled along with a running movement, like Arab ponies, which was very pleasant.

On these expeditions we met with every kind of climate and temperature. It is not often realised that in India both extremes of temperature can be encountered. On any day in the year one man may be frozen to death in the high Himalayas, while another is dying of heat apoplexy in the plains. I have experienced greater heat and greater cold in India than anywhere else. The heat in the plains during the hot weather is like the blast from a furnace which burns one's eyelids and ears. On the other hand, camping once in November on the edge of a frozen lake at a height of 17,000 feet, I was colder even than on the glaciers of the Alps. It was necessary, therefore, to be provided with a variety of clothing to meet the changing conditions. On

the hilltops we wanted our thickest winter clothing, in the valleys only the lightest summer wear. This meant taking rather a lot of luggage, which in turn meant a large cavalcade of porters to carry it. The sturdy little coolies of the hills were equal to the task. They—both men and women—carried incredible loads on their backs, further supported by bands round their foreheads. Sometimes our retinue amounted to nearly 200, because we had to carry tents and bedding, food not only for ourselves but for our servants and fodder for the ponies, in addition to our personal luggage, and we generally travelled with a double set of everything so that we always had one set of servants on ahead to prepare for our arrival, while another set remained behind to pack up after our departure. In these conditions our camp life was a very comfortable form of “roughing it”!

First Visit to Sikkim

Our first expedition in the autumn of 1922 began with a visit to Tonglu, Sandakphu and Phalut, a three days' march to the highest point, and the nearest to the great Kanchenjunga range which can be reached without leaving the Province. This part of our route became during our five years our favourite of the longer short tours which could be done from Darjeeling. I repeated it twice each year, once in the spring, when the magnolias and rhododendrons were in bloom but the atmosphere hazy, and once in the autumn, when the skies were clear, the views of the snow range were superb, and the ground was green and fresh after the rains and covered with wild flowers. On every occasion the conditions were different, and we discovered new beauties along the route. Once, in 1925, I even went to Tonglu in the middle of the rains, when the King and Queen of the Belgians were staying with us, and King Albert wished for the nearest approach we could afford him to the mountaineering of which he was so fond. The wonder of this superb expedition was inexhaustible, but perhaps no subsequent visit produced quite the same excitement as that which we felt when we were introduced to it for the first time.

I kept no diary the first year I was in India, but the expedition is described in some of my letters home. Just before we started I wrote from Darjeeling:—“At this moment the dogs are all sleeping in the sun at my feet, there is a deep blue sky overhead, the flies are buzzing drowsily as on a summer's day and the sun is



TONGLU

SANDAKPHU



WARRIOR DANCERS



burning my knees—yet it is nearly November! and the snows are glistening on the mountains about 30 miles away. *Le vent qui vient à travers les montagnes me rendra fou.*”!

We started on October 24th on an equally lovely day. We motored from Government House for about 14 miles to the point where our ponies were waiting for us and the real tour began. From this point it was only $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the bungalow at Tonglu (10,774 feet) where we spent our first night, but although the actual distance was only half what we had already done, yet measured in time it was quite a stiff experience for a first day's march, as the path is exceedingly steep, first downhill to Manibanjan, at the bottom of the first valley, where the little Rangit river has its source, and then uphill all the way to Tonglu. It was freezing hard that first night and the lights of Darjeeling twinkled below us in the clear air. We were very glad of our cheerful log fires. The bungalow was a small one, with one sitting-room, where we dined, and a bedroom on each side of it. Lady Lytton occupied one of them with our two girls. John (our youngest) and I occupied the other. The rest of our party had to sleep in tents.

The next day's march of 14 miles to Sandakphu (11,929 ft.) was the longest and hardest of the tour with a good deal of stiff climbing. This meant about four hours on the road before luncheon and about two hours afterwards. But we were rewarded by one of the gorgeous sunsets for which Sandakphu is renowned, and the next day we spent resting.

The third day's march, and the last one at these high altitudes, was the easiest of the three, as the road to Phalut (11,811 ft.) for $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles was undulating and fairly level. This was the nearest point to the snow range, and the views were magnificent. Again we were favoured with a gorgeous sunset. From here, as also from Sandakphu, the Mt. Everest range is visible as well as that of Kanchenjunga. On this part of the route we were up early to watch the sunrise about 5.30 a.m. We breakfasted at 7 and started off for our day's march as soon after 8 as possible. We dined at 6.30 and were in bed by 9.

After this point we descended into the valley and spent our next night in a pretty little bungalow surrounded by banana trees and bright flower-beds. Hitherto we had worn our thickest winter clothes, but from now onwards I travelled comfortably in a shirt and a pair of shorts. We left Phalut in arctic conditions

and at Dentam the same night, 8,000 feet lower, we were in semi-tropical conditions. On the way we crossed the frontier into Sikkim. At that point we were met by a deputation sent by the Maharajah to welcome us, and from there, till we reached Gangtok the next day, our journey was a veritable triumphal procession, with musical honours provided by a Sikkimese band which preceded us. Our bungalows were decorated with flowers and an arch of WELCOME. At each village the inhabitants presented us with gifts of flowers and fruit; speeches were made to us declaring that our presence was like the sun at noonday; at monasteries we were told that our arrival was as welcome as that of the Lord Buddha himself!

Of this part of our journey I wrote in one of my letters:—

"The climate is delicious, warm yet fresh, like an English summer at its best, but without the lovely smells and sounds of England. The scenery is unlike anything I have ever seen before—very grand and steep and on a larger scale than any other hills I have ever been amongst, quite uncivilised and yet not wild. At one moment we are plunging down a steep track into an almost bottomless valley, at another we are climbing steeply up a zig-zag path towards an horizon among the clouds. The forests are magnificent and the vegetation very luxuriant, all the choicest hot-house plants growing wild around us. Every tree is covered with moss, and in most of them hang bunches of orchids, some purple ones still in flower, an undergrowth of magnolia and camellia trees, not now in flower, unfortunately. Orange trees covered with oranges, and pomelo trees with great golden balls of fruit, bougainvillæa, poinsettia and datura bushes blooming in our bungalow gardens, and, best of all, a lot of wild cherry trees covered with *pink* blossom (in November!) which are lovely against the blue sky. Many brilliant butterflies and a few monkeys, but no birds. The absence of bird or animal life is the most remarkable feature. In consequence insect life abounds—giant spiders spin colossal webs among the branches and sit like grim dragons in the middle of them.

"It is all strange and grand and wonderful, but at the same time fierce, gaudy and unkind. One has a feeling all the time that a danger lurks in all the beauties of nature. The sun has to be feared as an enemy, the lovely river valleys are mosquito-infested and suspect as fever-breeders, the trailing creepers and bright fruits and flowers are mostly poisonous, especially the

lovely blue aconite on the higher slopes. There is nothing of the soft misty blue hills of England or Scotland, or the smiling valleys of Italy with their vineyards and olive trees. The beauty is all rather savage—almost terrible, and with all its grandeur and stupendous features this is a sad land."

From Dentam we proceeded via Song and Pamionchito to Gangtok the capital of Sikkim. Here we spent two days with Major and Mrs. Bailey at the Residency, and rather enjoyed the rest after our strenuous camp life. Our host and hostess were charming people, with a great appreciation of their lovely surroundings, and during our five years in India we became very intimate with them. I exchanged formal visits with the Maharajah of Sikkim, and one evening we dined at the Palace with His Highness and his pretty Tibetan wife and had our first experience of trying to eat vermicelli with chopsticks!

While at Gangtok we visited the monastery and saw again the strange Lama dances in masks, which we had first seen at Pamionchi and which are a regular feature of all the monasteries in the hill country. The dancers are dressed in very elaborate and picturesque clothes and all wear masks on their faces; these are all grotesque, some representing death's-heads and some being enormous headpieces with fierce grinning faces. The dances themselves are dramatic representations of legends connected with the Lama religion. One in particular which we watched, called the Warrior dance, was a dramatisation of the following story:—

"Once there was a king of Tibet who was very religious and universally loved. During his reign all the monasteries flourished. His son who succeeded him felt that some reaction from his father's holiness was required. He cared more for sport than for religion, so he taught all the monks to become sportsmen, sending them out to fish and shoot. The monks, disliking this new régime, declared the King to be an incarnation of an evil spirit and decided that he must be killed. The difficulty was to find someone brave enough to do the deed.

"At last, one Lama accepted the obligation to rid the land of this evil King. He dressed himself in marvellous clothes with long black hair, and covered his white horse with black charcoal. Arrived at Lhasa, he gave out that he was a great dancer. In due course his fame came to the ears of the King, who commanded

him to dance in the royal presence. During the dance he dropped on one knee in front of the King and shot an arrow through his heart. In the confusion that followed he jumped on his horse and escaped. He was hailed as the saviour of his country and lived to become one of the greatest men in Tibet."

At Pamionchi, on this tour, we were shown the spot where the first King of Tibet had been crowned, and told the legend of his selection. His descendant, Sir Tashi Namgyal, is the present Maharajah of Sikkim.

It was with great regret that we left this interesting State, where we had been so hospitably received. The Maharajah's Private Secretary, two Sikkimese Kazis (landowners) and several orderlies in their picturesque dresses had met us at the frontier of Sikkim, and accompanied us throughout the tour until we re-crossed the frontier of the State into British India.

On leaving Gangtok we made two more marches, and finished our tour at the lovely little hill station of Kalimpong, where Dr. Graham, a Scottish missionary, had founded in 1900 his wonderful St. Andrew's Colonial Homes. The need for providing for the illegitimate children of tea-planters and Nepali women first gave Dr. Graham his idea. In Kalimpong there were many such Nepali women and their children, to support whom the planters concerned bought for them a small piece of land. Dr. Graham felt that it would be better for the Empire as well as for the children themselves that they should be brought up as Europeans rather than as Nepalis. So he opened his first cottage in 1900 with six children. From that day the Institution grew and flourished, and at the time of our visit—twenty-two years later—there were about 32 cottages (16 for boys and 16 for girls) with 625 children.

With Dr. Graham and his charming daughters we became great friends. We revisited Kalimpong many times during our term of office, and before I left India I attended the Jubilee celebration of the Homes and opened the Chapel which had been built in memory of Mrs. Graham. It is one of the places of which we shall always retain the most affectionate memories.

We got back to Calcutta on November 15th.

The Gates of Tibet

The next year my family were all in England, and in the autumn I made an expedition into Tibet. I left Darjeeling on

October 25th, on what I described in my diary as "one of the loveliest days God ever made—a day to lose youth for, to occupy age with the dreams of". We had one such day at Simla in the following May—the day we paid our first visit to Naldera—but this was the best day I ever had at Darjeeling. The snows were visible all day and we had a glorious full moon at night. On this occasion I went straight to Gangtok by the shortest route, stopping overnight at Peshoke bungalow in the Teesta valley on the way.

Between Peshoke and Gangtok on the second day I was met by Mr. Coffey, a young forest officer, who showed me a plantation of *säl* trees and explained the very ingenious, simple and profitable method which is adopted by the Government in these Himalayan forests.

A body of "forest villagers" is collected, some being Lepchas and some Nepalis. These people are then allotted a strip of forest on the side of a hill and proceed to fell the trees. The fallen trees are measured, marked, sold and removed. The villagers then hoe up the ground and plant it with maize or some other crop, and about June, when the *säl* trees are in seed, the seed is collected and planted among the crops in rows 6 feet apart up the hillside. The young trees grow up very quickly and are sheltered by the crops in their infancy. Each year the villagers sell their crops and plant others. After two years the young trees are tall enough to be left and the villagers move away to repeat the process on another strip of the forest. They never stay more than two years on one site, but are always on the move, and are glad to do this work in return for free land for their crops. They build their own huts wherever they go. Each man is assigned a separate strip which bears his name on a board, and if his trees do well he receives a bonus of 10 rupees an acre in addition to the value of his own crops.

By this method the Forestry Department obtains plenty of cheap labour and the villagers are very well satisfied with free land to cultivate. *Säl* is a slow-growing hard wood used for building timber and railway sleepers. For three years, after the villagers leave, the Forestry Department continues to look after the trees. At the end of the fifth year they are thinned out and left to grow without further attention. The period of rotation for the *säl* trees is 80 years, by which time they are very tall and 6 ft. 4 in. in girth. They are then cut down and the

process is repeated. The quick-growing soft wood species—*lampati*—used for making tea boxes, and *toon*—used for panelling the walls of houses—mature in 40 years.

I stayed one night in the Residency at Gangtok. Mrs. Bailey had also gone home on leave this year, and Major Bailey accompanied me on the first stage of my tour. He was much excited when my small car drove up to his door, as it was the first motor-car ever to visit the Residency, the drive to the house having only been widened since we were there last year.

From Gangtok we proceeded via Karponang (9,500 ft.) and Changu (12,600 ft.) to the Nathu Pass through the Himalayan range into Tibet. There are two Passes from India into Tibet—the Nathu La and the Jelep La—and the valleys leading down from them on the Tibetan side are like the prongs of a tuning-fork, branching out from Chema, with the Chumbi valley for handle. On this journey we entered Tibet by the Nathu La and left it on our return by the Jelep La.

It took us two days to reach the pass. The scenery was wild and bleak. Our road, which was cut out of the rock and supported by stone walls, was a triumph of engineering. Wooden bridges carried it over some very steep precipices, but as the slopes below were thickly wooded it did not make one dizzy. One incident of the journey caused me a good deal of amusement. At a particularly steep part of the road we came upon our cook climbing down the precipice at the risk of his life after his umbrella, which he had dropped off his pony!

The weather was very cold at this high altitude even when the sun was shining, and we found it difficult to keep warm in our bungalows at night.

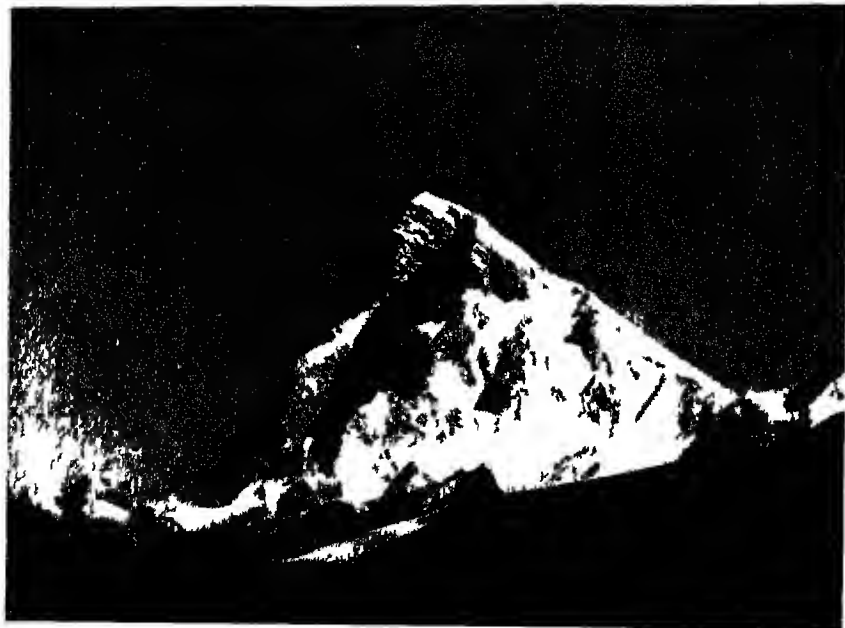
At the top of the pass we had a good illustration of the effect of a prevailing wind. It might have been expected that the country to the north of the Himalayan barrier would be more bleak and barren than that to the south of it. But as the prevailing wind in this region is from the south, the exact opposite proved to be the case. The Sikkim country south of the Pass, through which we had been climbing up for two days, was absolutely bare and desolate, a mere wilderness of rocks, whilst the Tibetan country to the north, being sheltered from the monsoon, was rich and fertile.

Looking north-east into Tibet from the top of the Pass, a wonderful sight met my eyes. Below me stretched a lovely green



"THE GATES OF TIBET"
Northern pass R., Jelap pass L.

CHUMOLHARI
"The Goddess Mountain"



valley with dark pine woods in the immediate foreground, then many ranges of smiling sunlit hills, and rising high above them all on the far horizon the dazzling white peak of Chumolhari. I do not know how to describe this lovely mountain. It is unlike any other I have ever seen. It stands entirely by itself, and is not part of any range. Springing from a plateau, which is already 14,000 feet at its base, it rises to a height of 23,930 feet, a shining cone of incredible whiteness. Its name means the "Goddess Mountain", and it certainly deserves its title. Higher and more precipitous than Fujiyama in Japan, in shape it more resembles the Matterhorn, but it is all snow instead of rock and has the scene beauty of the Silverhorn peak of the Jungfrau. From this point onwards, it was the central feature of the landscape in all our marches, getting nearer and larger with each day's journey until, at Phari, we camped at its very feet only four miles distant from it. Here I had a contest with this Goddess, in which she got the better of me; but that story must wait.

The pine trees through which we passed on our way down from the pass, though somewhat bare at the tops, and showing signs of their struggle with the elements, were very luxuriant. They smelt sweeter and stronger than any other pines in the world. Our first night in Tibet was spent in a draughty little bungalow at Champitang (12,500 ft.) and the next day we reached Yatung.

Looking back from the Kagya Monastery at the village of Chema, where the roads from the two Passes converge, I spent some time gazing at the grand and impressive scene and thinking of the history with which it was associated. The spot where I was standing had already been the scene of many historical incidents, and must always remain the focus of all communications, whether peaceful or warlike, between India and Tibet. Over these Passes and along the Chumbi road travelled Colonel (later Sir Francis) Younghusband's Expedition to Lhasa in 1903, and the endless trains of mules by which his army was provisioned. By the same road, in the opposite direction, the Dalai Lama retreated before the Chinese army in February, 1910, when he fled into India. In June, 1912, when the revolution in China enabled him to return, it was by this route that he made his triumphal march after his two years' sojourn in Darjeeling. By this road, too, in 1917, streamed the Chinese refugees of General Chung's defeated army to seek refuge at Kalimpong, where the

Dalai Lama had halted seven years before. Along this route travel, year by year, Tibetan pilgrims to the Buddhist shrines of India, and an almost continuous stream of pack mules, some of which we had met the day before on our way up to the Pass, carrying wool from the interior of Tibet to the market at Kalimpong.

At Yatung I was joined by Mr. David Macdonald, the Assistant British Trade Agent (whose mother was a Tibetan), who accompanied me to Phari and back, acting as guide and interpreter.

From Yatung our route led up a long narrow defile following the course of the Amno Chu river. The narrowness of the gorge with its high overhanging rocky sides reminded me of the valley leading from Zweilutschinen to Lauterbrünnen, but it was longer, more tortuous and wilder, the river course was more open, and in place of the fine smooth motor road of the Lauterbrünnen valley we ascended by a very rough stony track that more resembled the bed of a mountain torrent or the moraine of a glacier than the main high-road of a country. Instead of the tinkling bells of the sleighs that swing down the Swiss road in winter, we had the equally melodious jangle of bells made by the pack mules, long trains of which we were continually meeting and often had great difficulty in passing.

Our only stopping-point worthy of note on the route was the Donga Monastery, where the famous Oracle Lama resides. This Lama at times has a sort of epileptic trance, when he becomes possessed by a spirit of divination and can foretell the future. At the monastery we were greeted with the usual music and exchanged scarves with the monks. The Oracle Lama volunteered to go into one of his trances for me and to answer any questions I cared to put to him, but he said it would take him half an hour to dress up and induce his ecstasy. I said that I should be much interested to see the performance and I should be obliged if he would tell me how long I should remain in India and whether my son would ever come there. I asked these questions because at that time I was contemplating going home before the completion of my full term of office, and whether or not Antony should come out to us after finishing at Oxford was just then the subject of correspondence between us. While the Oracle was preparing himself, we were served with some good hot Indian tea, and a Tibetan tiffin of vermicelli and minced meat in

a rich brown sauce. Being very hungry, I devoured two bowls of this and got quite handy with my chopsticks.

While we were eating, one of the monks ran in to say that the Oracle Lama was ready and that we must come at once. We were hurried downstairs into a dark shrine, where we found him dressed up in gorgeous clothes with a gold breastplate and a head-dress decorated with skulls. He was seated on a richly ornamented throne, leaning forward with bowed head and closed eyes. Other Lamas stood in the background, chanting low and occasionally beating a drum. We were given scarves to present and rice to throw when the critical moment arrived. Presently the Oracle Lama began to tremble about the knees, and the tremor gradually developed into a convulsion. Then the drums boomed, the cymbals clashed, and the Lamas prostrated themselves on the ground. We threw our rice and approached with our scarves, each presenting him with one and receiving in return another, which he took from a bundle of them round his neck. As he shook, the Oracle uttered a gurgling sound from his throat and snorted through his nose. These sounds, I was told, were the answers to my questions, and they were taken down on a slate by a young Lama who stood by his side. Suddenly in a final convulsion the Oracle rose to his feet and then fell back exhausted on his throne. The Lamas closed round him, and he said something to one of them, who then turned round, came up to me and addressed me in Tibetan. I was thrilled, believing this to be an inspired message from the Oracle, and eagerly asked Mr. Macdonald to interpret it for me. Macdonald replied, "The Lama says, if you would like to photograph him, he will be pleased to come out into the courtyard!" I nearly fell backwards at this very unexpected and disappointing message from one supposed at the moment to be possessed by the spirit of the great Shon Ton, but recovering myself, I expressed my gratitude at this condescension, and requested the inspired one to step into the sunlight.*

On our way to Gautsa (13,000 ft.) where we spent the next night, we passed an imposing stone building in course of erection.

* On the return journey I received the answers to my questions. They were written in Tibetan on very old parchment paper and well sealed. When translated they read as follows:

"*Hri Bazara bikis!* It is wise to question me. (1) You will remain five years in India since the time of your Excellency's arrival in Calcutta. (2) Your son will come to India in the tenth month. I have prayed for this."

It seemed so out of keeping with its wild surroundings that I enquired what it could be, and was told that it was a new Mint, which the Tibetan Government was erecting here on account of the abundance of firewood which was available all round—there being a great scarcity of fuel at Lhasa.

The next day's march was a long one of 16 miles and I had a steep but unsuccessful scramble after burhal (the Tibetan antelope) on the way. So although I had started at 7 a.m. it was late in the afternoon by the time we rode into Phari. In the course of this march we passed Dhota, where there is a famous frozen waterfall which figures in the photographs of the Mount Everest expedition. At this point the valley up which we had been travelling from Yatung comes to an end and the great Tibetan plateau begins.

Phari is said to be the dirtiest place in the world. I hope there is none dirtier! But its dirt is not that of China, India or southern Europe, it is a cold dirt. The prevailing colour of the village, which consists of about 1,000 houses enclosed in a wall of turf, and of the surrounding plain in which it stands, is the brown of dried peat, not baked to that colour by the sun but browned by dust blown over it by an icy wind. Here one seemed to be on the roof of the world. It was intensely cold and the wind seemed to blow from every direction at once.

As we were approaching Phari I noticed some high rolling grass hills and thought how pleasant they would be to ski on if only they were covered with snow. I had brought from Gangtok a pair of skis, which Major Bailey had lent me, thinking that we might find snow on the top of the pass. Having been disappointed there, I announced that night that I would go and ski on the lower slopes of Chumolhari the next day. Mr. MacDonald said that this would be impossible as I should not find snow below 21,000 feet, that it was too steep, too rocky, too icy, etc. I replied that I wished to find these things out for myself, and I was not to be dissuaded. The local Tibetans, when they heard of my intention, shook their heads and said, "The Goddess will veil her face." I said I was used to Goddesses who veiled their faces, and that I would ski behind the veil.

During the night there happened the only thing which could have turned me from my purpose. When I woke in the morning the face of the Goddess was effectively veiled—for that I was prepared—but looking out to the south and west I saw that all

the hills in that direction were covered with a fresh coating of snow, while those to the north and east (i.e. round Chumolhari) were quite bare. I accordingly decided to change my plans and ride across the plain in the opposite direction, much excited at the thought of ski-ing on those very hills which had seemed to me so tempting the day before. The Goddess must have chuckled as she saw me ride off in a direction which led me as far away from her as possible and precluded any possibility of my reverting to my original plan—when I discovered that I was pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. When I reached my white hills they proved as illusory as the blue hills in my Father's fable. The sun had come out and the snow was melting fast. The hills were covered with coarse tussocks that had not been visible from a distance. Ski-ing was out of the question, and I had to return, like Sennacherib, by the way I had come. The Goddess kept her head covered all day with a thick veil of cloud, only showing, as if in mockery, the lower snow slopes which I had hoped to reach, but which it was then too late to approach. Only late in the evening, when I went out after tea, did she condescend to unveil and smile upon me in *the fading sunlight*. *The next morning I took a photograph of her with a telephoto lens from my bedroom window. She was again glistening like a diamond!*

We followed the same route on our return journey as far as Yatung, and from there proceeded up the other valley which led to the Jelap pass. There was snow at the top of the pass, and I was able to use the skis I had brought with me, though it involved a short run back in the wrong direction. My pony brought me back to the top and then we began our homeward descent. Two more marches brought us to Ari.

Here we were in typical river-valley scenery such as we had passed through many times on our tour the previous year. The night before at Sedonchen was the first night without frost since we had left Gangtok nearly a fortnight before. Though not so hot as the valley of the Rangit in May or September, it was deliciously warm, and as we passed under the huge moss-covered trees with their trailing creepers (now turning a lovely red tint in their autumn colouring) and their tufts of purple orchids, with an occasional troop of monkeys chattering in the branches, when we saw groves of orange trees with their green and yellow balls of fruit and large handsome tree-ferns, and as great gaudy butterflies flitted across our sunlit path, it was

difficult to believe that only the day before at the same hour we had been walking along an icy path with snow lying in patches on both sides of us! The bare rocky hill-tops, the frozen streams and arid wind-swept plain became a dream, and it seemed as if we had never left the rich luxuriance of these lower Himalayan valleys.

This visit to Tibet made clearer to me one thing which had always puzzled me. I had read in some geography book that the Tibetans greet one another by putting out the tongue and scratching the back of the right ear. I never thought that I should one day see this form of salute myself, and now that I had seen it I found the description inaccurate and misleading. A protruded tongue in all western countries—and, so far as I know, in all countries of the world—is an insulting gesture. The Tibetan salute is not of this kind. What they do is to drop the lower jaw slightly, showing the surface of the tongue. This is a gesture which we associate with amazement or imbecility. As the original meaning of a salute of guns is that by firing away your ammunition you render yourself defenceless in the presence of your guest, and therefore the more you fire the greater the honour, so, I imagine, the meaning of the Tibetan custom must be that in the presence of the person you desire to honour you either show amazement at the glory of his presence, or represent yourself as a village idiot in comparison with his wisdom!

Once again I was made to realise that Sikkim is the most hospitable country in the world. From the day I entered it until the day I left it, I received courtesy, civility and attentions which I have never found equalled anywhere else. The bungalows in which I halted were made gay with flowers; in the villages through which I passed arches of welcome were erected, and the villagers all turned out to make their salaams; even at little wayside cottages bunches of yellow flowers or little heaps of oranges were offered as a tribute; and when I reached the more accessible parts of the country, native musicians played me on my way. But that which impressed me the most was the fact that from my arrival in the Maharajah's territory until the moment of leaving it, I had been accompanied by some of his most distinguished subjects and councillors; two of them had marched with me all the way from Gangtok to Yatung, waited for me there and accompanied me back; while the Kazi of Rhenok had ascended to the top of the Jelap pass to receive me

on my return to Sikkim, and had escorted me from the boundary of Tibet to the boundary of India. This was an attention I deeply appreciated and considered unique.

On November 11th I was back in the saloon of my train, sitting under fans and gazing through the open window at the hills amongst which I had been wandering, by this time only soft dim shadows against the evening sky, but still capped with their crown of clouds turned golden by the setting sun. The tour had given me a great store of health and a wealth of happy memories. It helped me to face the season in the plains, to know that these wonderful hills were always there to welcome me back each year and provide me with new delights and new experiences.

As soon as I reached Calcutta I left for Bombay, where I went to meet Lady Lytton and the girls on their return from England. It seemed a long stretch from cold and desolate Phari in Tibet to the crowded quayside in hot Bombay!

Short Local Expeditions

In 1924, owing to the political troubles described in Chapter IV, I was unable to leave the Province, and did not make an autumn tour that year. Instead, we made a number of short expeditions from Darjeeling. We visited all the tea-gardens in the neighbourhood that could be reached in a day, and in mid-October we went for a three days tour as far as Mirik, visiting the Okayti, Thurbo and Seyok tea gardens below Kurseong. This was a particularly beautiful and enjoyable expedition, involving two nights away, which were spent with Mr. and Mrs. Humphries at Okayti and with Major Webb at Thurbo. We were thus able to sample the proverbial hospitality of tea planters, and found it all that we had been led to expect.

Mirik is at the top of one of the last hills that rise out of the plains, and from there we got the finest view imaginable of plains from a hill-top. I thought that it was the most beautiful panoramic view in the world. It was more mysterious, more appealing, more coloured and varied than a view over the sea. As we stood on the last ridge, the ground sloped away immediately from our feet, as it were, in a succession of dark thickly-wooded valleys to the distant plains which spread out to the horizon like a vast sea of opal.

Our marches on this occasion were through particularly

lovely country and in semi-tropical heat. The vegetation was superb—magnificent trees, giant creepers, brilliant butterflies and lovely wild flowers. We specially admired a white creeping plant which grew in great profusion. No one could tell us its name (I have already commented on the ignorance of plant and animal life which I found in Bengal) so we christened it “bride’s veil”.

Another unforgettable experience on this tour was seeing a large flock of minevets as we approached Mr. Scarthe’s bungalow at Seyok. These birds are brilliantly coloured—the cock is cardinal red, and the hen as yellow as a canary. A pair nested in our garden at Darjeeling, but I had never before seen so many of them together, and a flock of them in the sunlight was one of the most beautiful sights imaginable.

A little later we made a still longer tour of ten days to our favourite heights at Sandakphu and Phalut, but this time by a different route, going through the forest all the way—spending one night in each of the forest bungalows at Batassi, Palmajua, Rimbick and Rammam, then climbing from there up to Phalut and back by Sandakphu and Tonglu. We found this route superior to the usual one. It is longer by one day, but the scenery is much more varied and at times exceedingly beautiful. It had the further advantage of being much warmer. Two days of our six in the forest were spoilt by cloud, but the other four were perfect. It would have been monotonous to have been in the forest all the time, but we passed out into open country so often that there was plenty of variety. The one absolute necessity for travelling through the forest is sun. When it shines, the forest lives and dances and sings, but on cloudy days it is dead and gloomy. Except for one march, we were blessed with the sun for the best part of each day, though the weather this season was not as good as usual.

The last part of the forest route was intensely grand with hemlock pines. Their giant trunks rose quite straight to an immense height—some of them, I think, must have been 150 feet. They have fine bushy tops and a delicious smell. Each one we passed seemed grander than the last, and we found ourselves exclaiming with fresh rapture as we turned each corner—sometimes looking forward upon a glory of sunlit pillars and bright foliage, sometimes looking back into a wonder of black shadows with the silver sunlight playing behind them. Later the pines

gave way to maples, which were splashes of warm gold in their autumn tints. Higher up still the vegetation grew thinner and signs of the severe climate became apparent. The trees were stunted and blasted, and their withered white stems looked ghostly through the fog which we came into near the top. The last two miles were a painful stage. The air was biting cold, the fog hung round us like a pall, and the country became bleak and desolate.

From Phalut, back through Sandakphu and Tonglu we were in familiar surroundings, and we had perfect weather for our last two marches. The atmosphere was intensely clear and we had gorgeous views of the snows and the plains all the way. I have done this route in the spring, when the rhododendrons were in bloom, but then there was no distant view, no coloured moss, bare trees, and generally a wintry appearance. I have done it in September, when the views were fine at sunrise only, and our daily marches were mostly through cloud; but then the wild flowers were a glory almost unbelievable, every inch of the road being a mosaic of variegated colour. In the late autumn the flowers had disappeared, but the autumn colouring was superb, the maples, turned to gold and crimson, splashed their brightness among the dark pines; added to this the atmosphere was clear and the distant views a delight throughout our marches. Each season has its special beauty, and it is difficult to say which is the best. On the whole, I am inclined to give the palm to the time of wild flowers, as then there is always a chance of a view being thrown in. One has to come at every season before one can realise all the beauties of this wonderful route. The blaze of a crimson rhododendron tree against a background of pale, almost ghost-like, distant snows, the tall blue monkshood standing amid a carpet of wild flowers, the horizon of clear-cut snow mountains on one side, and the opalescent haze of the plains melting into the distance on the other—these are all unforgettable sights, though unfortunately one cannot have them all at the same time.

The Sources of the Teesta

In 1925, when Antony joined us from England after our return from Simla, we had intended to visit Kashmir, but there seemed to be a fate against my ever seeing that lovely place. In 1923 we could not go there because the Viceroy was there; in 1924 I

could not leave Bengal. In 1925, when I was officiating as Viceroy, I had intended to go, but was requested by the Maharajah not to do so, as he was ill at the time and his son, Sir Hari Singh, had sprained his ankle; but His Highness pressed me to come in the autumn, and promised to do everything to make my visit enjoyable and to provide me with good sport. Everything accordingly was arranged. Antony was to come straight up from Bombay to Delhi, where we were to join him and go on to Kashmir together. But after his ship had left Aden and before it had arrived at Bombay, we received the news that the Maharajah had died, and all the arrangements had to be cancelled. We therefore decided instead to make a very strenuous expedition into northern Sikkim and explore the sources of the Teesta river. This meant spending three nights in tents at altitudes of 16,000 and 17,000 feet, and crossing the Donkya pass through the Himalayas at a height of 18,500 feet in order to see the two little lakes at Cholamo on the Tibetan boundary beyond the Himalayan range, where the river has its origin.

For that part of the tour where bungalows were available we were a large party, as Major and Mrs. Bailey accompanied us. We spent two nights with them at Gangtok, and the start of the expedition from the Residency was an event in itself. The scene at the back of the house after breakfast was full of animation and wonderfully picturesque, with coolies being laden with monstrous burdens of all shapes and sizes, mules with jangling bells, ponies with gay-coloured saddle-cloths, syces with leopard skins, orderlies in their red uniforms, with kilted aprons and hats shaped like inverted flower-pots, each surmounted with a peacock's feather, and Sikkimese Kazis in bright coloured silks. Among this motley crowd Naspatti (the coolie Sirdar) flitted about like a great white butterfly in a breeze, gesticulating and shouting orders, and Laden La (our Tibetan police officer) in khaki uniform—a trim little puss-in-boots—was calmly efficient, inspiring confidence that all the confusion would eventually end in some ordered and desirable achievement. Bailey was busy in his office interviewing people, signing papers and giving orders, and looked as if he were likely to remain there all day. Mrs. Bailey was busy trying to find receptacles into which to pack all the necessary articles that had been omitted from the regular luggage. Lady Lytton, neat and calm, with an exquisite un-



THE START FROM GANGTOK

HOOKE'S ROCK AT THANGU



concern, was engaged in taking snapshots with her Kodak of everyone and everything. I asked her if she knew what time we were likely to start; she replied with the sweetest smile that there was "a delicious uncertainty about it." Eventually at 10.30 I collected Antony from the armchair in which he was sprawling in the garden, rescued Hermione and Davina from a foaming pool of tissue paper amidst which they were wrestling with an assortment of hand packages, and we made a start, after being finally photographed by Lady Lytton.

The first part of this journey, as on former occasions, was up-hill and down dale, through beautiful forest country, crossing deep valleys by slender bamboo bridges and sleeping at different bungalows each night. One incident of it I have described elsewhere.* All this time we were following the course of the Teesta, which became smaller and smaller as we mounted higher. At Chungthang the river separated into two tributary streams, one coming down the Lachen valley and the other down the Lachung valley. We proceeded up the left prong of the fork—that is to say, the Lachen valley—as far as Thangu, the last inhabited place in Sikkim, and here our party divided. Antony, Major Bailey and I went on into the desolate high altitudes on the borders of Tibet, over the Donkya La and down to Yumthang at the head of the Lachung (or right-hand) valley, the ladies going back to Chungthang and then up the Lachung valley to join us at Yumthang. Up to Thangu the journey was entirely pleasant and enjoyable, and the scenery beautiful and coloured. Everything in India is more emphatic than at home, and so the scarlet and gold of the autumn leaves are more brilliant than anything I have seen in Scotland or on the Norwegian fjeld. The feature which excited us the most was the colour of the larch trees, which were absolutely pure gold, and in the sunshine looked as if they had been burnished. Our larches at home, when they die in the autumn, are never as brilliant as this.

The three days we spent beyond this point and our nights in tents at over 16,000 feet were the most sustained period of endurance I have ever lived through, and mountain sickness is the most unpleasant ailment I know. I have experienced hours of sea-sickness on rough days at sea, hours of cold and hunger and fatigue on many occasions, even nights of sleeplessness in Alpine huts. I have had bad migraine headaches for an hour

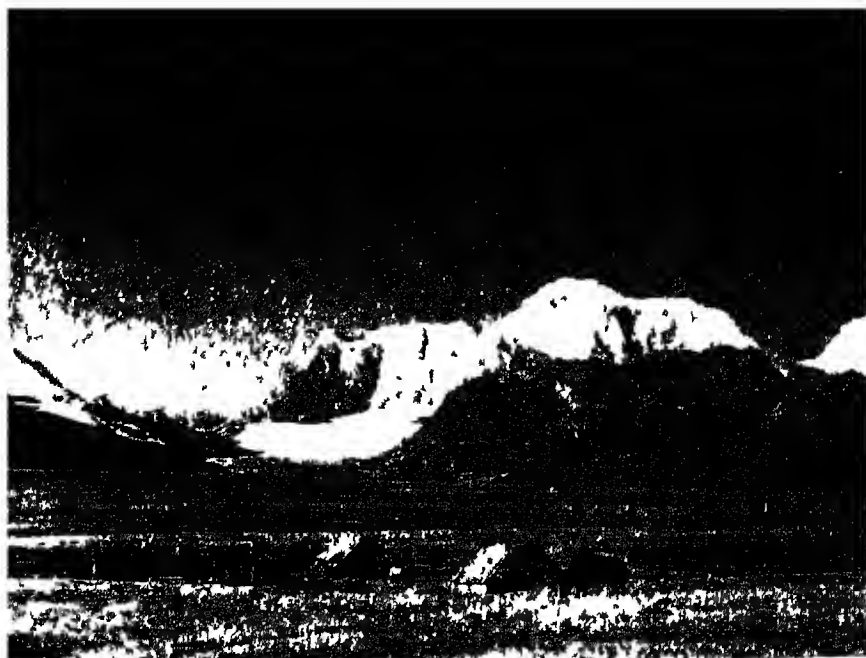
* Antony: *A Record of Youth*. Peter Davies, p. 250.

or two. I can also remember great physical weakness after a long illness. But all these distressing symptoms, much intensified, were packed simultaneously into those three days and nights!

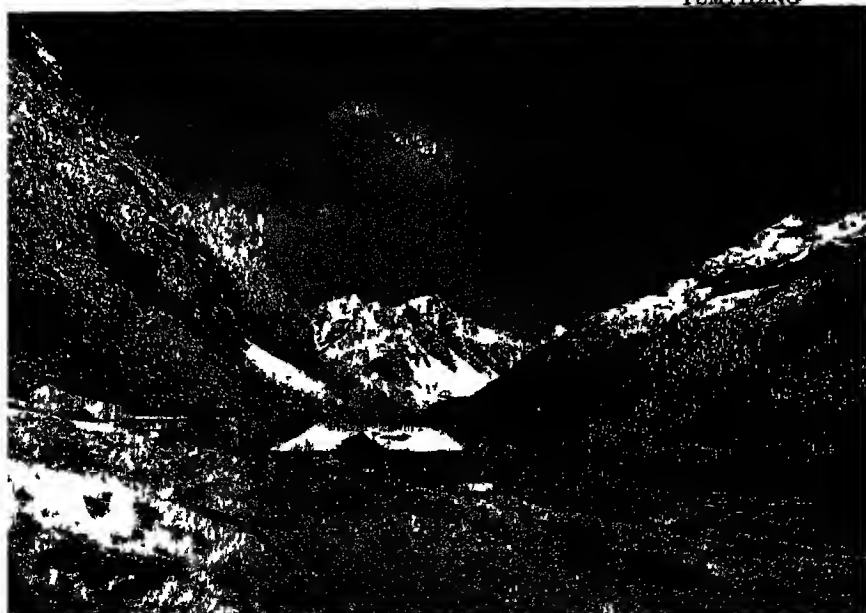
The first night our camp was pitched within the shelter of a wall that Major Bailey had had built close to the end of the old Tibetan wall, which had been erected to obstruct the British Mission in 1903. Bailey himself had been a young officer in that Mission, and when the troops came in sight of the wall he had been sent on with two others—one of whom was Colonel (now Sir Frederick) O'Connor (our kind host in Nepal)—to find out whether the Tibetans behind the wall would fire! Fortunately they did not, otherwise we should not have had him as our guide on this occasion.

The second night was spent at the edge of the frozen lake at Cholamo (17,000 ft.) and this was the worst experience I ever remember. My head ached intolerably; I was very tired and exhausted, but I could not sleep a wink. Breathing was difficult. If I lay long in one position (I was in a sleeping-bag on the floor) my bones ached so that I had to move to another, but, incredible as it must seem to those who have not had this experience, the effort of merely turning over from one position to another left me breathless and exhausted for several minutes! Moreover, every movement let in the cold air, and I spent the night chasing chinks and stopping them up. I had told Bailey that my only complaint the night before had been that my hot-water bottle could not remain hot all night, so this wonderful man, though he had begun to suffer from mountain sickness sooner than I had, and was in a separate tent, actually visited me at 1 a.m. with some fresh hot water to replenish my bottle! The misery of my own feelings enabled me to measure the magnitude of this service. It seemed to me far to surpass the heroism of Sir Philip Sidney!

Fortunately on this high open plateau the sun reached us early and by 6 a.m. the white hoar-frost which covered everything was already beginning to melt in its welcome rays. At this point we were beyond the vast Himalayan buttress, which now lay to the south of us. I have never since been able to see the wide snow range of the Himalayas without thinking of that morning at Cholamo when we sat in the sun on the great plateau that lies behind them and ate our porridge not a mile away from the point where they spring into the air at a single bound. There are no foot-hills to the north, as there are to the south, but the



CAMP AT CHOLAMO



YUMTHANG

mountains rise at once in a wall out of the Tibetan plain. We were actually sitting on this plain, 2,000 feet higher than the top of Mont Blanc, and between us and the great wall was only the little lake of Cholamo, out of which trickled the ice-bound waters of the Lachen, one of the parent sources of the great river Teesta, which we had hitherto known only as a broad warm torrent at the bottom of a tropical valley below Peshoke.

We packed up and started on our return journey. The rise from 17,000 to 18,500 at the top of the pass did not add to our discomfort. The yaks on which we rode, though slow, were comfortable and picked their way with sure feet over the rocks to the summit. There was no wind at the top, and we were able to halt in the sun and look back over the two little lakes, one turquoise, the other amethystine blue, with the reddish-brown plateau of Tibet stretching beyond, and a few low snow peaks on the far horizon. Hooker in his *Himalayan Journal* waxes eloquent over these two little lakes, but they are really very insignificant, and the view from the top of the Donkya La is certainly not worth the trouble of getting there.

At our next camp at Momay Samdong all our distressing symptoms left us, and, although it was snowing when we arrived there in the early afternoon, we basked in the warmth and comfort of a mere 15,000 feet! The next day we reached the very spacious and comfortable bungalow at Yumthang and were joined by the ladies of our party. Here we were snowed-up for two days, and then resumed our journey down the Lachung valley to Chungthang, and from there by the same route we had followed on the way up to Gangtok and then back via Kalimpong to Siliguri, where we entrained for Calcutta.

This was the last of our long tours. In 1926 we went home on leave, and as Davina got dysentery immediately after her return we did not leave Darjeeling that year until November 10th, when we left it for good.

CHAPTER VII

DISTRICT TOURS

OUR season in Calcutta lasted from the beginning of November each year till the middle or end of March. This was the busiest time of the year. It included the main session of the Legislative Council and the principal entertaining. When the session of the Council terminated at the end of March, the Government moved up to Darjeeling and remained there for several months. This was the period when the constructive work was done in the Departments, policies were formulated and schemes of development were worked out. The rains began in July and lasted till the end of September. This was a very unpleasant time in the hills, and in August I used to tour in Eastern Bengal, travelling by boat and visiting different district headquarters. Dacca, the capital of Eastern Bengal, was my headquarters at that time. I also paid a short visit to Dacca in February when the annual convocation of the University was held there. During the cold weather I usually paid one or two short visits from Calcutta to districts in the north and west of the Province. I was thus able to visit at least once in my term of office every district in the Province, and some of them I revisited a second time.

These district tours taught me more about the actual conditions of the country and the problems of administration than I could ever have learnt at Calcutta or Darjeeling. At the end of my five years I felt that I knew more about the Province as a whole than most of the members of the Legislative Council or even than my Ministers, who spent most of their lives either in Calcutta or in the one district to which they belonged.

The conditions in Eastern Bengal in the rainy season have to be seen to be believed; they cannot be imagined. The two great rivers, the Ganges and the Brahmaputra then overflow their banks, and the whole country is under water. There are no roads and no railways, and all communication has to be made by country boats. A special strain of paddy (the name given to the rice crop before the husk is removed) has been evolved to suit these conditions. It is planted at the beginning of the rains, and as the water rises the paddy rises with it, and will grow to 15 or 20 feet if necessary. As long as the water rises gradually, the

stalk can keep pacc with it, keeping its head just above the water; only a sudden flood will destroy the crop. This special strain is chiefly seen in the *bhil* areas and is not in general use throughout E. Bengal. When a house is constructed in Eastern Bengal, the first step is to dig a large hole in the ground; on the mound created by the excavated earth the house is built, usually of bamboos, and thus remains above the surrounding water during the rains; the excavated hole provides a tank in which the water remains during the dry season. The children paddle themselves about with their hands in round earthenware saucers which serve as boats, and the cattle and poultry are crowded round the house on the mound.

Another area which presents unique features is that known as the Sunderbans, the fan-like delta of the Ganges, which is such a conspicuous feature on the map. The great rivers that rise in the Himalayas and flow through the long level plain of Bengal bring down an enormous quantity of silt every year, and this is carried out to sea and deposited in the Bay of Bengal. In the rainy season the sea in this area is a yellow mud colour as far as the eye can reach, quite warm and hardly salt owing to the huge volume of silt-laden fresh water which is poured into the Bay. The silt thus deposited rises from the bed of the sea until it forms fresh land, and new islands are thus formed every year. These mud islands are called *Chars*; they gradually unite both with each other and with the mainland, and the coastline of Bengal is being annually extended into the sea. The Chars are first of all inhabited by flocks of sea birds which nest on their mud; then they become covered with a dense jungle of forest which shelters great quantities of deer and some tiger.

The newly formed land is annually taken over by the Government, and the older parts of it are colonised with settlers from the interior. In return for a grant of land, the settlers clear the jungle and cultivate it. This land is very fertile, and eagerly sought after; the people who have settled on it come from all parts of Bengal. The first thing the settlers do is to build bunds or dams to keep the rivers from flooding their land, and this process, which has been going on for many years, has created very serious problems both of health and transport far back into the interior. When left to themselves the rivers overflow their banks annually and deposit their silt on the land on each side; then, when the floods subside, the water, freed of its mud, flows

back into the bed of the river and scours the channel on the way to the sea. This is Nature's method of keeping the river-beds free, while the land on each side of their banks gradually rises. But when the interference of man imposes obstacles on this natural process, the rivers, unable to get rid of their silt, can only deposit it in their own beds, which thus get silted up. The rivers in this area have ceased to flow for many miles from their mouth. Navigation is impeded, and the stagnant water, providing breeding grounds for mosquitoes, causes the population to be infected with malaria. The problem of these dying rivers is the most serious feature of Western Bengal. Dredging cannot keep pace with the annual deposit of silt, and some very drastic remedy will have to be applied, if the country is to be kept fit for human habitation.

Another grave problem, peculiar to this part of the world, is created by the process of erosion. Sometimes these huge rivers eat away their banks at a terrifying rate, and then suddenly the process may change and land be deposited with equal rapidity. A very dramatic example of this natural phenomenon was afforded to me in my first year at a place called Noakali. Here the river had been eroding the banks for some years, and the head-quarters town of the district was threatened with destruction. Some of the buildings had already fallen into the river, and when I first visited it the water had reached the boundary of the compound of the girls' school. Blue prints were periodically submitted to me showing the progress of the erosion, and at last the destruction of the town became so imminent that I gave orders for the baking of sufficient bricks to build a new one further in the interior. At this moment the District Magistrate, who was a very intellectual but rather eccentric individual, summoned a meeting of the townspeople and addressed them as follows:—

"Our town is threatened with destruction, the river is eating it away; the engineers cannot help us—let us try what prayer can do. I suggest that a week from to-day all the religious denominations should meet on the banks of the river and pray to their respective gods to save our town."

The great prayer-meeting was duly held, and from that moment the river not only stopped eroding but began to put back the soil which it had been taking away. Eighteen months later I stood on the spot where the water had previously reached

my feet, and looked out over two miles of land already covered with grass on which cattle were grazing!

In Eastern Bengal, where the whole country is flooded every year, where there are no railways, and therefore no borrow-pits to afford breeding places for mosquitoes, malaria is not so prevalent. The problem there is not one of health but of transport, as during the rains all communication between one district and another is slow and difficult. As an example of what this means in the matter of administration, it would take a sub-divisional officer nearly as long to get from his headquarters to the boundaries of his sub-division, as it would take me to travel from Calcutta to Bombay and back by rail.

When I toured in this district during the rains, I used a large flat-bottomed house-boat called "The Rhotas". The accommodation in this floating house was very spacious and comfortable, and as it was towed by a steamer and had no engines of its own, there was no smell, noise or vibration. It was the most perfect form of yachting imaginable. In this craft I was taken from one district headquarters to another. On arrival at the principal town we were tied up for three or four days and continued to live on the boat. We went ashore to receive addresses and visit the local institutions, schools, hospitals, jails, etc. I had interviews with the principal officials and notables of the district in my study on "The Rhotas", and in the evenings I was able to give dinners, receptions and even dances, as the top deck provided ample room, was decorated with palms and illuminated with coloured lights.

In this comfortable fashion I was able to cover a considerable area, visit many places and meet a great many people. The information I received on these visits about local administration, local institutions, customs and habits, mission work, jute and paddy cultivation, etc., was invaluable to me, and from each tour I came back having learnt more in a week than I could learn in Calcutta in a year.

It was on one of these tours in my first year that I heard of a matter which surprised and distressed me, namely the costly and dilatory character of the administration of justice in India. I had always believed that whatever other mistakes we had made in India, we had at least established there an upright and efficient administration of justice. I was shocked to find that this was far from being the case. The evils, of which I first heard from a

judge at Khulna in 1922, and of which I received additional evidence every year, may be summarised as follows:—

- (1) The corruption and petty tyranny of the police.
- (2) The delays in the Courts and the long time that under-trial prisoners were kept in the jails.
- (3) The existence of legal touts who earned money by provoking litigation and bringing cases into Court for the benefit of their legal masters.
- (4) Delays in securing the carrying out of judgments even after they had been obtained. Litigation sometimes continued for years after judgment had been obtained.
- (5) The tendency of all parties in Indian Courts to look for motives of a crime or an accusation, rather than for the true facts.

With regard to (1), I made a determined effort while I was in Bengal to stamp out corruption in the police and was at least partially successful. The first step was to ensure that the police were receiving a living wage, for, if not, they could not be expected to refrain from supplementing their inadequate pay by accepting bribes. I found it very difficult to ascertain what was a living wage in India, either in the police or in any other service, because, owing to the Hindu joint family system, the adequacy of a man's income depended entirely on the size of his family. What therefore would be adequate, even high, pay for a young unmarried man with few relations would be inadequate for a married man with perhaps a large number of persons dependent upon him. I arrived at the best estimate possible in these circumstances and made every effort to get the pay of the police raised to this figure. Owing to the prejudice against the police, however, it took some years to accomplish this reform. I issued strict orders that the acceptance of bribes in the police force would be considered a very serious offence. At the end of three years I enquired what progress had been made and was assured that bribes to act contrary to their duty were never now taken by the police, but that it was practically impossible to stamp out the practice of accepting tips as a stimulus to the exercise of their duty, as the Indian mind could not understand that there was anything wrong in this.

With regard to (2), I found in every prison that I visited under-trial prisoners who had been there for four or five months, some even as long as a year. I was told that this was due to the fact

that the pleaders were paid by the day and were therefore directly interested in making a case last as long as possible. They were in the habit of securing adjournments as often as possible on account of the non-attendance of some particular witness. A business man who came to see me in Calcutta made similar complaints about commercial cases. He told me that it was useless to bring an action for breach of contract in India, as it was known that such cases could not possibly be settled in less than two years and might drag on for five.

With regard to (3), I was informed that these touts were to be found in most country districts and were responsible for much of the litigation. As a result of their activities innumerable trivial and hopeless cases were brought into Court, and many stupid and ignorant people were ruined by the expense of the law-suits. They must have had an easy task, for I found that the Bengalis had a passion for litigation—it was at once their national sport and their form of gambling! At Barisal I was informed by my visitors who belonged to the legal profession that the district was specially favourable to their activities and there was plenty of work for the Courts, both civil and criminal. Owing to the eccentric behaviour of the rivers, which I have already mentioned, land disputes were incessant. As rivers are often the boundaries between properties, it was disconcerting when the river dividing A's land from B's suddenly decided one year to leave its old bed and cut A's land in half by running through the middle of it! Hence the disputes; and as the people have little regard for human life, these quarrels are always accompanied by violence and bloodshed. A few years previously things had become so bad that the district was disarmed, and all fire-arms were confiscated. This, however, had led to no improvement, as the people continued to kill and injure each other just as merrily with fish-spears!

With regard to (5), an English Sessions Judge at Khulna informed me that no Court ever tried to get at the truth of a case, and that neither Judge, Jury nor Counsel ever paid any regard to the circumstantial evidence, but only to whether or not the prosecution had any grudge against the accused, or whether any witness was related to either party.

This sweeping statement was probably exaggerated, but it was confirmed and defended to me a year later by another District Judge, who said that, as witnesses seldom spoke "the truth,

the whole truth and nothing but the truth," the best way to get at the facts was to examine motives, and that was why so much attention was paid to them by all parties in Indian Courts.

With regard to the dilatory character of legal proceedings, and the expense to the parties involved thereby, an illustration may be given by telling of a particularly flagrant case in which the Government of Bengal was the sufferer. This case started before my arrival and was protracted without reaching any settlement for four years! In May, 1921, at a meeting of the governing body of the Carmichael College at Rangpur, a dispute had taken place between Mr. Fraser, the Collector, and Mr. B. C. Mukherjee, the senior Professor of Philosophy at the College, in the course of which Fraser called Mukherjee "an intriguer". When asked to explain what he meant, Fraser stated that an intriguer was a man who works against another man behind his back, and he refused to withdraw the remark. Mukherjee, therefore, brought an action for defamation against Fraser, claiming Rs. 5,500 as damages. The suit was instituted on June 26th, 1921. The Judge allowed innumerable adjournments and delays, and this trivial incident, which should have been settled in a couple of hearings, was allowed to drag on for two years. A Commission was sent to England to examine witnesses there. Application was made to the High Court for a transfer of the suit. The defendant's examination and cross-examination lasted for 18 days and occupied 99 pages of print. Plaintiff's examination lasted four days and his cross-examination a further seven. The parties were then given an adjournment of 18 days in which to prepare their arguments. The argument for the Plaintiff occupied 19 days—that for the defendant 13 days. Judgment was delivered on October 8th, 1923. It extended to 104 printed pages! The Plaintiff was awarded Rs. 100 as damages with full costs. The Government decided to appeal, partly on the ground that a number of officials had been dragged into the case and unjustly attacked, and partly because, in their opinion, the case had been protracted and handled in such a manner as to constitute a judicial scandal which ought to be brought before the High Court. An appeal was filed on March 17th, 1924. Far from getting any redress, however, the proceedings in the High Court only provided further illustration of the intolerable delays which are allowed in processes of law. The High Court took a year and five months to prepare a paper

book, which was made over to the parties on August 12th, 1925. It was in two volumes of 781 and 291 pages respectively! Finally, in October 1925, I ordered the case to be withdrawn, as it had already cost the Government Rs. 11,700. If the Government was powerless to prevent such costly delays in so trivial a case, it will be seen how severely lesser individuals were likely to suffer under a system where Judges allow the parties and their Counsel to waste time and money in this way.

If I was astonished and shocked to find the administration of justice so faulty, I was, on the other hand, agreeably surprised to find that the conditions in Indian prisons were far better than I had expected. I had been led to believe from references to jails in India which I had read in speeches and newspaper articles while I was at the India Office, and from the constant use of the phrase "rotting in jail", that Indian prisons were particularly bad, but after visiting every prison in Bengal, I found that they compared very favourably with the prisons which I had seen in England; and after one gentleman had told me that he had "rotted long enough as a Rai Sahib", and wished to be raised to the higher rank of Rai Bahadur, I realised that this word was merely employed as a rhetorical expression.

The atmosphere of English prisons is extremely depressing, and what struck me most when visiting them was the elaborate precautions taken to prevent suicide—the wire netting across the staircase wells, the unbreakable glass in the windows and the prohibition of any implement that might be used for self-destruction—all implying that, if they had the means, the inmates would wish to take their lives. All this was entirely absent in the Indian prisons. In all material matters they left nothing to be desired. Within the surrounding walls everything was bright and cheerful. I remember one jail where there were patches of bright green grass on which spotted deer were grazing as in a private park. The cells and all the buildings were scrupulously clean and the food was good. In both these respects the conditions were greatly superior to what they would be in the homes from which most of the prison population would come.

There was little cell accommodation, nearly all the prisoners being in association wards. In addition to the grass and trees and animals (cows or sheep as well as deer wandering free) there were flower-beds, generally well kept and tended by the prisoners. The detenus and political prisoners could be in a big

ward with their friends, if they wished, but most of them preferred to be in cells. These were converted into cosy little studies. They had beds with mosquito curtains, their own books and pictures or photographs, with a hand-loom to keep them employed, and they would meet their fellow-prisoner friends at meals and when they went out for exercise. The central jail at Dacca was like a huge factory, with mechanical spinning and weaving looms, iron foundry, tailors' and carpenters' shops, basket-making, etc. The prisoners were all employed in making useful articles—blankets, clothes, cabinets, furniture, wickerwork, iron bedsteads, pots, pans and mats.

I have said that in material matters everything was as satisfactory as possible, and the Indian prisons could easily have been used as real reformatories. But they were just as wrong as English prisons in their purpose and moral atmosphere, rather worse perhaps in the attitude of the jailers and warders towards the prisoners. If they were ever spoken to at all, the prisoners were treated not as creative workers, or even as fellow human beings, but as slaves—and wicked slaves at that, fit only to be scolded or pushed aside or ordered about. By the coolie population, which is not treated very differently outside, this may not have been either noticed or resented. The cry of *Sirkar salaam* which preceded the visiting party on their entrance to every ward may have appeared to them quite natural, but it was very galling to the educated men who got into prison for some political offence, and was much resented by them.

The only exception I found to these generally satisfactory material conditions was in the juvenile jail at Alipore, where the young boys were employed on making quinine tablets for the Government. This was a most monotonous and wholly unsuitable employment, but I was able to get this altered and had a good educational curriculum established in its place. The objectionable dark cubicles were replaced by an airy association ward. The rooms occupied by the machines for making quinine tablets were converted into good class-rooms, and the jail was handed over to the Education Department as a reformatory.

One of my engagements when staying at Dacca was to address the annual Convocation of the Saraswat Samaj. This was a gathering of Pundits, who are learned in Sanskrit, the classical language of their own country. They were the only people whom I met in India who had retained the ancient and indigenous

conception of education. Learning to them was an end in itself and not merely desirable for what can be got out of it. It was sad to realise that we have entirely destroyed this conception. Indian students regard their work at school and College as merely a process of qualification for employment. They seek degrees simply as certificates of employability, and even "failed B.A." is sometimes cited as a certificate worthy of consideration! The Professors at the Universities have the same erroneous conception of the true function of their Universities. Instead of aiming at producing scholars with the highest academic attainments and keeping the standards of their examinations so high that only the best scholars could pass them, they regarded themselves as the distributors of benefits in the shape of degrees, and sought to extend these benefits to as large a number of their countrymen as possible. They were more concerned to boast of the quantity of graduates they were able to turn out than of the quality of the training those graduates had received. They therefore deliberately kept their standards as low as possible, and then complained when their degrees were not accepted in England as of the same value as the corresponding degrees of British Universities. I waged a continual but quite unsuccessful war with the University authorities on this subject throughout my term of office.

Among the Pundits of the Saraswat Samaj alone did I find the true spirit of learning. These scholars were wedded to poverty like the Franciscan monks, and in their *tolis*, as their schools were called, they taught their pupils to value knowledge for its own sake. The pupils boarded with their masters, and were like the apprentices of our mediæval guilds. Readers of Kipling's *Kim* will understand the relationship of Chela and Guru, as portrayed by Kim and his Lama Guru. Three or four pupils would often be housed, fed and taught by one of these Pundits.

My first contact with these learned scholars in the Northbrook Hall of Dacca University was a strange and rather alarming experience. On one side of the hall were all the European and Indian gentry and notables in their best smart clothes, on the other side were the rows of Pundits either without any clothes other than a loincloth, or with a single white cloth draped over their shoulders. Some of them were old and rather wizened, but the young ones had beautiful intellectual faces. I was greeted with an address in Sanskrit, in which I was referred to as "of benign aspect", "like unto the resplendent orb of night",

"illustrious by reason of birth and natural endowments", etc. It was frightening having to address so learned a body. I told them that as I could not reply in Sanskrit they would have to be content with the medium of expression used by Shakespeare and Milton! They were very friendly and cordial, and subsequent meetings with them led me to form the highest admiration of these selfless and unconventional scholars and to say when I left India that what I had valued most in the country were the Pundits and the elephants.

Among my Indian visitors at Dacca was a Government Pleader, named Rai Bahadur S. K. Ghosh. This gentleman was a great admirer of the British, and he told me of a remarkable experience he had had when he had been in England in the previous year. While he was staying at Harrogate he paid a visit to Leeds one day, and at the railway station on his return, after getting into his compartment, he asked his porter to buy him an evening paper, and, having no change, gave him a shilling. Before the porter returned, however, the train started, and he dismissed the matter from his mind. The next day he received a letter at his hotel in Harrogate informing him that a local newspaper and 11d. in coppers were waiting for him at the Lost Property Office at the Central Station in Leeds! He did not know whether to wonder more at the intelligence of the porter who had seen and remembered his unfamiliar name and address on the label of his bag, or his honesty in handing the change in to the Lost Property Office. But he thought that a country which could produce such men was worthy of the highest praise.

Of my many tours only two, both of which I made in 1924, were sufficiently unusual to require special mention. The first was to the Sunderbans in July, and the second to the Chittagong Hill Tracts in August of that year.

I have already described some of the special characteristics of the Sunderbans district. My visit to it during the rains was a novel and interesting experience. My party on this occasion included my daughter Hermione, my niece, Linnet Lafone, who was spending a year with us, Mr. Gladding, the Collector of the district, Mr. Curtis, a forest officer, Major Hodge, my I.M.S. Doctor, and two A.D.C.s—Captain Bruce Johnstone and Captain Maclean. The programme had been planned out in advance and, besides inspection of the special features of the district, was to include a *shikar* on one of the islands and a bathe in the sea.

All this sounded very attractive, but it turned out to be very different from what we had visualised. We started all together on "The Rhotas" and later separated into different launches.

During the tour Curtis told me some interesting facts about the Sunderbans. The name is derived from *Sundri*, which is the tree of which the forests are chiefly composed, and *ban*, meaning forest. *Sundri* is a hard wood suitable for boat-building, wheels and wheel-axes. It reaches its best growth in the N.E. part of the forest, and gradually becomes stunted and eventually disappears towards the sea or towards the west. Like all other Sunderbans trees it never attains a large size. Another species that preponderates in the moderately salt water areas is *Gengwa*. This is a soft wood used for box planking and match-boxes. The main crop in the more salt water is *Goran*. This is a shrub, rarely more than twenty feet high, which grows in coppices. Its bark is used extensively for tanning, and its stakes for cheap fencing. On the newly formed mud banks or chars, *Keora* is the principal tree. It grows to a larger size than any other tree in the Sunderbans and looks from a distance like an English willow. The whole area consists of swamp forest. There are few places which are not under water during the high tides in the rainy season. Owing to the saltish condition of the soil during most of the year, the flora of the Sunderbans is quite distinct from that of the rest of Bengal, and the growth of the vegetation is much slower than in an ordinary tropical forest with a damp climate.

Game is very plentiful, though the species are few. Cheetal, spotted deer, abound everywhere and there are also plenty of tiger. Wild pig is found over the whole forest. Duck and teal are available in the season. Crocodiles are numerous, but they are rarely seen except in the winter, when they sun themselves on the mud banks at low tide.

Our first day in separate launches was spent threading through channels and following the river down towards the sea. The sky was leaden and the river grey and muddy. On each side of us stretched thick jungle inhabited only by wild animals, and there was no sign of any human habitation. It looked wild and desolate, a place in which one could lose oneself and remain undiscovered for a lifetime. With sunshine and colour it might have been beautiful, but in the grey light and through the drizzling rain the landscape was merely monotonous. Once or twice we saw crocodiles, lying like logs on the surface of the water;

but they sank slowly and noiselessly, leaving only a ripple and bubbles, as we approached them. It rained most of the day, and this must have kept the deer in the forest, for we saw none along the banks.

The next day contained more incident. When we woke at dawn it was dark and still raining, so we waited till 6.30 before going on shore. Gladding, Hodge and I then got into a boat and rowed to the island which we were to explore, leaving instructions with the others to follow an hour later, and join us on the sea face for our bathe. When we reached the island we got into lighter canoes and were paddled silently up a creek or *khal* with thick jungle on each side, into which we peered for a sight of game. All round the boat large fish were splashing, and once there was the big swirl of a crocodile between us and the bank, which made me feel none too secure in our frail little canoe. Bright-coloured birds darted from side to side of the river and unfamiliar noises issued from the thick jungle on either side.

After we had proceeded up the creek for about a mile we came to a break in the jungle on our right and landed at the edge of a broad belt of rough grass which looked like a ride cut in an English wood. This grassy glade was a natural formation, due, I suppose, to a belt of sand on which no trees could grow, and it stretched right across the island for about two miles to the sea-shore. Every quarter of a mile a belt of trees ran across it, making a convenient screen behind which we could explore each fresh section of the glade before entering it.

We left our boats and proceeded up the glade, keeping close to the edge of the forest and walking as quietly and cautiously as possible, on the look-out for game. At each successive screen of trees we spied the next belt thoroughly before emerging from the covert. On each of these occasions I saw some does grazing in the open glade, and sometimes we heard the sound of deer moving in the forest quite close to us, but we did not see any stags. When we emerged on the sea front it was raining very hard, the sea was rough and dirty, the shore was littered with debris brought down from the forest by the floods, and the prospect of our sea-bathe, now that it was about to be realised, seemed far less attractive than it had done when it first appeared in my correspondence about this tour some months previously!

Youth and high spirits, however, made an exciting and enjoyable adventure out of these unpromising ingredients—a leaden

sky, a dirty, yeasty sea, pouring rain and clinging wet clothes! There was no sign of the girls when we arrived, but after a short wait they burst upon the scene with wild whoops of delight from out of the tall grass on the sand dunes. They were soaked to the skin and looked thoroughly dishevelled, but they had bright eyes and flushed cheeks and screamed with joy at the sight of the sea. Five minutes later we were lost in the trough of the mighty brown waves and were being buffeted about like corks in a flood. The sea was quite hot—a good deal warmer than the rain-water pools on the shore—and scarcely at all salt. This was our chief disappointment—otherwise the bathe was quite fun.

When we had finished we had to resume wet clothes—this was not pleasant—and then we sat down to breakfast in one of the two tents which had been pitched on the beach. Everything was by this time not only wet but sandy! Breakfast was a funny meal consisting of ham sandwiches, cheese, biscuits, tomatoes, soda-water, beer and lemonade. Someone produced a thermos bottle and announced coffee. A cup of hot coffee seemed an acceptable breakfast sort of beverage, but unfortunately it turned out to be iced! We sang songs, shouted and laughed, and I shall never forget the picture of the two girls in their dripping clothes, with the raindrops pouring down their cheeks, their wet hair streaming in the breeze, drinking iced coffee, eating sandy sandwiches, roaring with laughter and insisting that they were “frightfully happy”.

After this breakfast we walked back through the rain to our boats. Gladding and Curtis, who had been responsible for the programme, were rather crestfallen, feeling that the *shikar* they had planned and discussed for the last six months had been a failure, that the Governor must be bitterly disappointed, and that perhaps we should all get pneumonia and die. We assured them that we were enjoying ourselves immensely, and that it was a unique experience to be wet to the skin and yet warm. They were relieved, I think, to find us so merry, and at least there could be no formality about our bedraggled party. They entertained us with accounts of the forest and of former successful shoots in these parts. Three weeks ago a tiger had killed a deer close to the very spot where our bathing tents were erected, and so forth.

When we reached *our* two launches, they were lashed together while we changed into dry clothes and had luncheon. Afterwards we separated them and proceeded in single file for the rest of the

afternoon. The rain stopped about midday and we had a fine afternoon and evening. The result was that the deer came down to the edge of the forest, and as we went along we saw many of them on the banks above the water's edge. I managed to secure one stag from the deck of the launch as we passed.

In the evening we landed again and went for another walk through the forest. This proved to be a difficult and rather painful proceeding, as the ground was covered with sharp pointed spikes about six inches high sticking up out of the soft slime. These are aids to breathing sent up by the roots of the trees. At high tide the ground is under water and the roots have to depend on these shafts for their air. It was a feature peculiar to this district which I have never met anywhere else. Our progress in the fading light was like stumbling over a succession of rakes or harrows turned upwards, and I cannot think how the natives managed it with their bare feet. We saw many deer, and two more stags were shot by members of our party. The next day we rejoined "The Rhotas" and continued our tour to a number of sub-divisional headquarters, where we received cordial and enthusiastic welcomes from the inhabitants.

On this journey Mrs. Gladding told me of an amusing experience they had had in the previous winter. A very large *char* had formed in the bay not far from Katka, and she and her husband went out to claim the new island formally as part of British India. They took with them a new Union Jack, which they solemnly planted in the middle of the *char*. The ground was covered so thickly with the eggs of sea birds that they had to tread carefully so as to avoid stepping on them. As they rowed away she looked back and noticed that the Union Jack had disappeared. A Gurkha officer, who had accompanied them, thought it was waste to leave a good flag on a desert island, so he had brought it away with him! Although that visit had only taken place a few months previously, the island, she said, was already covered with vegetation and in a few years' time the forest would have grown up there.

We got back to Calcutta on July 24th. Lady Lytton and the girls then went to Darjeeling, and I went up to Simla to see the Viceroy in connection with the Ministerial crisis described in Chapter III. I got back from there on July 31st and left the next day for Dacca. On August 9th I went on to Chittagong and from there made another tour

into the remote district known as the Chittagong Hill Tracts.

Chittagong is a small port on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, north of Arakan. It differs from all other places in the Province in being hilly instead of flat. It is a town of many hills, each important house being situated on the top of a small hill with a flight of steps leading up to it. When I first visited it in 1922 I had been impressed with the possibilities of developing the port. The people, I was told, had been asking for money for this purpose for twenty years, and nobody would take any interest in their affairs. Burma and Assam would benefit by its development, but as it was outside their boundaries they would spend no money on it. Bengal, which would also benefit, was dominated by Calcutta opinion, which was definitely jealous and hostile. I thought the people of Chittagong had a real grievance and I promised to take the matter up on their behalf. I had continued to press their claims for two years. In reply to my first application the Government of India said that they would be graciously pleased to allow the Government of Bengal to make a loan of 100 lakhs for the development of Chittagong. I pointed out to them that this proposal meant that the Government of Bengal were to take all the risk and bear alone all the expense, whereas any profits that might result would go to the Government of India in the form of customs duties, increased income-tax and railway dues. Such a suggestion was not business. After two years of correspondence, interviews with officials, and sending a deputation to Simla, I at last induced the Government of India to agree that if the Government of Bengal made a loan of 50 lakhs to the port of Chittagong, the Government of India would declare the port a major port and repay the cost to the Government of Bengal as soon as the trade of the port had reached an annual average revenue of 15 crores. This offer I accepted, and I was able to tell the Port Commissioners when I arrived there what progress I had made.

I did not stay more than three days at Chittagong on this occasion, but went on to Rangamati. The journey took a whole day by river. After passing Chandraghona, where the Hill Tracts begin, the country began to change its character. Unlike the usual flat landscape of Eastern Bengal, the river was enclosed by high forest-clad banks, and there was an horizon of hills in the distance. The vegetation was entirely tropical—teak (at that moment white with blossom), bamboo, banana palms, etc., and

the high rocky banks on which it grows gave an appearance of greater size to the jungle. The river was so swollen by the rains, and the current so strong, that we could not make more than two miles an hour against it, and at times when large floating trees got across our bows we even drifted backwards while we were detaching them. We were due at Rangamati at 4 o'clock, but it was midnight before we actually arrived.

I stayed three days in the Circuit House at Rangamati, and saw as much as I could of the country before returning to Chittagong. There are no roads or vehicles in the district; traffic is exclusively confined to the rivers. The country abounds in wild elephants and other jungle animals. *Kheddas* (the name given to the operation of catching wild elephants) take place there frequently. In one organised by a Calcutta syndicate in the previous year twenty-two elephants had been caught. The people are very primitive and in their own villages almost entirely without clothes. They all carry a *dao*—a broad pointless knife—which is used for all purposes, from peeling fruit to building a house or digging a field. There are many different races, Chakmas and Maghs (pronounced "mugs") who are Mongolian, Buddhist in religion, and speak a Burmese dialect; Lushais, Mrungs, Mros, Kukis and others who live in the Lushai hills and who are vigorous, well-made people in various stages of development, but mostly animists or worshippers of spirits. The Maghs provide the best cooks in the world—a good Magh cook being the equal of the best French chef.

The area is divided into three circles—Chakma (central), Bohmong (south), and Mong (north), under three Chiefs—the Chakma Chief, the Bohmong, and the Mong Raja. These Chiefs were originally tribal, being the natural leaders and administrators of their tribes. They no longer had any administrative functions, and were employed by Government as collectors of revenue (*jum* rents), receiving a commission on the rents they collected and paid over. I thought this was a bad arrangement; the work was not efficiently done, it was not a dignified position, and it had no connection with tribal customs. I should have preferred to see them endowed with some ceremonial dignity and in receipt of a Government grant to keep it up. They ought, I thought, to be the recognised leaders and spokesmen of their people, and not mere tax-collectors for the Bengal Government. Unfortunately there was no one in Bengal, either Indian or

European, with any knowledge of tribal customs or any interest in their preservation. I therefore got Mr. J. P. Mills, an officer from Assam, where there are many such tribes, to visit the district and make me a report. I only received this report just before I left Bengal, and I do not know how far his recommendations were subsequently acted upon.

Incidentally I found in this district what struck me as the worst possible custom of hereditary succession. When the Bohmong died he was succeeded not by one of his own children, but by the oldest living descendant of a former Bohmong. This meant that the Chief was always the oldest member of the family and not infrequently decrepit. If gerontocracy were a desirable system *this would be the surest way of securing it!*

The characteristics of this part of the world and the habits and customs of its people are most graphically described by Colonel Lewin in his book, *A Fly on the Wheel: How I Helped to Govern India*. I read this book during my visit, and it added greatly to the interest and romance of the country I was visiting to read these adventures of one of the earliest settlers there—a man who both loved the people and was dearly loved by them. Everything was still exactly as described in that book—the system of cultivation known as *juming*, the Kheddass, the bamboo houses of the people, etc. One local custom described in the book—the kindling of a fire by means of a piece of bamboo—I actually saw performed at a garden party given in my honour at Rangamati.

This visit to the Chittagong Hill Tracts was full of interest and provided me with experiences not to be found anywhere else in Bengal. It is the only spot in the Province where real tribal customs still remain, and I hope that future Governments will be careful to preserve them.

CHAPTER VIII

SPORT

Tiger Shooting

BESIDES our annual holiday tour in the hills in the autumn, we had many short expeditions for shooting and fishing, which we greatly enjoyed. The best of these were two visits to Nepal, which we spent in camp as the guests of Colonel (later Sir Frederick) O'Connor, the Resident. Nepal is a big-game hunters' paradise, but the Maharajah was rightly anxious to keep his State as a close preserve, and we felt it a great privilege to be allowed by His Highness to visit this wonderful sporting country.

Tiger shooting can be obtained in all parts of India, and the technique employed in circumventing the tiger varies in every part of the country. In all cases it is first located by tying up a young buffalo calf, or other animal, in an area where tiger are known to be present. If this is killed during the night, the tiger is always expected to lie up during the day in the vicinity of the kill. The simplest method when beaters are not available is then to build a platform (called a machan) in a tree overlooking the kill. The hunter climbs into the machan and waits for the tiger to return to its prey. This method is practised by the tea-planters on their gardens for the purpose of killing the tigers or leopards which occasionally frequent their neighbourhood. We also used it to secure a stray tiger on some of our fishing expeditions.

In the large organised shoots which were arranged for our benefit when visiting the State of some ruling Prince the tiger was driven to the guns by beaters as in a covert shoot in England, the procedure varying according to the configuration of the ground and to local custom. In Cooch-Bihar, where the forest was thick and flat, the guns were placed in howdahs on the backs of elephants in broad rides cut in the jungle and the tiger was driven towards them by beaters on foot. In Alwar, where the forests covered the sides of steep hills, the rides were cut at intervals down the sides of the hills. The upper parts of these rides were filled with dummy figures in white which acted as stops; the guns were placed on foot at intervals at the bottom end of the line and the game was driven towards them by beaters

also on foot. In these drives a variety of game might emerge—either sambuhr, leopard or tiger. In Kotah, where the forest covered slopes along the course of a river, the guns were placed in boats opposite clearings in the jungle, and the game was driven by a line of beaters stretching up the hillside and following the course of the river.

In Jaipur the procedure was somewhat different from that employed anywhere else. The characteristic feature of this part of Rajputana was a succession of separate conical hills, which rose at intervals out of the surrounding plain. These hills were thickly covered with trees and bushes, and were full of tiger, panther and deer. On the first of our shoots there a tiger had been located on one of these hills the day before, and had been kept there during the night by a ring of flares. The guns were posted under an awning on the flat roof of a small disused building on the side of the hill. A line of coolies was placed across the top of the hill to act as stops and prevent the tiger from breaking up in that direction, and an army of beaters with drums and tin cans and hand grenades then drove it towards the guns. When the tiger emerged it was killed by a volley from several rifles and it was difficult to say to which gun it should be ascribed. On the second day the same procedure was followed on another hill, but the guns were then placed in a machan raised upon high stakes and covered with an awning.

In Nepal, where the hospitality of the Maharajah provided a large number of elephants and two highly skilled and experienced *shikaris*, the procedure was more elaborate. The shooting party in the camp waited in the morning for *khubba* (news) of the overnight kill. Often there would be news of tigers in more than one direction, and, after consultation with the *shikaris*, the day's programme was decided upon. The party would then leave camp mounted on pad elephants for the scene of operations. On approaching the spot of the overnight kill, the line of elephants would divide, some going to the right and some to the left, and proceeding in a semi-circle until they met again. In this way a complete circle was made round the spot where the tiger was believed to be lying up. The guns would then be transferred from their pad elephants to other elephants with howdahs, which were placed at regular intervals round the circle. The whole line would then close in, reducing the size of the circle, until the *shikaris* decided that the enveloping formation was

sufficiently close and the guns so placed as to cover the whole ring. Then the elephants proceeded to clear a space in front of each of the howdahs, trampling down the grass and pushing down with their foreheads and fore-feet any trees that might intercept the clear view of the guns. When this process was complete and a considerable open space in the high grass had been cleared in front of each howdah, the elephants resumed their places in the line and the hunt began. An old experienced tusker elephant was sent into the high grass in the centre of the ring, and was ridden backwards and forwards until the tiger was bolted. Once aroused, it might emerge at any point in the circle and would be shot by any of the guns that caught sight of it.

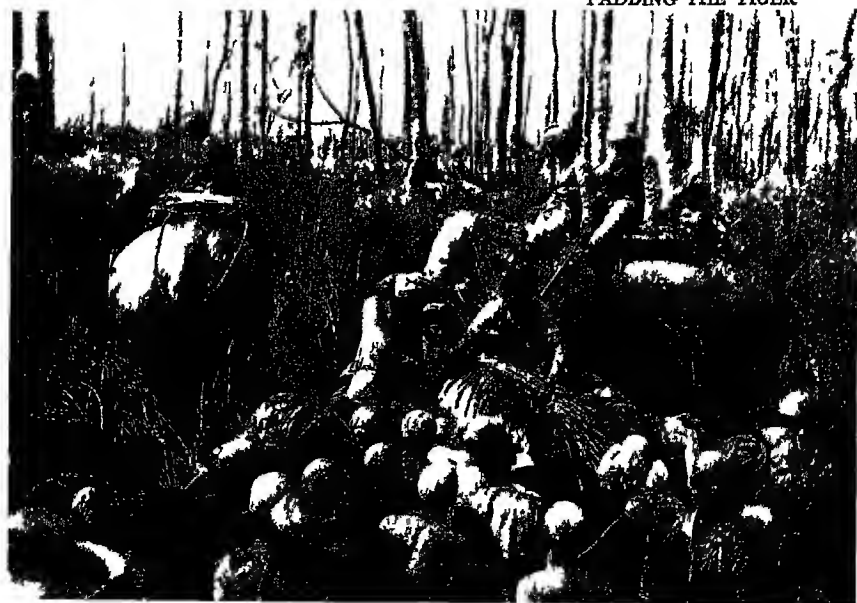
This method had many advantages over any other form of driving. In the first place every member of the party, guns and beaters alike, took part in the proceedings from start to finish; there was never a dull moment, no waiting in a forest ride for something that might or might not emerge. Every incident in the operation was interesting, and it was a delight to watch the skill with which it was directed and carried out. The silence with which the elephants moved, the quiet deliberate way in which they pushed over quite sizable trees, the skill with which they were manoeuvred by their mahouts—all these were a joy to behold. Nothing was hurried, everything was efficient. In the second place, every position in the line was as good as another and each gun had an equal chance of securing the game. When the final stage began, the excitement was intense and shared by everyone. Generally the whole circle was visible from each point; sometimes the movement of the tiger could be followed by the waving grass, and, whoever secured it in the end, all had shared in the excitement of the chase.

Usually the tiger would show for a moment in one of the open spaces which had been cleared in front of the guns and was then secured, but sometimes it would break through the ring between the howdahs. Then the line immediately broke into movement; the elephants charged (never seeming to hurry, however fast they moved) to right and to left, and the circle was re-formed round the escaping tiger.

It may sound as if shooting with powerful rifles into a ring so close that you could see across it was a dangerous operation, but it must be remembered that in a howdah on the top of an elephant one is so high up that the rifle is always directed



JOHN AND HIS TIGER



PADDING THE TIGER

downwards, and the grass of the jungle, which is sometimes as high as the heads of the pad elephants, effectively prevents any possible ricochet.

Our first experience of this sport was in March, 1923, when our camp was at Jogbani. We left Calcutta in the afternoon, and after a night in the train we reached Jogbani at seven the next morning. Colonel O'Connor met us there, and after breakfasting in the train we drove out in two small cars to the site of our camp. On this occasion I only took with me my youngest son John and three members of my staff. Lady Lytton was to have accompanied me, but as Hermione fell ill at the last moment she had to stay behind to look after her. There was no regular road and we drove straight across country for thirty miles in and out of river-beds, over rice fields, through jungles and villages, where we were the objects of much interest and wonder to the inhabitants, till we reached our camp, which was situated on the edge of a wood near a stream.

We were told that there had been two kills in the night and that the elephants had gone out to ring round the nearer of the two. We had luncheon while we waited for news that the operation had been completed, and then set out on our pad elephants for the scene of the shoot. On this occasion the operation of forming the ring which I have described had already been performed, and when we arrived we found a circle of well trampled grass already formed. We transferred to howdahs and took up our allotted stations in the ring.

As this was my first experience of a tiger shoot, I was much excited, and when, as soon as the beat began, I saw the grass moving immediately in front of me, my heart thumped loudly against my side. The movement in the grass passed slowly to my left and presently the tiger emerged and stood still. On my immediate left was Colonel O'Connor, with John in his howdah. The tiger was actually nearer to him than to me and more visible to him, as there was a tree between it and me which hid from me all except its head. Colonel O'Connor had lent John his rifle, but told him not to shoot as he wanted me to have the first shot. He shouted to me to shoot, but I did not hear him as the elephants were trumpeting, the mahouts were shouting and the din was terrific. The tiger seemed bewildered by the noise and remained rooted to the spot.

The suspense was great; there was no one in my howdah to

advise me, and I could not think what they were waiting for. At last Colonel O'Connor said, "Your father isn't going to shoot, so you had better take it, John." The boy, who was still within a few days of his 13th birthday, and had never had a rifle in his hand before, then took aim quite deliberately and fired. The tiger fell dead, shot through the head.

It was a great moment. Many men have spent years in the pursuit of tiger and never secured such an opportunity, but this twelve-year-old boy in his very first hunt found himself faced by a tiger which waited stock-still to be shot. That he should have remained cool in such a moment of excitement and made such good use of this unique opportunity was a most creditable performance.

The ring then closed in, and when it was clearly established that there was no other animal left in it, we dismounted from our howdahs and gathered round the dead beast, which proved to be a large tigress measuring 9 ft. 2 in. John was duly "blooded" on both cheeks and congratulated by each in turn. We then remounted our pad elephants and returned to camp, very well pleased with the result of our first day.

The next day we started in pursuit of the more distant tiger which had been reported the day before. We had a ride through the jungle for about five miles to the spot where the tiger was believed to be lying up. The country was much the same as on the first day, namely, open plain, with tall dried grass interspersed with the bare stems of trees that had been burnt in a fire. It looked like some of the battle areas in France. On this occasion we all took part in forming the ring in the manner I have described, instead of finding it ready made on our arrival. John was in the howdah with me this time, and we had many exciting moments as a tigress rushed about from one point in the ring to another, but the grass being very high and thick it was difficult to see her. She eventually emerged opposite Colonel O'Connor and was killed by him.

The next day we had two hunts in similar conditions. In the first another tigress was shot by Colonel Hunter (an I.M.S. Surgeon stationed in Nepal. He and his wife were also the guests of Colonel O'Connor in this camp). In the second we drew blank.

The fourth day was the most picturesque, exciting and enjoyable of all our days. The country of our previous shoots

with the gaunt charred tree-stems, the only survivors of a burnt-out forest, and a monstrous growth of dry grass all round them had been ugly and uninteresting. On this occasion we were in real thick jungle with big trees, a tangle of green undergrowth and luxuriant vegetation, exactly like a picture which hung in my mother's sitting-room and had fascinated me from childhood. Also it was much warmer than on the previous days and the sunlight played with the shadows among the trees.

The first ring proved a blank, and we moved on to another after luncheon. The site of this ring was a marvellous natural amphitheatre in the centre of the thickest forest. In the centre was a deep dell, with clear short grass, and the elephants were drawn up in a circle round the rim. For a long time they were kept busy tearing down trees, and there was such a hullabaloo that I could not believe there could be any tiger inside and I thought we were going to have another blank drive. But at last everything was ready and the two beater elephants went down into the dell. A tiger was almost immediately bolted, and gave us the maximum of excitement as it charged backwards and forwards and was fired at and missed by almost all the guns in turn. Finally it broke through the ring right under my elephant and I shot it with a lethal bullet from a twelve-bore gun. This was the first tiger we had secured. It was larger than the tigresses, measuring 9 ft. 6 in., with a fine winter coat. As it had no other wound, it was awarded to me, and I was glad to have got one without any element of doubt.

The next day we killed two, a tiger and a tigress, after they had broken through the ring and were then surrounded a second time in the way I have described. The tiger fell to Colonel Hunter and the tigress to Major Willoughby (one of my staff).

The sixth day (John's thirteenth birthday) was our only blank day, and on the last day another tigress was shot by Colonel Mackenzie (my Military Secretary). Captain Horn also shot a well-grown tiger cub. When our camp came to an end, therefore, every member of the party had bagged a tiger, and Captain Horn, who had only shot a cub, stayed on for a few days after our departure, and secured one two days later.

The following year we were again invited by our kind friend to join him in a shooting camp in Nepal, and our second visit was even more wonderful than the first. Nothing could exceed the kindness and charm of our host on both occasions, but two facts

made this second visit specially memorable. In the first place we were more of a family party, as Lady Lytton and both our girls accompanied me. We also took with us our friend, Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive, who was staying with us. The only member of my staff to accompany us was Major Benton, who later became her husband. In the second place the site of our camp was at Bikna Thoree, which is the best area for game in Nepal. We were therefore in quite new country, with an unfamiliar range of snow mountains far to the west even of Mount Everest, and the variety of game we met was greater. It was earlier in the year than on the last occasion—mid-January instead of March. The air was crisp and cold, but the sun shone in a blue sky throughout our week's holiday, tingeing the distant snows pink in the evening and followed by a lovely full moon at night. The only other guest besides ourselves this year was Captain Harvey, a young Gurkha officer, who proved a most delightful companion to the girls.

The tiger shoots were much the same as those I have already described, but the tigers in this part of the country were more knowing than elsewhere and often evaded us. Instead of lying up near their kill as they were expected to do, they often went away to the hills and only came back in the evenings, so that some of our rings were blank. With the ringing procedure, however, even a blank drive is exciting, the tension being kept up till the last moment, and there was such a variety of other game—rhino, bear, panther, pig, deer, peacocks, jungle fowl, partridges, even snipe! that every day brought some new and thrilling experience. I got a tiger on the first day, and two rhino and a bear in the course of the week.

One day only can be described in full. It began with a blank morning and ended in a perfect orgy of game. We had news in the morning of a tiger in one direction and a rhino in another. We decided to go after the tiger first, but it proved to be one of the knowing ones and our drive was a blank. After luncheon we went in search of the rhino, which was reported to be lying in a swamp and was being watched by men posted in the surrounding trees.

After a ride on our pad elephants across country, we entered another jungle and were told to go very quietly as the rhino was located in a swamp near by. We got into our howdahs again and Lady Lytton came with me. Presently we reached the swamp



BUNGALOW AT CHILKA

MY RHINO



and a man in a tree signalled that the rhino was lying behind some high grass just in front of us. We advanced cautiously at the head of the line along the edge of the swamp and I held my rifle ready. It was desperately exciting. Suddenly there was a movement in the reeds just ahead of me and I could hear a heavy beast squelching in the mud, and as I thought, moving away, but I could still see nothing but moving grass. Another step forward and I was able to see over the top of the high grass into a small clearing.

I was confronted with a most astonishing sight. Instead of the dark retreating figure which I had expected, I saw a round pool of grey mud much trampled, and on the far side of it, standing still facing me—not more than about 30 yards away—a great grey monster caked with mud and looking like a white ghost! I raised my rifle and fired at the centre of its forehead between the eyes. The rhino fell forward with a heavy squelch into the mud. As he continued to kick, I feared he might be only stunned and would get up again, so I moved my elephant forward a couple of paces and fired again into the heavy wrinkled folds of his neck. Then “he heaved a last sigh and forever lay still.”

Everyone crowded up and there was much questioning and congratulating. When I went up and examined the rhino, its hide was so tough that it looked like an armour-plated tank, and my two solid .450 bullets had only made tiny holes as if they had been drilled neatly by a gimlet. He seemed a very Goliath slain by the small stone of a David. His horn measured $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and we decided to form a line and beat the jungle towards home in the hope of finding deer or other small game. For some time we saw nothing and began to think the jungle was devoid of game. Presently, however, we saw some deer just ahead and my elephant hurried forward in pursuit. We got buffeted about in our howdah like peas in a barrel and laughed much at the absurdity of it. Then we emerged from the thick forest into a clearing of low scrub, and we both cried out simultaneously at the beauty of the scene. Immediately in front of us was a stretch of rough grass with half a dozen cheetal—all does—strung out in a line, cantering across it; beyond that, rough low scrub and small trees, then a stretch of misty grey plain bounded by forest-clad hills, and beyond that again a line of high mountains, all dyed a deep rose-pink in the setting sun!

When we got into the thick scrub our line became broken and the elephants seemed to be all round us, some in front, some behind. Then the place suddenly became alive with game, and I kept changing my gun and rifle, picking out one kind of ammunition and putting in another. I saw deer, partridges, peacocks, jungle fowl, and heard shots all round me. I had just shot two peacocks and was loading again, when suddenly there was a great crash in the undergrowth and shouts of "Rhino!" The elephants snorted and stampeded, and I saw some great beast crashing about in front of me, first in one direction, then in another. I hastily exchanged my gun for a rifle and jammed two solid bullets into it, when a rhino broke cover on my right and charged back, giving me a clear view at about 40 yards. I fired point blank and hit the rhino somewhere in the head. It fell over into a ditch and lashed its head from side to side as it spun round. Then it managed to scramble out on the other side and made off through the scrub. I fired again, but it was like shooting from a boat in a rough sea. We turned back to follow it. Then a peacock flew over on my right. Picking up a gun, I was about to shoot, when it fell to a shot from Colonel O'Connor, who was with Hermione just beyond some trees. Then Davina arrived with Captain Harvey in a great state of excitement. A deer had run into their elephant, which had bolted; on their way back they had encountered a second rhino, which had been put up at the same time as mine, and Captain Harvey had wounded it! There was a babel of excited narrative as one experience after another was related. Men came back from pursuing the two wounded rhinos and reported that much blood had been tracked from both of them, but as it was now nearly dark they had had to give up the chase.

We had three more days after this, each of which provided some fresh excitement and a great deal of sport. Besides tigers we killed two bears, a leopard and plenty of smaller game. It was an unforgettable holiday, and we had aching hearts when it came to an end and we had to come down with a bump from our elephants to our marble floors again!

We had many other tiger shoots in Bengal, in Cooch-Bihar, Alwar, Jaipur and Kotah, but none of them quite equalled the excitement and interest of our two camps in Nepal.

Duck Shooting

Our best duck shooting was done at Chilka Lake, which is on the borders of Orissa and Madras. A night train journey from Calcutta brought us to Balugan station, and by leaving on a Friday night we were able to get in two days' shooting and be back at work on Monday morning. My first visit to this lovely spot was made in February, 1923. The scenery when we left our train in the early morning was enchanting. All round were beautiful low hills like those of Ireland or Wales, a pleasant change from the flat plains of Bengal, and different also from the mountain scenery of the Himalayas. The sun was hot but the air was fresh and cool with a taste of brine in it which was very exhilarating.

Chilka is a huge fresh-water lake about 70 miles long and 17 miles wide, separated from the sea by a strip of land so narrow that the sea sometimes blew over it, making the water of the lake slightly brackish. It is quite shallow—nowhere more than 5 or 6 feet deep—and in the middle is a large low island of mud and reeds. It is covered with innumerable duck of every kind, and they all go to the island to roost at night.

On this first occasion I took with me Colonel Mackenzie (my Military Secretary), Captain Rudolph de Salis (the Adjutant of my Bodyguard) and three A.D.Cs. I and two of the party stayed at a P.W.D. bungalow near the station, and the others slept in our train, which was left in a siding. During the day we shot on the island, and returned to our quarters at night.

To get to the island we had to adopt a procedure like the changing of gear on a motor-car. The lake is so shallow that no boat can reach the shore, so we first had to wade, or be carried in a chair on the shoulders of coolies, for about 10 or 15 yards, when we got into *dungas*—long shallow native boats consisting of a tree trunk hollowed out so as to form a sort of canoe. In these we were punted another 20 yards and transhipped into a large rowing boat which took us to a small steam-launch moored about a quarter of a mile from the shore. The disembarkation took place by the same four-speed process in the reverse order. The journey across the lake took about an hour. We lunched on the launch and spent the mornings and afternoons walking in a long line across the island.

Just before we landed I saw one of the loveliest sights I have

ever seen. About a thousand flamingocs were standing on the edge of the shore. I fired a shot to disturb them and they all rose into the air—a cloud of delicate rose-pink wings—wheeled round once or twice, and settled again. There were also flocks of white cranes as well as the various breeds of duck.

We got from 50 to 100 duck each during the day, about half that number being obtained in the last half hour. During our walk we also found quantities of snipe, but they were very wild and difficult to pick out among the many species of sand-piper, red-shanks and other water birds. The evening flight in the last half hour was a wonderful experience. The duck came in in hundreds from all directions, and shadowy forms flashed through the growing darkness, just visible against the glow of the sunset. It was as if tennis balls were being thrown at one from all sides in the dark. The shooting was fast and furious, but the birds were difficult to hit and still more difficult to pick up when they fell.

Our second visit was in December, 1924. This time Lady Lytton and Hermione came with me. The scenery was as lovely as before, a pale aquamarine lake and deep blue misty hills in the distance, but the sport was not so good, having been spoilt by floods following a recent cyclone, and the island where we had shot all our duck on the previous occasion was completely submerged. A Superintendent of Police in the Bihar service took us in his motor-car from Balugan to Birkul at the other end of the lake, where we stayed in the most perfect bungalow I have ever seen, with three large comfortable rooms and a huge covered verandah all under thatch. It was situated on the edge of the lake, with a little grass lawn leading down to a river.

As there was no island for flighting, we spent our time on the lake in a small police sailing launch called "The Chilka Maid", or walking through some wet paddy fields after snipe. The duck on the lake were too wild to approach, but in our walks on the mainland we shot snipe, partridge, pigeon and a few duck. The weather was perfect and the scenery lovely and restful. The lake we thought more beautiful than Lucerne or Como or Maggiore, the climate that of a warm summer in Scotland. We had crimson sunsets and a moon that was nearly full. We dined on our verandah and sat out afterwards in the moonlight.

Our last visit to Chilka was at the end of January, 1927, and this time we were a full family party, with Lady Lytton, Antony, my two daughters, Miss Nellie Baring, who was staying with us,

and three A.D.Cs. We again stayed at the lovely bungalow at Birkul. The little sailing yacht "The Chilka Maid" was replaced by another one of almost exactly the same size and pattern, called "The Lady Maude". As the island had again reappeared we were able to repeat the wonderful evening flight of duck, but as our guns were not quite so skilful as on our first visit our bags were not so large.

The country was looking as enchanting as ever with its soft blue hills reminding one of Wales or Ireland or Cumberland. The air, however, is warmer and softer than in Ireland. It seems to have come from the Pacific rather than the Atlantic, and to whisper of palm groves and coral reefs.

We walked across the island as before, shooting a few snipe and duck, and then took up our stations for the evening flight. I selected a very promising site in a clump of tall reeds surrounded by open water on which I put some wooden decoy ducks I had brought with me. I had a comfortable basket seat, and here I sat with my black Ooriya coolies, with whom I could only communicate by signs and gestures, waiting for the light to fade.

The scene was one of absolute wildness and absolute peace, and I was able to forget all the political worries which surrounded me in Calcutta. The water around me shimmered in the late afternoon sun. Overhead in a sky of cloudless blue, kites, fish-eagles and large white gulls hung poised with almost motionless wings. Occasionally a black-and-white kingfisher would hover in the air, beating its wings violently to retain equilibrium, and then plunge like a stone into the water after a fish. Curlews uttered their low sharp whistle, so like the warning note of a fellow human being. High overhead large cranes, spoonbills and storks sailed majestically and silently across the sky. Nearer at hand snipe, sand-pipers, terns and every variety of duck flashed past at intervals.

When the sun set, a ball of fire, into the lake, I made my way to the shore and waited there for the end of the flight, when the teal came hurtling in from the lake in huge numbers, mere black shadows that appeared for a fraction of a minute against the ever lessening glow of the sky. I picked up thirty birds, but others were lost in the dark. The second day was a repetition of the first. Our journeys across the lake at night were made under a starlit sky, but there was no moon.

Another place that we visited both for sea bathing and sport

was Puri on the coast of Bihar. This also was reached by a night train journey from Calcutta, and in January, 1925, Sir Henry Wheeler, the Governor of Bihar and Orissa, kindly lent us his house on the beach there for our week-end. This house, of an ugly design and built of a sponge-like stone, had comfortable rooms designed to catch as much of the sea breeze as possible. It stood on the edge of the sands about 200 yards from the sea. Here we spent three delightful days. The climate was perfect—a hot sun tempered by a cool breeze from the sea, nights warmer than those of an English summer, with soft caressing air and a moon in its third quarter. We bathed daily in the sea, did some interesting sightseeing at the Juggernaut Temple and another beautiful little temple in the middle of a lake, and I got some quite good shooting.

The shooting took place on a large inland marsh or *bhil*. This *bhil* had at one time been a lake, like Chilka, but it had become silted up and in the hot weather was nearly dry. When we visited it at the end of January it was covered with two or three feet of water and a thick weed with a pink convolvulus-like flower. We sat on straw at the bottom of native *dungas* like those I described at Chilka and were punted about by Ooriya coolies, who were very skilful in the handling of their boats. The *bhil* was covered with water-fowl of every description—storks, cranes, herons, egrets, bitterns, terns, gulls, cormorants, geese, and many varieties of wild duck, with some snipe and sand-pipers. There was also a large number of coots and water-hens. One bird, though useless for food, was particularly beautiful, and I had never seen it before except at the Calcutta Zoo. This was the blue coot, which is a very large variety with beautiful dark blue plumage on the back and pink legs. The wild duck were mostly whistling teal and the beautiful little cotton teal, and there were a great number of these. The larger varieties were scarcer but our bag included widgeon, gadwall, pochard and pintail. The water was covered with all these birds and sometimes the sky was thick with them, but as they had been continuously shot at by parties from Calcutta since the middle of December they were very wild. Most of the birds were out of range and every bird shot was pulled down from a great height.

We had two days of shooting on the *bhil*, but aiming from a sitting position in a wobbly canoe was much more difficult than in a butt, and we only managed to secure 62 duck. The third

day was varied by snipe shooting, and riding after black buck on an open plain with no covert to permit of stalking.

Fishing

I must now give some account of my many delightful fishing expeditions. Mahseer, erroneously called the Indian salmon, is the fish which provides the best sport in most of the Indian rivers. It is really of the carp family, with scales so thick that no gaff can penetrate them. They have an extremely tough round mouth with several rows of sharp teeth farther back in their gills. The smaller ones will take a large fly or flyspoon, but the large ones were all caught with a large spoon like that used for pike fishing. In some parts of India where the mahseer run to a great size, they are caught with a large lump of dough on a single large hook, after the water has been extensively ground-baited for several days; but I never tried this method. As the Himalayan rivers were all at the bottom of deep valleys, the water was too hot for trout to live in them, and trout fishing was only obtainable at Ootacamund or in Kashmir.

When I arrived in Darjeeling I made enquiries about fishing in the rivers that could be reached from there, but no one could give me any information. Apparently my predecessors had not been fishermen, and all that I eventually learnt about these rivers and the proper way to fish them I had to find out for myself. The largest of the rivers was the Teesta, and the other two were its tributaries—the big and little Rangit (pronounced Rungeet).

My first exploratory expedition was made in May, 1922, and though we enjoyed our introduction to the lovely scenery of these river valleys, from a sporting point of view it was rather a comic-opera experience! My Military Secretary had advised me that the river conditions were not favourable for mahseer fishing, but as Mr. Field (the Secretary of the Indian Students Committee), who was a fly fisherman, had expressed a wish to try his hand at spinning, I determined to arrange an expedition while he was still with us. I had been told that there was a bungalow at Badamtam, near the river Rangit, where we could spend a weekend. I arranged to visit it, and having read that mahseer were caught with a spoon I took with me my salmon rod and some spinning tackle.

We were a large family party, with Lady Lytton, both our daughters, John, Mr. Dearmer (his tutor), Captain Eveleigh

(an A.D.C.), and Mr. Field who, besides myself, was the only fisherman of the party. We rode down the hill through the forest till we came to the tea-gardens, and finished the last two miles on foot. On arrival at the bungalow we were met (much to our astonishment and amusement) by a guard of armed police with fixed bayonets, who presented arms! and all day and night a sentry paraded in front of the door. Our journey had taken us two hours, and it was ten o'clock when we arrived. Breakfast was already spread, with printed menu cards, and served by half a dozen servants in scarlet uniforms just as if we had been at Government House. It was very hot by this time, and I exchanged my riding-clothes for a pair of khaki shorts and a flannel shirt.

The bungalow was situated in a forest about three miles above the river. After breakfast we again mounted our ponies and continued the journey down into the valley. The Rangit is the boundary at this point between British India and Sikkim. From above it looks like a mere trickle, so deep is its valley, but when we got down to it we found it to be a fine big river like the Spey. There is a long suspension bridge hung high over the stream and when we crossed this we were met on the other side by a very strange assemblage. The whole population of the Sikkimese village was awaiting us, headed by the local zemindar (landlord). Triumphal arches decorated with greenery and wild flowers were erected over the road. Wild flowers in this part of the world were not buttercups and daisies, but plants which with us are only to be found in hothouses—hibiscus, daturas and orchids. A local band of half-naked villagers with tom-toms and strangely-shaped wind pipes escorted us through the village street and down to the river-bank. On both sides of the road men, women and children salaamed to the ground. A few local warriors who had been to France in the war were lined up for inspection. The local priest rang the bell of the local temple. And the object of all this homage and ceremony was a very unceremonious Governor, in shirt and shorts, with bare legs and arms out for a holiday with his fishing rod and butterfly net.

The procession conducted us to the water's edge, where on the stony part of the bed of the river a tent had been erected so that I could put up my rod screened from the rays of the sun, with a wicker stool covered with yellow silk for me to sit on, and a table covered with red silk bearing glasses and bottles of lemonade and



THE RANGIT RIVER

OUR DAY'S CATCH



ginger-ale for me to quench my thirst. Villagers stood round with various baits—fish, worms, grasshoppers, etc., but I had no hooks on which to make use of them. When we had completed all our preparations we stepped forward to the water's edge, while the local experts stepped back to a respectful distance, and the rest of the population gathered on the bridge and the surrounding hills to watch us.

I did not then know, what I subsequently learnt, that mahseer can only be caught on a rod when the water is clear, the sun is shining and there is no wind—conditions which a salmon-fisherman would regard as hopeless. The river in which we now threw our spoons was thick and chalky, but among the respectful crowd which watched us, and probably thought us crazy, there was no one to put us wise. From time to time I caught my hook in the bottom of the river, and on each occasion a small brown naked boy plunged into the stream and detached it for me.

When Lady Lytton and the girls arrived about 2 o'clock they were welcomed as we had been and we were all escorted with musical honours up to a bungalow where our luncheon was spread. While we were eating, another local band played "It's a long way to Tipperary", "Rule Britannia", and other appropriate tunes in three or four different keys at the same time. After luncheon Field and I resumed our fishing, but of course without success. When we finally abandoned it, I was shown that local methods could be more successful. A stalwart young villager in a loin cloth, looking like a gladiator, advanced panther-like into the stream, threw a small hand-net, and instantly dragged out a mahseer of about 5 lbs! With this booty we returned to our bungalow at Badamtam.

In the following year, when Lady Lytton and the children went home and I was left alone at Darjeeling, I made many week-end expeditions to the river valleys, and, when once I had discovered the necessary conditions, I had very good sport.

As the main rivers were never clear, either in the spring, when the snows were melting, or in the rains, when they were swollen with flood water, the only chance of sport was at the places where one of the smaller streams joined a larger one. When one of these smaller streams was running clear, fish could always be caught in the junction pool by throwing a spoon out into the thick waters of the main stream and letting it come round into the clear water of the smaller one. The fish would always take

just at the point where the thick and the clear water joined. These fish were generally big ones. Smaller fish could also be caught with a fly-spoon in the little streams.

There were several of these junction pools, but the trouble was that we had no information at Darjeeling of the conditions in the valleys. It always seemed to be raining in Darjeeling, but in the valleys there was uncertainty; the rain on one set of hills would discolour one stream while others would be clear. We never knew when we started what conditions we should find; sometimes they were perfect and we caught several fish; sometimes they were disappointing and all the junction pools were unfishable. But the very uncertainty added a new element of chance to a sport which is notoriously chancy. The conditions not only varied from week to week, but more drastically from year to year, as the rivers, after the rains, would change their courses altogether. Pools which had yielded good sport one year would be dry beds of stones the next; so that each year one had to learn one's rivers afresh.

Every season while I was at Darjeeling I used to enjoy these week-end fishing expeditions into the valleys. The change from the cold clammy heights of Darjeeling to the warm scented valleys, with their luxuriant vegetation and brilliantly-coloured butterflies, the smell of the tea-gardens, the exercise and the sport, were a never failing delight. A detailed description of one such expedition may be given as typical of them all.

We usually left Darjeeling early on Saturday morning and got to Badamtam for breakfast, but on this occasion, a day in early September, I left on Friday evening with Captain Cripps (my A.D.C. in 1925) and had a perfect ride down through the bamboo groves and tea-gardens, with a beautiful coloured sunset. We dined in the verandah, and the moon rose as we sat down to dinner. Afterwards we sat out and enjoyed the sights and sounds of the night.

Tiger Hill showed clear in the moonlight opposite, and above it hung a dark cloud, the interior of which glowed from time to time with amethyst-coloured lightning. Down in the valley barking deer barked hoarsely, and far away in the distance the murmur of the river was just audible. It was a perfect tropical night, heavy and scented and intensely peaceful.

On Saturday morning I was awakened at 5 o'clock by a lovely red sunrise which I was able to watch from my bed without

getting up. We breakfasted at 6.45 and started for the river at 7.15. We made for the pool where the Rangnu joins the Rangit. The first sight of the water is an exciting moment because unless the smaller stream is running clear fishing is useless, and so the first glimpse decides the fortunes of the day. When the conditions are perfect the clear water of the small stream looks quite black, like a stream of ink pouring into a torrent of milk. On this occasion the water of the Rangnu was not as clear as it should have been; it looked grey rather than black. But still it was clearer than the swollen chalky Rangit and the conditions, though not perfect, were not impossible. At this time of year, when both rivers are full, the Rangnu has three arms, and thus there are three junction pools where these streams join the Rangit, and therefore more fishable water than in the spring.

We started fishing the first of these junctions, which is the smallest pool of the three. I fished it down first with a small rod and fly-spoon without success. Cripps tried it next with a larger spoon. Then I fished it down again with my big rod, and at the fourth cast I hooked a fish which dashed down-stream in the strong current. My reel shrieked out, and I tried in vain to hold him; the line cut through my fingers—it had already reached the backing and the fish was far out in the strong current. I realised that I had no alternative but to follow him. This meant wading across the stream of the second arm of the Rangnu, which was not easy, as the current was strong and the bed strewn with large boulders. With the help of one of my police ghillies I managed to get across, and then ran down the bank of the main stream. The fish took me right to the end of the middle pool, but there I managed to stop him, and eventually landed him among the rocks and broken water of the second junction. It weighed 11 lbs.

By this time the men had caught some small fish (which I always found a better bait than a spoon), and I then fished the last of the three junction pools, which had not yet been disturbed, with dead bait. About the middle of the pool I got into another big fish, which again rushed down to the end of it in the strong current and tore out nearly all my line. Once more I had to follow him, ploughing through the water and stumbling over the rocks, and I succeeded in stopping him above the last race at the end of the pool. Then it was a question of hanging on till I got him near enough for the men to get the gaff into him. He

weighed 21 lbs. Mahseer have to be gaffed from below where the flesh is soft, as the scales on the back and sides are impenetrable.

We then paused for a rest and bathe. The pool in the Rangnu, where we had bathed in former years, was so swollen by the rains at this season that it was a rushing torrent, and it was very difficult to prevent being dashed to pieces against the rocks or carried away by the torrent to eternity. We then had luncheon, and afterwards we both fished down the main middle pool, but without catching another fish.

Lady Lytton and Hermione joined us at the bungalow for tea. While we were having dinner, there was a slight shower of rain, although the sky appeared to be quite clear and the moon rose grandly behind some picturesque streaks of cloud. We learnt later that this was the fringe of a heavy thunderstorm up at Darjeeling. We got very little of the rain at Badamtam, but it was just enough to prevent us from sitting out in the moonlight after dinner. The next day was a repetition of the day before. We had hoped to find the water of the Rangnu clearer, but to our disappointment the heavy rain in the hills during the night had discoloured it still more, so that fishing was only possible in the morning. I hooked and lost one fish, and then got another which treated me in the same way as the one of the day before. The dead weight of the water made it seem a bigger one, and it was nearly an hour before I got it landed, but it only weighed 16 lbs. We had another bathe and picnic luncheon and then returned to Darjeeling, where we found it had been raining continuously while we had been in sunshine all the time.

One other exciting adventure with a fish deserves to be recorded, although it ended in failure. During our stay at Birik in October, 1924, referred to in Chapter IV, I paid a visit to a very famous fishing-pool, the junction between the Riang and the Teesta—two much larger rivers than the Rangit and its tributaries. This place was too far for me to reach from Darjeeling, and I was rarely able to visit it. On our way to the river we looked in at the Riang bungalow, where there are drawings on the wall of the large fish which had been caught there in the past—most of them, I think, by a police officer called Richardson—the largest 54 lbs and the smallest 23 lbs. We vowed to add another one to the collection before the end of the day! We found the Riang running perfectly clear, and as we crossed the railway bridge the pool below looked most enticing. The water was in

perfect condition, and we walked down to the junction full of hope. I fished it down once without success, and then left it to Captain Horn (my A.D.C.) while I went up the Riang with a small rod and fly-spoon. Horn having had no success, we exchanged places, while the girls, Hcrmione, Davina and Linnet Lafone, undressed for a bathe.

At about the fourth cast I got into a fish, and my reel shrieked delightfully. I tried to stop the rush, but I had omitted to bring a finger-guard with me and I could not hold him. The fish took out the whole hundred yards of my casting line and was away out in the middle of the rough water of the Teesta. There he lay like a log, immovable. Presently he began to drop downstream, and though I was fishing with my biggest rod and put on all the pressure I could, I made no impression on him. I sent back word to Horn and the girls that I was in a big fish, and they came up in great excitement, the girls in their bathing-gowns having been interrupted in their swim. I had been hanging on to the fish for half an hour and was beginning to feel exhausted, as I had had nothing to eat since my *chota hazri* at 6 a.m. So I summoned them all to my assistance. While I hung on to the rod with both arms and tried vainly to check the line, Horn on his knees tried to wind up the reel with both hands, while the girls fed me with sandwiches and lemonade. It was a comic scene, but our united efforts were unavailing.

The struggle lasted for another hour. There were exciting moments. Once the fish got out all my line and I had only a few turns left on the reel. The Teesta is immensely wide at this point, where there is a big bend, and following along the bank was impossible. With Horn's help at the reel, we laboriously got back about 40 yards, inch by inch. At another moment after a rush I had an over-run of line and my reel jammed. This crisis was overcome, and again, inch by inch, we began winding in. Then my rod buckled at the first joint, the steel socket having given way under the strain. Finally my line broke just where it joined the wire trace.

It had been a titanic struggle, worthy to rank with one I once had in Norway with a huge salmon which got hooked in the tail and which I lost after playing it for nine hours. As I reeled in the 200 yards of line which were still in the water, and realised how long it would have taken me to have brought the fish in with it, my relief almost overcame my disappointment at losing such a record monster.

The next day I learnt a great deal from the local poacher about the fish which I had struggled with the day before. Apparently it was an historic fish, very well known locally. It lived under the big rock at the end of the pool and had been seen for the last forty years. It was of fabulous size and the villagers declared that it weighed at least a maund (80 lbs). It was called Limbuni, which means a woman of the Limbu tribe—a fighting caste in Nepal—and had never been hooked before. It was regarded with some superstition by the local people, who would not eat any fish that came out of Limbuni's pool. It was some satisfaction to know that I had been defeated by a fabulous monster with some of the attributes of a witch, but I should like to have added Limbuni to Mr. Richardson's collection.

Besides these week-end expeditions from Darjeeling in the hot weather and the rains, we made one or two longer ones in the cold weather from Calcutta to Jainti, where we had a camp with both shooting and fishing. This was an excellent sporting centre in the district of Jalpaiguri in the north of the Province at the foot of the Himalayas. These camps were very refreshing and delightful, and the mixed sport was a great attraction. We always got three or four tiger on each expedition, and the two rivers—the Rydak and the Sankosh—provided excellent fishing. I think the Sankosh is the loveliest river I have ever fished on, and though I was never lucky on it—there was always a wind when I was there, which spoiled the sport—I enjoyed my days on it more than any others because of the beauty of the scenery.

The fishing was quite different from that in the valleys below Darjeeling, because the water in the cold weather is crystal clear, and one can fish the whole river instead of only the junction pools. The chief difficulty is to keep out of sight, as the fish can see one clearly on the bank, and one has to fish with a long line. There is one moment as the seed is dropping off the cotton trees when the water becomes boiling with rising fish. The seed is contained in a little white puff, like thistle-down, and the fish take it the moment it touches the water. At that time they will take nothing else, and I had some hooks dressed with white hackle to imitate it.

Our first camp at Jainti was in March, 1924, and as my best day's fishing on that occasion was at some distance from the site of our camp, I planned a camp at Tiamari Ghât for the following November. But this camp was washed away after three days of



NIMBUNI'S POOL

OUR CAMP AT JAINTI



torrential rain, and we had to abandon it. After the flood had subsided, the Rydak left its normal bed and followed an entirely new course. Our last visit to Tiamari Ghât was in March, 1927, just before we came home, when the river had returned to its old channel.

On my most successful day on the Rydak in our first camp three rods—Mr. Glasson (a forest officer), Mr. Fairweather (a police officer) and I—caught 25 fish weighing 100 lbs, all on small rods. At one moment we were catching fish at almost every cast. We might have caught many more if we had all three been at it continuously, but Glasson only fished at intervals, and we stopped to land each other's catches, which caused a good deal of delay. Our fish were mostly between 8 and 13 lbs, and the average weight would have been higher but for five small ones which Glasson had caught. The scenery was lovely, as we were only two miles from the foot of the Himalayas. The sun shone brightly all day, and beautiful large kingfishers, like jewels, darted above the water, which was as blue as the Mediterranean.

These days of sport in the open air, scattered at intervals through our five years of official life, were not only intensely enjoyable in themselves but helped me to get through the other days which were crowded with hard work, both political and social, in an enervating climate and attended with many anxieties. Without them I do not think I could have borne the strain of my official work.

CHAPTER IX

COMMUNAL TROUBLES

I MUST now resume the narrative of my official life since I returned from Simla in 1925.

I began work again in Calcutta on August 9th, my 49th birthday, and immediately experienced again that sense of suffocation from the fumes of insincerity, intrigue and selfishness of Bengal politics from which I had enjoyed such a welcome escape during the last four months among the hills of Simla.

The subject occupying the attention of the Government at the moment was the choice of a successor to Sir Evan Cotton as President of the Legislative Council. On the day after my arrival I had interviews with two of the candidates for this post, who had come to ask for the support of the Government. The first gave me an admirable example of the way in which Bengalee politicians can use words like clothes or colours without any regard to their bearing on facts. He assured me, with apparently no consciousness of insincerity,

- (1) that he was not a Swarajist; had no sympathy with that party, hated the tyranny of its present leaders and longed to be free from any obligations to them;
- (2) that he had the greatest regard for myself, had always recognised my sympathy with Indian aspirations, was personally indebted to me for many kindnesses and wished always to serve me and follow my advice;
- (3) that he had never asked for a favour for himself from anyone and would never do so;
- (4) that he had that morning been adopted by the Swaraj party as their official candidate for the post of President of the Council;
- (5) that he had come to ask that the Government should support his candidature, or at least remain neutral in the matter.

My second visitor was equally bewildering. This was the fourth time he had come to ask me for the official support of the Government which he had consistently opposed on every occasion. He argued with me as if the strength of character which had enabled him to resist the overwhelming temptation to

vote for the Government which he loved and admired, in what he believed to be the best interests of the country, should now entitle him to the warm support of that Government.

"I know," he said, "that I have annoyed Your Excellency by the line I have taken, but I have acted throughout for the best."

"No," I replied, "you have not annoyed me, but you have thoroughly bewildered me, and I am utterly at a loss to understand the motive of your actions. You have repeatedly assured me on former occasions, and have repeated these assurances to-day, that you were one of the strongest original advocates of the Reforms, that you are still a strong supporter of the present Constitution, that you not only want Ministers to be appointed, but you have yourself the worthy ambition to serve your country in the capacity of a Minister; and yet on three separate and consecutive occasions you have voted for a motion to refuse the grant of salaries for Ministers, thereby making it impossible for me to appoint any Ministers at all. As a result of your action, the Reforms have now been suspended in Bengal and the Province is once more governed by a Governor in Council. On two former occasions I informed you that this would be the result of such a vote and you assured me it was the last thing you desired. Now that it has been accomplished, I hope you are satisfied."

We decided to support the candidature of Kumar Shib Shakhareswar Ray, the official nominee of the Nationalist Party, and on August 12th he was duly elected by 67 votes to 61. All Government Bills and supplementary estimates were also carried by majorities of 3, 4 or 5, and by August 18th I was able to leave for Darjeeling.

In September we were honoured by a visit from the King and Queen of the Belgians. It was a very unfortunate time of year for a Royal visit. It was intensely hot in Calcutta. Government House there was undergoing its annual period of cleaning and repairs, and Darjeeling was experiencing the worst rainy season it had ever had; but their Majesties were so cheerful, expected so little, appreciated so much anything that was done for them, that we could not have had more delightful guests. All their most trying experiences were welcomed and even enjoyed in the spirit of adventure.

We went down to Calcutta to meet them. This was an adventurous journey. There was a thunder of falling water in our ears all the way down and the hillsides were striped with

white cascades. At one point the line had been washed away and was blocked with debris which looked as if it would take at least a week to clear. Our return journey was to prove far worse!

While we were in Calcutta I received telegrams to say that since we had left there had been 25 inches of rain, and the railway which in the forty years of its existence had never been breached in more than one place at a time had been broken at many points. It was doubtful if we should manage to get back to Darjeeling for several days; in any case it was necessary to postpone the journey for twenty-four hours. When I reported this to King Albert, he replied very sweetly that he and the Queen were very happy in Calcutta and had so much to interest them there that they were quite reconciled to the change of plan.

After spending three very hot and very busy days in Calcutta, during which their Majesties were quite indefatigable and insisted on seeing all we could show them, including the Indian Museum, the Zoo, the Victoria Memorial, St. Xavier's College and St. Vincent's Home, the Horticultural Gardens, the Asiatic Society, the School of Tropical Medicine, Sir Jagadish Bose's Institute—ending up with a musical evening at the house of Sir Rabindranath Tagore—we began to doubt whether our strength would last out till the end of this Royal visit!

On the fourth day we decided to attempt to get up to Darjeeling, after warning Their Majesties that the journey might be full of adventure. *They readily accepted the risks and like ourselves* felt that these would only add to the interest of the trip. On this last morning King Albert asked if he could procure a bicycle on which he could go for a ride. When this proved impossible, the King worked off his energy by walking across the Maidan to the Victoria Memorial and back before breakfast! After breakfast Lady Lytton took the Queen to visit her new Nurses' Club. We then embarked on our launch, the "Empress Mary", and made our way up the Hoogly to Barrackpore, visiting the Ram Krishna Mission at Belur on the way. We lunched on the launch, and after showing Their Majesties the big banyan tree and Lady Canning's tomb, we drove round the Park to the Station and entrained there for Darjeeling.

Colonel Cameron, the railway agent, met us at Sukna, where the ascent begins. He told us that there had been fresh landslides in the night and that the worst landslide in the history of the railway had occurred at Sonada, but that he was confident of

getting us up somehow. He had arranged to run a rail motor in front of our train as a pilot, but the King said that he would like to travel in front in the car, so he and the Queen and Lady Lytton and I all got into the rail motor and became our own pilots—much to the amusement of the staff!

As far as Tindharia we had sunshine and wonderful views of the plains as we ascended. Immediately after leaving that station, however, we plunged into wet mist and the scene became very wintry and stormy. Twice we had to trans-ship and walk a short distance round the great mass of debris that had fallen down the hillside. *Dandies* had been provided for the ladies, but the Queen scorned them and insisted on walking through the mud. The last part of the journey was effected in motor-cars, but this too was full of adventure. In some places the road had sunk, in others fallen debris blocked it, and in others again, where it had been partially washed away, the wheels of our cars were within a few inches of the edge of the *khud*. To enable us to get up at all, an army of several thousand coolies had worked day and night for days. Great waterfalls roared down the hillsides, huge boulders loomed out of the mist, and the whole scene was mysterious and impressive; but when we reached Kurseong the clouds parted, the sun came out, and we had a view into the tea-gardens and sunlit valleys far below us. The last stage of the journey was the worst part and we had to make another trans-shipment before we arrived. We were again in mist all the way, but after passing the last loop of the railway the clouds again broke, as if by magic, and revealed Darjeeling in sunshine.

At dinner that night I told King Albert how glad I was that the journey had been successfully accomplished, and that although we had all enjoyed the adventure, the authorities responsible for clearing the road had been very anxious, as the danger of avalanches was considerable. The King asked me to convey his thanks to all those who had worked so hard to make the journey possible, and added, "I understand that the Himalayas are a very recent geological formation, and that the stone of which they are composed has not yet fully solidified." When I appeared impressed by this erudition, he hastened to add, with characteristic modesty, "You must not think I am a very clever man to say this; I read it in a book in my bedroom before dinner!"

Owing to our delay in arriving, the programme which we had

arranged for the Royal visit had to be considerably curtailed. King Albert had expressed a wish to do some mountaineering, which was his favourite sport. I told him that real mountaineering was impossible in the time, as the snow-line in the Himalayas was so high that it would take us several days to reach the nearest glacier. But I took His Majesty up to Tonglu and part of the way to Sandakphu, which was all that was possible in the two days at our disposal. Although it rained all the time, we had a few breaks in the clouds and got at least one good view of the Kanchenjunga range. We were accompanied by Mr. Shebbeare, one of my forest officers, who had taken part in the last Mount Everest expedition, and he was able to exchange experiences with the King on his favourite subject.

On our climb up the first day I noticed that blood was running down the King's face and I called the attention of Professor Nolf, the King's Doctor, to the fact. It was found that this was caused by a leech, which must have got into his topee when he had placed it on the ground during luncheon. King Albert was as indifferent to this as he was to all other discomforts, but the Doctor was pleased at having something to attend to. We looked like a party of tramps by the time we reached the bungalow, as we were all soaked to the skin. The King, a stalwart Viking, with his beautiful new topee sodden with rain, and the blood trickling down his face from his bandaged head, had the appearance of a wounded hero. Professor Nolf had left Darjeeling in the morning in a spotless hot-weather suit of white duck; this was now shapeless from rain and bespattered with mud. Shebbeare in good rough garments looked more appropriate in his present surroundings than he had done in the ballroom the previous night!

I apologised to the King for the inadequacy of the accommodation in the bungalow, but he seemed to regard it as a palace, and, like everything else, much too good for him.

"It is very comfortable," he said. "In the Alps I often have to sleep on the floor."

While we were making this expedition, Lady Lytton took Queen Elizabeth and the rest of the party for a picnic at the Power Station at Sidarpong, a very lovely place which we had only recently discovered. Her Majesty, who was a very keen entomologist and carried her butterfly net and killing bottle everywhere, was delighted with the many new specimens she found.

The King and Queen were most gracious to everyone during their visit. They went everywhere and saw everything that we could show them in the time. The visit was specially welcomed by the Belgian Jesuit Fathers, who had Mission Schools at St. Joseph's and at Kurseong. Their Majesties spoke simply and appreciatively to all those who were introduced to them, and seemed genuinely to enjoy themselves. When the meeting came to an end we were very sorry to part with them and felt that they were the most charming and appreciative guests it had ever been our pleasure to entertain.

A few days later I received a very complimentary letter from one of the Belgian Fathers at Kurseong, telling me that when they stopped there on their way down the King and Queen had been most enthusiastic about the delightful time they had spent at Darjeeling. Professor Nolf had also expressed himself in these words:—"Seul le gentleman Anglais peut recevoir ainsi. Nous autres Belges, nous exagérons, nous faisons trop les empressés, nous voltigeons trop autour de nos hôtes, et cela gêne. Ici chez Lord et Lady Lytton tout est absolument parfait et on se sent à l'aise."

In October Antony came out from England to join us, and we made our expedition to the sources of the Teesta. These events have been described elsewhere. We got back to Calcutta on November 15th and prepared for a very festive cold weather season. But on November 21st we received the news of Queen Alexandra's death, and the resulting Court mourning necessitated the cancellation of all our engagements. The season, which would otherwise have been a very busy one, was exceptionally quiet and we spent much of our time at Barrackpore. Politically this period was also uneventful, but in the spring of 1926 a new and serious trouble suddenly developed.

Hostility between the Hindu and Moslem communities had been growing for some time and I was expecting some clash between them during the year; but I thought it would happen in the autumn at the time of the chief Hindu festival. This growing antipathy between the two great Indian communities was one of the fruits of the Reforms. Before Indians had any executive power there was little opportunity for either community to injure the other, and British officials belonging to neither of them were able to hold the balance fairly between them. But when Indians became Ministers and not only controlled policy

but had a monopoly of patronage, the influence of Government was apt to be exercised in favour of the community to which the Ministers belonged to the detriment of the other community. I have already mentioned in Chapter V a complaint of such partiality which was made to me while I was at Simla.

Nothing of this sort had happened in Bengal, and neither community in the Province had suffered any injustice at the hands of the other. But both had grievances which they frequently voiced.

The Mohammedans claimed that fifty-two per cent of the population of the Province belonged to their faith, and based on this fact a demand for a majority of all official posts in the Government service. They made it a grievance that most of the posts were held by Hindus, and in particular that the police were predominantly Hindu. The grievance had no real foundation because the Bengal Mohammedans were almost entirely confined to Eastern Bengal and were mostly peasants and cultivators. The number of educated Mohammedans with good qualifications was very small, and none of them had any difficulty in obtaining appointments whenever they became vacant. In fact, as I often pointed out to my Mohammedan Members of Council or Ministers, an educated Mohammedan in Bengal had a better chance of employment and promotion than any man in any other country in the world. The Moslem grievance over the repartition of Bengal at the time of Lord Hardinge's Viceroyalty, and especially the way in which it had been accomplished, still rankled, and will never be forgotten or forgiven by the generation which experienced it.

The Hindus complained that, though they represented practically the whole of the intelligentsia of the Province, they neither controlled the Government nor monopolised the services. They not only regarded Bengal as a Hindu Province, but they thought of India as the land of the Hindus, and were impatient of any claims of the Mohammedans which conflicted with their own.

A special cause of bitterness between the two communities was the Sangathan movement, which had been started by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya and aimed at the reconversion of Moslems to Hinduism. This greatly alarmed the Moslem community and led to a counter-movement for organising the Mohammedans as a political body.

The riots which broke out in Calcutta in the spring of 1926 started quite accidentally, but rapidly developed into a trial of strength between the two communities, each hoping that the Government would decide in its favour the disputed question whether music should be allowed or prohibited when processions passed a Mosque; and they only subsided when Government made it perfectly clear that it would not side with either of them, that it demanded some measure of consideration from both, and would punish impartially those who disobeyed the orders it had issued.

The trouble started on April 2nd, when a Hindu religious procession was attacked by Mohammedans who had been praying in a Mosque when it passed. The organisers of the procession had, in accordance with the invariable custom, obtained a permit from the police to hold the procession, and a police escort to accompany it. The permit prescribed the route to be taken, and included a condition that they should stop their music when passing any Mohammedan Mosque. The leaders made every effort to carry out their undertaking, but unfortunately one of their followers insisted on beating his drum as they were passing a Mosque, in spite of all remonstrances and appeals. This annoyed the Mohammedans, who understood that the drum-beating was intended as an insult. The whole Mohammedan population of the district immediately turned out and attacked the procession. Hindus from surrounding areas came to their rescue and rioting became general. Many people were injured and some were killed. The tension between the two communities spread to the whole city. Moslems attacked Hindus and Hindus attacked Moslems in the streets, and the military had to be called out to keep order.

I was in Darjeeling at the time, and engrossed with a very serious family anxiety. Two of our children were ill with malaria. Antony was delirious at one end of the passage, and Hermione was in a state of collapse at the other. We were very anxious about both of them. As soon as I received the news from Calcutta, I sent Sir Hugh Stephenson (my senior Member of Council) to Calcutta to consult with Armstrong (who had succeeded Tegart as Commissioner of the Calcutta police) and told him that I would come down myself immediately on receipt of a telegram from him saying that my presence in Calcutta would be helpful. This was on Easter Sunday. During the next

ten days the situation improved, but there was still some sporadic rioting by hooligans who took advantage of the general panic to loot. I got regular reports from Stephenson, telling me that the situation was well in hand and assuring me that my presence would be rather embarrassing than otherwise, as there was nothing that I could do which he and Armstrong were not already doing, and if I came down they would have to look after me as well. I also received many telegrams from Mohammedans, who mistrusted the Hindu police, begging me to send only English police and troops into the disturbed area. But with the exception of a few officers we had no English police then. In such moments of crisis the demand for Indianisation is forgotten.

Our invalids also continued to progress towards convalescence, but a new trouble came upon us. Antony's dog died of rabies and we were all threatened with the necessity of undergoing anti-rabies inoculation. I was reminded of the Chinese proverb, quoted in *The Wallet of Kai Lung*, "Ills never come singly, so when you arrive home and find your house on fire, be sure and count the change you have received from the cabman"!

By the 19th Stephenson was able to return to Darjeeling and give me a first-hand account of the situation in Calcutta. The troops, he said, had greatly enjoyed themselves and had been popular with both sides. Marwaris were hiring Anglo-Indians to sleep on their premises as the nearest they could get to a European. There were fewer people than ever in Calcutta who wanted to see the last of the British! Two days later I took Lady Lytton and Hermione down to Calcutta on their way to England. Armstrong met me at the station and told me that the situation was now apparently normal and that he had felt justified in allowing two Hindu processions to take place in the recently disturbed area. One had been carried out the previous day without any incident, and if the second, which was to be held that day, was equally uneventful, he would be satisfied. So long as he was obliged to prohibit processions of this kind, or to provide unusual police escorts, it could not be said that the normal life of the town had been restored. He also told me that the Sikh community had been pleased with the message which I had sent them, thanking them for the excellent example set by their community in the recent riots.

With this reassuring news I felt able to return to Darjeeling, and I was glad to find Antony completely recovered when I

arrived there. Unfortunately, however, the riots broke out again owing to some drunken Mohammedans having used abusive language in the streets. Crowds collected, stones were thrown, the police were obliged to fire three rounds with their revolvers and some people were injured. I sent Stephenson back to Calcutta, but as the rioting continued, and my absence was being adversely commented upon, I felt it necessary to return myself three days later.

I found the situation had become complicated in two ways. The Mohammedans having come off badly in the latest street fighting were anxious to re-establish their boasted superiority. Each side had become more concerned to teach the other a lesson than to secure the peace they both professed to desire. The other complication was caused by the fact that the business people of both communities were introducing from outside the Province hired professional hooligans, called *goondas*, to protect their houses, and these ruffians endeavoured to justify their pay by attacking members of the opposite community. Each day would open in apparently normal conditions. Then some incident would occur, a drunken man would start shouting, a false rumour would be circulated, or the tyre of a passing motor would burst with a report. Instantly a crowd collected, the shopkeepers put up their shutters, the Hindus started attacking the nearest Moslems, the Moslems the nearest Hindus; the police appeared on the scene and the rival groups suspending their quarrel joined in stoning the police; the police then had to open fire and the crowd dispersed, leaving a few casualties to be taken to hospital. Such was the situation I found, and the immediate necessity was to obtain powers to get rid of the imported *goondas*.

Although there was nothing that I could do personally, my mere presence seemed to inspire confidence, and the situation improved. I drove with Armstrong through the area of the recent disturbances and visited the people who were suffering from injuries in the various hospitals. I also had interviews with the leaders of both communities. They were all very indignant, and each set laid all the blame for the trouble on the other. The Hindus insisted that the playing of music in the streets was a common law right and had been declared such by the Privy Council. If only I would be firm, they said, and uphold the decision of the Privy Council, the trouble would immediately subside. The Moslems complained that their religious liberty was being

infringed. They referred me to the Proclamation of Queen Victoria after the Mutiny, which guaranteed that there would be no interference with the religious liberty of any community. If only I would be firm, they said in almost the same words as the Hindus, and uphold Queen Victoria's promise, there would be no more trouble.

Whilst I was thus occupied and was preparing the Bill by which we sought powers to remove the *goondas*, a new and horrible trouble descended upon me. Antony, who had come down from Darjeeling with me, suddenly developed dysentery and had to be moved to a nursing home. Fortunately he had no complications and soon began to convalesce; but the anxiety was great, and in my busy life I had little time to spend with him.

My next duty was a visit to Simla, where I had been summoned for a conference with Lord Irwin, the new Viceroy, who had arrived on Easter Sunday. He had many subjects he wished to discuss with me, including the release of the detenus, as well as the communal riots and the measures we wished to take to deal with the situation, but it was very difficult in the midst of my *public and private anxieties to fix a date for the visit*. At the last moment, after all arrangements had been made for my departure, I had to postpone it in order to deal with a critical situation. In four days' time there was to be an important Sikh procession and the Government had laid down the conditions under which it was to take place. Neither the Sikhs nor the Mohammedans, however, were satisfied with the conditions, and each threatened to use the procession as an occasion for asserting their claims on the general question of music before Mosques. I therefore decided to summon a conference of their leaders at Government House and was just in time to get my saloon detached from the Punjab Mail before it started.

At the conference the next day I told the representatives that I felt bound to carry out my pledge to the Sikhs, who had behaved very well on the last occasion, but that as there was no time to discuss the general question with them before that day, the conditions laid down for the procession must be such as not to prejudice the main question. So far they all agreed, but when I explained that in order not to favour the contention of either party, music must be allowed in front of some Mosques and stopped in front of others, the Moslems objected and said they could make no distinction between one Mosque and another.

Finding it impossible to secure any compromise by agreement, I said that I should myself take the responsibility of prescribing the conditions and should provide sufficient force to ensure that they were obeyed. I asked those present to use their influence with their respective followers to see that my orders were not resisted. At once they all agreed and promised that if they were not asked to accept any responsibility for my decisions, they would recommend their followers to obey them. After the meeting I arranged with Armstrong and Stephenson the details for the procession, and confident that everything had been done to ensure that the procession would take place without any breach of the peace, I left for Simla.

It was a great pleasure to be welcomed at Viceregal Lodge by personal friends, and nothing could exceed the kindness and sympathy which I received there. I had many things to discuss with the Viceroy and our talks were long and friendly; but I must not interrupt my narrative to speak of them here.

As soon as I got back to Calcutta I had another conference at Government House with the Hindu and Moslem leaders, to try and secure agreement about the general question of playing music before Mosques, but it proved quite as abortive as the previous one. I pleaded with each of them for some consideration for the feelings of the other. I said that this was the basis of the conditions usually imposed in the police permits, namely, that music should be stopped when the procession passed a hospital or place of public worship. It would be unreasonable for anyone to claim in the name of religion the right to disturb the peace of sick persons in hospital or of other worshippers at their prayers, and as far as possible, therefore, the routes of the Hindu processions should avoid passing places of public worship at times when people were praying in them. To this the Hindus replied that they could not control either the routes or the times of their processions, as these were settled for them in advance by the stars! I then said that if the stars required them to take their processions past Mosques where Moslems were at prayer, the police would require them to stop playing music while doing so.

To the Moslems I said that the claim of individual worshippers not to be disturbed in their prayers was as inadmissible as the claim of individual citizens not to be disturbed when they were ill or to hold up the traffic when they wanted to cross a street; but that when a large body of worshippers were praying at

recognised hours for such prayers the claim would be reasonable. I pointed out that the words "hours of public worship" in the police licences governing processions in the streets of Calcutta were intended to indicate hours of congregational prayers alone. To this the Mohammedans replied that their congregational prayers began at noon and lasted, with only occasional breaks, until nightfall! Moreover they objected to the terms of the police licences and contended that the playing of music should be forbidden at all times in the neighbourhood of a Mosque, as music was condemned by the Shariat or Mohammedan religious law. I then reminded them that Calcutta was not governed by Mohammedan law, and that whatever their feelings about music might be, music formed an important part in the religious ceremonies of the Hindu community which, it must not be forgotten, largely outnumbered that of the Moslems in Calcutta.

Finding it quite impossible to secure the slightest concession from either side, I informed the conference that I should be obliged to issue orders in the sense in which I had spoken to them, which neither side would like but which both would be required to obey. This is what in fact happened, and after those who infringed the rules had been impartially arrested, whether they were Hindus or Moslems, both sides abandoned the struggle and order was once more restored. I became convinced from this experience that in religious or communal disputes of this kind it is useless to hold conferences of leaders. These are afraid of giving away anything and feel it incumbent on them to stick to their extreme demands. They are like parties in a law-suit who think that the more extravagant their claims the more likely are they to secure a judgment in their favour. Fortunately for the peace of India, the rank and file of these two rival communities are not nearly so intransigent as their leaders. They do in fact co-operate with each other in all the daily business of life. They work together in business, on district Boards and Municipal Corporations, in Legislative Councils, and sometimes even in the same Ministry. It is only at rare intervals, when their religious feelings become inflamed, that they treat each other as enemies and clashes occur.

The next step was to deal with the imported hooligans, and the same afternoon I addressed the members of the Legislative Council in a special session which had been called to consider the Government Bill on this subject. In my speech I reviewed

the events of the last six weeks, defended the Government against the criticisms which had been made both of its action and inaction, and explained the reasons for the special powers we were seeking. Under existing legislation we were able to deal with regular *goondas*, but we had no power to deal with the people who had recently been imported from up-country as personal body-guardians. Many of them had been arrested and persuaded to leave the country in anticipation of the powers for which the Government were asking. The rest would be removed as soon as the Bill became law. The claim that citizens should be allowed to arm themselves and become responsible for their own defence led straight to the conditions of the jungle, and the issue before the Council was a choice between the rule of law by which civilised communities are governed and the rule of claw by which the beasts preserve their lives. I was at pains to explain that the powers asked for could only be used in an emergency, which was limited to three months, and that they could not be applied to normal political or industrial disputes.

After addressing the Council I returned to Government House to await the result of the debate. On two former occasions I had waited in the same way for news of the voting on the question of Ministers' salaries and on our Criminal Law Amendment Bill, and each time the news had been of defeat.

At about 6 o'clock I heard loud cheering in the streets from the direction of the Town Hall and concluded that once again our Bill had been rejected by those whom it was designed to benefit. A feeling of despair came over me at the impossibility of using Parliamentary forms of Government without an assured majority, and I wished that I could divest myself of my responsibility to Parliament at home and leave the people of Bengal to learn by bitter experience the consequences of irresponsible opposition. Fortunately, however, this proved to be a false alarm, and about three-quarters of an hour later I received in rather a dramatic manner the news that the Bill had been accepted. A thunderstorm with monsoon-like rain was in progress, and my telephone bell, influenced apparently by the atmospheric conditions, was ringing intermittently. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning which seemed to come right into the room, accompanied by a deafening crash of thunder, and the telephone bell ceased instantly. Immediately afterwards my Private Secretary came in with the news that the motion to take the Bill into

consideration had been carried by 61 to 46, only the Swarajists having voted against it.

The crisis was now over. The Bill was passed without amendment on the following day and I was able to return to Darjeeling, where I found Antony quite recovered. Three weeks later we left together to rejoin the family in England on four months' leave.

After my return in the autumn a general election took place and a new Legislative Council was elected. The result was not very different from the last, but the Swarajists lost some of their strength. Bengal was beginning to resent the terrorism and corruption which they had practised, and the Moslems were solidly opposed to them. I was therefore faced once more with the task of finding Ministers who would command support in the Council. The task was as difficult as ever, owing to the personal jealousies and antipathies both among the Hindus and the Moslems. After prolonged negotiations I appointed two Ministers, Mr. Chakravarty, the leader of the Nationalists, who succeeded in uniting the Hindus, and Mr. Ghaznavi, one of the previous Mohammedan Ministers, who, though not accepted as their leader by all the Moslems, had a sufficient following to secure a majority. The new Council met in January, 1927, and when the Budget came up for consideration in March the usual motion was made for the total rejection of the Ministers' salaries, but this time it was defeated by 73 to 59. I was thus able to leave a Ministry in existence for my successor when I finally retired at the end of the month. The lesson of the last three years had been taken to heart.

CHAPTER X

RETROSPECT

THERE is one subject which has not fitted into any of the preceding chapters, yet which deserves some mention, that is my relations with the two Universities at Calcutta and Dacca, of which I was *ex officio* the Chancellor.

At Calcutta I found in Sir Ashutosh Mukharji, the Vice-Chancellor, the most outstanding personality in Bengal. He was a man of great learning and great force of character. I admired him and could have worked with him most willingly. Unfortunately circumstances threw us into opposition and my relations with him after my first year became stormy rather than friendly. He was a great autocrat, and would not brook any interference on the part of Government with the University, which he regarded as his own. Yet financial assistance from the Government was necessary, and the Government could not be expected to make grants to the University without expressing some opinion on the use made of their money—and in many respects Sir Ashutosh's administration was open to criticism.

Sir Ashutosh was a Brahmin and rigidly orthodox, whereas my Minister of Education was a Kayastha, and the higher caste man would accept no orders from one of a lower caste, even though the latter was his official superior in the hierarchy of Government. My Minister was the author of a Bill for the reform of the University. The Vice-Chancellor would have none of it and my position as head both of the Executive Government and of the University was rendered very difficult.

During my first year I managed, on the whole successfully, to act as an intermediary between the two, but then a comparatively trivial incident caused an open breach between the Vice-Chancellor and myself. At the first Convocation of the University I had been rather shocked by the procedure adopted. The Vice-Chancellor started conferring degrees upon the graduates who had earned them without any reference to the Chancellor, although he was present at the time. I had no personal feeling in the matter, but as a University man I thought it was improper that a Vice-Chancellor should officiate in the presence of his Chancellor without obtaining the authority of the latter to do so.

At Dacca this situation did not arise, as at the Convocations there I conferred the degrees myself. At my second Convocation in Calcutta, therefore, I asked the Vice-Chancellor to obtain the authority of the Chancellor before proceeding to confer the degrees. This gave mortal offence to Sir Ashutosh; his pride was wounded, and he thought that I was arrogating to myself a superiority which was never claimed by former Viceroys such as Lord Curzon or my own father when they were Chancellors of the University. The result was that he was extremely offensive to me and we had a row at the end of the ceremony. I was sorry about this, because although I was right about the procedure, I had been tactless in the way I had tried to correct it. A year later, when Sir Ewart Greaves, an English Judge of the High Court, became Vice-Chancellor, the matter was adjusted without difficulty in the first conversation I had with him. We then agreed that in future the Chancellor at the conclusion of his speech should use the phrase "I now declare the Convocation open and call upon the Vice-Chancellor to proceed to the conferring of degrees." This was a simple way of maintaining the authority of the Chancellor without hurting anyone's feelings, but I had not been clever enough to think of it in the first instance.

Sir Ashutosh Mukharji died in the summer of 1924, and I was able to show his family that I regretted our quarrel by attending a memorial meeting in Calcutta and paying a tribute to his great qualities.

The most important change in the field of education which was accomplished during my term of office was the substitution in the Matriculation regulations of Calcutta University of the vernacular language for English as the medium of teaching and examination in all the secondary schools. I was strongly in favour of this change and was glad to be able to accomplish it before I left. I always found among young Indians a lack of clarity both in speaking and thinking. This I attributed to the fact that everything they learnt was communicated to them in a foreign language by teachers who were very imperfect masters of it themselves. I tried to imagine what my own state of mind would be if all the history, geography, mathematics, science, etc., which I knew had been taught to me by English teachers in Hebrew or Chinese.

The change was opposed both by the English and by some Moslems. The English were naturally afraid that the change

might lead to a neglect of the English language, but I was able to assure them that the new regulations would only apply to schools that could prove that they included efficient teaching of English as one of the subjects of their curriculum, and I thought it likely that the language so learnt might be better spoken than it was at present. The Mohammedan objection was less obvious. Those who made it tried to convince me that the Bengalee spoken in Moslem homes in Eastern Bengal was so different from the written language of the text-books the children would have to use that the Moslem children would practically have to learn it as a new language, that they would require to learn it from Hindu teachers, and that this would mean that the young Moslems would become impregnated with the idolatrous tenets of Hinduism. I could not take this objection seriously, for the difference between the written and spoken language was no greater than in the case of the dialect spoken in Scottish homes and the English of school text-books. It seemed to me that those who used such arguments were really trying to maintain Islam as a separate civilisation in India, which others had failed to do in the past. The Mohammedans of Eastern Bengal were not a separate race, but were every year assimilating more and more the characteristics of their Hindu neighbours. The objection amounted to a request that Government should help to prevent Moslems from becoming Indians, with which I had little sympathy.

In order to prepare the necessary text-books, and to allow the schools time to arrange for the adequate teaching of English as a special subject, a period of five years was fixed before the change-over came into operation.

In my Convocation speeches to the students at both Universities I gave them of my best. I took a great deal of trouble about these speeches and tried to say what I thought might be helpful to them. But I am inclined to think that my efforts were wasted and I doubt if half the students really understood what I said to them. In my farewell address to the students of Dacca I used words which may fittingly be quoted here, as they are a summary of my opinions both then and now about the constitutional problem in India:—

“I assume,” I said to them, “that each one of you is intensely patriotic, that you are all dreaming of the day when India will be as fully self-governing as Australia or Canada. Have you

considered how this may be brought about? What are the conditions precedent to its accomplishment, and what part you can each play in securing the realisation of that ideal? If one may judge by their speeches and actions, the leaders of public opinion in India seem to think that political freedom is a blessing that can come from without. Some think it may be won as a favour, others think it may be extorted as a concession. They are both mistaken. No country can confer freedom on another if the conditions necessary for its maintenance do not exist, and no people can keep another permanently in subjection against its will once they have acquired the unity and organisation necessary to act as a nation. If every Englishman were to leave India to-morrow, India would not be free or self-governing, and if and when the many races and peoples who live in the Indian continent become one nation, no power in the world will for long be able to withhold from it a national government.

"India is no longer a mere geographical expression: it is already a State. A State can be made from without, a Nation can only be made from within. Others have made Bengal part of the Indian State. You alone can make her part of an Indian Nation. Study then, while you are still here, how this may be done. If India is the city of your dreams—a free, united, peaceful, prosperous, self-governing India—remember how the actual material city in which you live has come to be built. It is composed of many individual bricks, and each brick has to join with other bricks before it can make a house, and the houses have to stand in rows to make the streets along which the life of the city passes to and fro. However good the design of the architect may have been, if the bricks were defective or the cement did not bind, the houses would not stand and there would be no city. As with the actual, so with the ideal. It has to be built out of individual men and women who must combine for the purpose. You are the bricks out of which that city must be constructed. Before you can begin to think in terms of India, you must learn to think in terms of Bengal, and before you can do anything for Bengal you must become Bengalis before anything else. Start then by asking yourselves, whether you be Moslems or Hindus, Brahmins or Namasudras, 'What can I do for the unity of Bengal, how can I best serve this dear land of fertile plains and broad rivers?' "

My own five years' experience had taught me how far the people of even one Province yet were from feeling anything like a sense of national unity, and this sense of unity existed even less between the peoples of different Provinces. As one example I may mention that when I first visited a school in Darjeeling I noticed a number of hill boys in a class who seemed to me to be bigger and older than the others. I asked the headmaster how the hill boys got on in the school. He replied:—"They are slower and more backward than the boys from the plains, but they are very persevering and work hard because they feel that to become well educated is the only way to prevent themselves from becoming governed by Bengalis!"

It was an interesting experience for me some years later to visit China, another oriental country that was in the process of becoming a nation. At the time of their revolution in 1911 there was very little national sentiment among the people of China, and what we understand by patriotism in the west was practically non-existent. The Japanese have been creating it in recent years far more rapidly than the Chinese could have done if left to themselves. Indian politicians no doubt think the Chinese very lucky not to be dominated by an alien race, and to be able to work out their political development at their own time and in their own way. But the statesmen in China who were busy evolving their constitution at the time of my visit would have given a great deal to have had a strong central Government such as exists in India to keep the peace and hold the ring while they were working out their reforms.

What I felt most in India was the lack of faith both among the British and the Indians. The Indians had too little faith in the sincerity of British intentions, the British too little faith in Indian friendship. Yet the interests of both are inseparably bound together. As Lord Irwin said in an excellent speech to the European Association on his first visit to Calcutta, whatever opinions might be held elsewhere about representative institutions, England could not do otherwise than try to establish them in India, since this was the form of government that had proved most successful at home. Nations, like individuals, could not act except in accordance with their own nature, and being the inventors and pioneers of democracy we could no more abandon our belief in this form of government than fire could lose its quality of heat.

Concessions to Indian demands will, I am sure, never be acceptable to British opinion unless and until they are shown to be compatible with our own interests, and British professions of sympathy with India will always be suspect in the eyes of Indians, who look upon Britain as an enemy. The problem, therefore, for the political leaders in each country is to find a solution which will commend itself equally to both. Patriotism means zeal for the welfare of your own country, and neither in India nor in Britain will the betrayal of national interests be forgiven.

Looking back at the end of my five years, I thought that I had probably made a mistake in treating my Government as a single unit and making no distinction between the Reserved and Transferred Departments. I had hoped by so doing to give my Ministers a voice in the whole policy of the Government and to make the Legislative Council feel that they too were concerned with the policy of Government as a whole. The only result, however, was to identify the Ministers with a Government that was disliked, and to weaken instead of strengthening their position. I never liked the system of diarchy, and thought to minimise its defects by treating it as if it did not exist; but having found this method a failure, I became convinced that the system would only be made workable by keeping the two parts of Government quite distinct, providing them with separate budgets and giving to each the power of discharging its responsibility unhampered by the other.

This opinion is now merely academic, because since I left India the Simon Commission has made its report and a new Government of India Act has been passed. Diarchy has been abolished in the Provinces, which are now completely self-governing in all provincial matters. Diarchy was retained in the provisions for the Federal Government, but that part of the Act has not yet been put into operation. If it is ever applied, or replaced by some new enactment, it will be well to remember the experiences of the Provinces.

Our policy hitherto has been based, I feel, on a wrong diagnosis of the situation. We have assumed the problem to be that of a people with a sense of responsibility wishing to be allowed to exercise it, but that was not in fact the case; the problem has rather been that of a people with no sense of

responsibility and no experience of it, wanting to possess it, and dreading any situation which would cause them to reveal their deficiency. Having started from a faulty diagnosis, our prescriptions seem to me to have been progressively faulty. We have done nothing to cultivate the defective sense of responsibility, we have set Indians tasks in which they were bound to fail, we have asked them to advise men more competent and experienced than themselves, we have encouraged them to criticise everyone in a responsible position, we have allowed them to impede the policies and actions of others, and to think and say that they would do better themselves without giving them the opportunity to test their capacity.

In such circumstances it was impossible for anyone to do any good. Parliament had given to public opinion in India an unlimited power of obstruction, and public opinion in England constituted an equal obstacle to the teaching of lessons at the cost of efficiency. The result was that Bengal, while I was there, was probably the worst governed country in the world, in the sense that it was the one in which it was the hardest to get any work of public utility carried out, but perhaps the other Provinces were no better. In Bengal I learnt in the course of my term of office what was required in the public interest in every department of Government, but I was powerless to carry it out. I had very able technical advisers, but I could not give effect to the measures which they prepared. Schemes that were ready to be put into operation when I arrived were still unfulfilled when I left. Calcutta University was unreformed, the standard of secondary education unimproved, primary education not yet begun; the Howrah Bridge was not built, the Grand Trunk Canal scheme not started; the infantile death rate was still unduly high, epidemic disease rampant, food and water still scarce; and the men who ought to have been concerned with these matters were only occupied with the game of politics, trying to secure for themselves, or prevent others from obtaining, office and patronage. The inadequacy of provincial revenues and the enormously increased power of obstruction seemed to me the principal defects of the system I had to try and work.

Since then a new advance has been made, and so far as the Provinces are concerned the Governors and their Ministers are completely answerable to the local legislatures for all the functions of Government. The problem of the Central Government

still remains. If all the different local Governments are to be combined under one central Government responsible to the local population, as in the other self-governing Dominions of the British Commonwealth, the Government must of necessity be on a federal basis; in no other way can the Indian States under their personal rulers be combined with the democratically-governed Provinces of British India. Unfortunately we in this country have very little experience of federal constitutions, and it is doubtful whether the House of Commons has the necessary knowledge of Indian conditions to devise a suitable constitution for that country. I am inclined to think that a new Commission to study the problem is required, including among its members persons from Canada, Australia and South Africa who have had experience of working federal constitutions. These should meet the representatives of the Indian States as well as the Ministers of the self-governing Provinces, and with the help of experienced officials try to evolve a constitution that would be both acceptable and workable.

The crude way in which the Indian problem is spoken of by most Indian politicians and many English ones, who have little knowledge of the subject, is completely misleading. These are the sort of phrases which are commonly used:—

“India demands her freedom, on what grounds can Britain refuse to grant it?”

“The principle of self-determination requires that India should govern herself.”

“India gave us splendid help in the last war and is giving it to us again; we ought to reward her by granting her demands.”

“Does the Atlantic Charter apply to India; if not, why not?”

In all these phrases the word “India” has really no meaning. The “India” that helps us in our wars is not the “India” that asks for the removal of the British. The Indian States that have provided us with the money and the soldiers which have so greatly helped us in our war effort would not be rewarded by concessions to Congress politicians. “The freedom of India” would not be secured by placing the fighting races under the rule of the politicians whom they despise, or allowing the fighting races to dominate the politicians. The fact is that under British rule the peoples and races of all India have for the first time in their history been united into one State, and it is the object of both British and Indians to convert that State into a nation,

but this cannot be done in a short time and it cannot be done by an Act of Parliament. All that the British Parliament can do is to provide the machinery by which those who are willing to act together may be enabled to do so. It cannot compel people to co-operate who are unwilling to do so.

It is assumed by most of those who criticise British policy in India that our presence and authority in that country is resented by the majority of the Indian peoples, and that we hold India by force. This is of course demonstrably untrue. Whilst the Government of this great State has been mainly supervised by British officials sent out from England, yet, as in the case of the army, the British element is a very small proportion of the civil administration. As British rule was established by Indian soldiers, so also is the Government carried on by Indian officials, and the Courts of Justice staffed by Indian Judges and Magistrates. Though the policy of the Indian Government is determined in its wider aspects by the British Parliament, yet the very existence of that Government is dependent on the consent of the Indian people. If it were not for the services of Indian soldiers and Indian officials, and the acquiescence of the Indian people, it could not last for a single week. The goodwill on which it is based is like the credit of a Bank. As the reserves of the latter are never sufficient to meet all its liabilities, so the actual military strength maintained in the country by the former would not be sufficient if its authority were not rooted in the goodwill of the people. Criticism of the Government is more freely indulged in in India than anywhere in the world, because the foundations of Government are secure. So long as its policy is broadly altruistic, criticism can be tolerated, and sedition or rebellion suppressed fearlessly, from a knowledge that, if need were, the Government could command the whole naval and military force of the British Empire in its support. But British and Indian officials alike discharge their responsibilities with the knowledge that their actions are subject to the approval of those from whom they derive their authority.

As an example of the extent to which this is true, I may mention the variety of Indian support which I personally received. Though I was the Governor of only one Province my personal safety and my confidential documents were in the hands of Indians from all parts of India. I was called in the morning by a Bearer who came from Madras. I was shaved by a Bengali

barber; my Jemadar was a Sikh; my confidential Clerk was an Anglo-Indian Christian; my food was cooked by a Magh from the borders of Arakan, and served by Chaprassis who were both Hindu and Mohammedan; my Bodyguard was composed of Punjabis; my Police were mostly from Bihar. My life was thus daily in the hands of men from all parts of India, Moslems and Hindus, men of high caste and outcasts, without whose willing and loyal service I could not have functioned.

Indian nationalism is the product of British rule, not a protest against it. It is flattering, not damaging, to British pride. The language in which it is expressed is the language of British writers and orators; the ideals which it expresses are British ideals; the constitution which it demands is the British constitution. But the British constitution was evolved through many centuries by the British people to suit their own requirements; it was not given to us ready-made by the Romans. The trouble with most Indian politicians is that they are more concerned with the forms of Government than with its functions, and the forms they desire are not necessarily the best suited to the conditions of their country.

The problem which confronts both British and Indian statesmen alike is intensely difficult and complex, requiring the utmost patience and understanding, and no good can result from ignoring the inescapable facts of the situation. There are two sets of people who can contribute nothing to its solution—those who do not want India to become a nation or to have a National Government, and those who think that India is already a nation, or can be made one by legislative enactment. Everyone else, everyone who desires the same end and is conscious of the difficulties to be overcome, can help by sympathy and goodwill to hasten the attainment of the ultimate goal.

And so I come back to the Pundits and Elephants, which I told the Asiatic Society had so impressed me. It is the things which are indigenous and admirable in Indian civilisation which we must look for and build upon, rather than the second-hand imitations of our own institutions and thoughts which are offered to us as Indian goods. How little we should value the opinion of a man who came to India and complained of her roads, but said nothing of her rivers—who criticised the monotony of her scenery and had never seen the Himalayas—who judged of her architecture by the Victoria Memorial or of

her literature by the daily press! Even so, he is an unreliable interpreter of the thought of India who can only hear her voice in the resolutions of Congress.

To-day the Government of India can speak and act for all India, for the Indian States, for the British Indian Provinces, for the fighting races and the business communities, for Moslems and Hindus, for the Zemindars and the Ryots, for the men of caste and the untouchables—it is equally responsible for the welfare of them all—and any Government that supersedes the present one must also be concerned with the welfare of all these people and able to speak in their name. There is no other authority in India that can do so to-day.

Because the Government of Great Britain developed on democratic lines, and representative institutions have been evolved not only in Great Britain itself but in the Colonial Dominions which British settlers have established throughout the world, it was inevitable that belief in the merits of Parliamentary Government, and a desire for its establishment should find expression in India. The development of a national consciousness was the natural consequence of the political unification of the Indian State.

Not only has this national ideal developed rapidly in India in recent years, but the British people, who have evolved the system of Parliamentary Government and established it in all the countries in which they have settled, who believe it to be the freest and best political system for any people, have come to regard it as the supreme test of their administration of other countries. To establish in India a self-governing State with representative institutions, united by friendship and goodwill with the other Dominions and acknowledging in a free partnership with them the mutual obligations of loyalty to a common Sovereign, is as much the avowed goal of the British Parliament as of Indian Nationalists.

But those who have laboriously and patiently built up such a system over hundreds of years are more conscious of the difficulties than are some impatient politicians who would achieve the end without perfecting the means. They know that national unity must precede national forms of Government, and that national unity cannot be created by resolutions or legislative enactments. Their own experience in India has taught them the consequences

of the weakening of the central Government, and whilst with them it is a matter of honour to make Parliamentary Government as successful in India as they have made it in England, they have no intention of transferring the authority of Government into hands that will not be strong enough to retain it.

The task they have set themselves has never before been accomplished in the world; it has never even been attempted. The history of America, of Canada, of Australia, of New Zealand or of South Africa, provides no parallel. In all those countries people of the same blood resident in the country have evolved their Institutions from a common tradition, and their Government, army, police and people are all of the same race. Yet even where such a measure of homogeneity exists, representative self-government has been the work of years. In India there is no homogeneity, and as yet no nation. Rajputs, Mahrattas, Sikhs, Ghurkas, Pathans, Parsees, Bengalis, Madrassis, are all Indians, but as yet they have no unity except such as they have acquired under British rule. The creation, from such divergent elements, of a parliament which they would all respect, of an executive Government which they would all obey, and of a national army on whose allegiance they could rely, may not be impossible in the course of years, but it is clearly a task of unprecedented difficulty. To such a task we are definitely committed, and the foundation of the new City of Delhi was the visible symbol of this great undertaking. It is a pledge that the obligation is accepted, not the seal of its accomplishment.

Other cities of Delhi have been won by victory and lost by defeat. They have been drenched with the blood of the conquered and have become the graves of the conquerors. The new Delhi symbolises no conquest, it has no fort, it defies no enemy. If it proves, as its predecessors did, to be the grave of the dynasty that built it, this will be because it has become, as it was intended to become, the cradle of Indian nationalism. When British political ideals have become embodied in Indian national life, when in obedience to those ideals Great Britain has transferred her authority to hands she has trained and to institutions she has founded, then she will disappear—not as the Tuars, the Chauhans, the Pathans and the Moghuls disappeared before them, into a dead past—but into an ever-living future. As the father lives in the son, so will Britain live in the Indian nation she has created.

POSTSCRIPT

THIS book was finished and in the publisher's hands early in 1942. Since then much has happened in the East. Burma has been invaded by Japan, and India is beginning to learn, as China has done, that attack from without is the most effective producer of unity within. India has also been visited by Sir Stafford Cripps, who brought the latest proposals of the British Government for the solution of the Indian constitutional deadlock. These proposals were widely discussed not only in the Indian press but in the press of the whole world. In friendly and allied countries, where little is known about the actual conditions in India, they were favourably received and acknowledged as evidence of the sincerity of the British intention to give full political freedom to India immediately after the war. In India, where the facts are known, they were rejected by all parties for different and conflicting reasons. Each party liked something in the proposals and disliked something else, but as they were told that they must accept them as a whole or not at all, they rejected them, and the reasons given for their rejection afforded a further proof of the political disunity which exists in the country, and recognition of which is the only possible starting-point for an all-India Constitution.

The military events of the Japanese invasion and the counter-measures taken for the defence of India are outside the scope of this book, though readers may feel that some of the places mentioned in it have acquired an added interest by reason of their appearance in the communiqués from the Eastern theatre of war. The declaration of the British Government and the negotiations conducted between Sir Stafford Cripps and the political leaders in India are very much within its scope, and I am able before the book leaves the printers' hands to add a few words of comment on these latest developments.

As a declaration of intention the British pronouncement was of even greater importance than the Montagu declaration of 1917 which governed the constitution-making immediately after the last war. Throughout Mr. Montagu's visit to India and the conferences which he conducted in that country with Lord Chelmsford, the formula in their minds seems to have been "we must do something for India, but we must not do too much";

and because Mr. Lionel Curtis's proposal of diarchy seemed to fit that formula, this unfortunate solution was adopted and made the foundation of the 1919 Act. The working of that system has been described in this book. It did not prove successful, and was abolished so far as the Provinces were concerned by the Act of 1935.

During the five years of my Governorship I heard or read many speeches by Lord Reading, which always ended with an eloquent peroration in the vaguest terms, for it had been the guiding principle of Lord Reading's Viceroyalty that nothing should be said or done which would in any way prejudge the future, or add to any previous declaration a definiteness which might be embarrassing to his successors. This was unfortunate, as no one was better qualified than Lord Reading to give clarity to any matter in which he saw clearly himself. But he did not see the future at all clearly. His legally-trained mind found in the conditions then prevailing in India many things which were incompatible with a logical carrying-out of the promises already made. He made no attempt to reconcile these inconsistencies and was honest enough not to say or do anything which might be construed as involving any further commitment. He would never himself use the phrase "Dominion status", and he criticised this when it was used by his successor, as these words had a precision which he regarded as inapplicable to India. Indians, however, grew tired of such phrases as "India's feet are now on the road to freedom and in due course she will reach her predestined goal". What they wanted to know was when the next stage would be reached and what form it would take; and these were precisely the questions which Lord Reading could not answer. They were answered by the Act of 1935, so far at any rate as the Provinces were concerned; but the form of the future Central or Federal Government as planned in that Act has failed to win the measure of assent necessary to enable it to be brought into operation.

The importance of the declaration of 1942 lies in the fact that in the matter of time, at any rate, definiteness has been introduced. The formula now is quite different from that which formed the background of the Montagu-Chelmsford Mission. It is: "At the end of this war we must do everything for India—how can we do it?" That is the question to which I wish to address myself.

"Full self-government at the end of the war", and "A political

freedom as complete as that enjoyed by any of the other Dominions"—those were the promises which Sir Stafford Cripps was authorised to make. How are they to be fulfilled? The procedure suggested by the Government is as follows:—

1. As soon as practicable after hostilities have ceased elections are to be held in all the Provinces.

2. Legislatures so elected are to be regarded as an electoral college which will elect representatives to a Constituent Assembly, whose duty it will be to draft a new Constitution.

3. The British Government will make a treaty with that Assembly, providing for the complete transfer of responsibility from British to Indian hands and for the protection of racial and religious minorities.

4. Any Province which may be unwilling to accede to the Constitution drafted by the Constituent Assembly is to be free to remain outside it and to retain the same full status as the Indian Union and arrived at by an analogous procedure.

When Sir Stafford Cripps said that these proposals must be accepted or rejected as a whole, he presumably meant that the right of a dissentient Province to contract out of the Constitution was an essential feature of the proposals, that they could not be accepted without it, and that this right could only be given to an administrative area and could not be extended to a community not wholly contained in such an area. He did not, presumably, mean that the details could not be modified provided the essential features were retained.

Although these proposals were made in all sincerity and were believed to be applicable to existing conditions in India, they contained some features which made them unacceptable.

First, they involved a uniformity which was inconsistent with existing differences. Secondly, they contained a liberty which endangered unity. Thirdly, the restricted time available for their discussion prejudiced from the first the chances of their acceptance. It is true that Sir Stafford Cripps said that he would have been willing to remain in India longer if he had seen any prospect of reaching agreement, but the circumstances of his visit—he being at the time the leader of the House of Commons and an important member of the War Cabinet—and the critical stage of the war, all these things necessitated a hurried conference. The very facts which made his selection for the purpose a compliment to India, made his early return to London desirable and

militated against the success of his mission. Business cannot be done in a hurry in the East and "take it or leave it" proposals are seldom acceptable where the choice is really free.

It is significant, as Sir Stafford pointed out, that the negotiations did not break down on the merits of any of the proposals relating to the future, so much as on the question of the interim procedure for co-operation in the present. On this point the demands of Congress could not be granted. Until the new Constitution comes into force the present Government of India cannot divest itself of its responsibilities or transfer them to others, especially to others who would in fact be responsible to no one. Congress claims to be representative of the whole of India, and, believing this, it is natural that it should claim to be entrusted with the functions of Government. But this is one of those political ideals which are not based upon realities. The British Government would have failed in its duty, both to its own people and its allies, who are sharing with it the burdens and the sacrifices of the war, if it had accepted any proposals which would have made the conduct of the war more difficult or less efficient. That the transfer of responsibility should take place after the war and not during the war was one of the essential conditions of the proposals which could not be modified.

What, in fact, the Government said to the Indian leaders was: "In return for an unqualified promise of complete freedom after the war has been won, will you co-operate with us in our task of winning it? Will you authorise the Ministers in the Provinces with a Congress majority to resume office, and will you accept the posts we offer you on the Viceroy's Executive Council and help us to get the maximum war effort, both in production and defence, from all the people in India?" What, in fact, the Leaders replied was: "We don't trust your promises for the future, and to test your *bona fides* we demand that you shall give real responsibility to a representative Cabinet now. Otherwise we cannot accept your proposals."

Although Sir Stafford Cripps said that the negotiations did not break down on the proposals for the future, the correspondence published in the White Paper makes it clear that there was little agreement about these. The Indian Leaders chose the ground on which to break off the negotiations, and, with a long experience, they are experts in selecting the ground they consider most favourable to themselves; but this does not mean that the rest of

the proposals would have presented no difficulty. In this case they have chosen the ground which may appear to them most favourable, but it is the one which meets with the least approval from their friends in the outside world.

The fact that the offer was made is all to the good, and the time spent in discussing it will not have been wasted if it leads to a better understanding of the basic facts of the Indian political situation which cannot be ignored.

The present *impasse* is the outcome of a political conception which is remote from the realities of the actual conditions in the country. Political science teaches us that a constitution, to work satisfactorily, must be adapted to the political life of the community to which it is applied, and the form of the Government which it establishes must fulfil the functions which the political conditions demand. That is why the most workable constitutions are those that have been developed gradually and correspond to the political growth of the people who have made them. Constitutions copied from other communities are rarely successful.

Both British and Indians are responsible for the growth in India of a political ideology which is in fact illusory. The British, since the days when the Government of the country was taken over from the East India Company, have created a form of administration which was adapted to the function it had to fulfil, namely, the unified direction from one centre of the affairs of many diverse peoples, speaking different languages, with different traditions, customs, habits and religions. They thus created out of these many different communities one political State, and that State was administered by officials who were not irresponsible autocrats but were answerable for all their acts to British public opinion. The form of Government was suited to the purposes for which it was devised, and therefore worked satisfactorily. Having created one State it was inevitable that they should speak of it as India, and its Government as the Government of India. It was also inevitable that Indian politicians should come to speak of themselves as Indians. But the British who had created an Indian State had not created an Indian nation, nor was it in their power to do so. Only Indians themselves could do this, and the task of doing it was begun when the Congress Party was formed. The process has made great progress, but it is not yet complete, and until it is complete the form of the Indian Government cannot assume a national basis. In

its present form the Government of India could only pass to Indian hands if it were assumed by an Indian autocrat with a powerful army to support him. Such an Indian rule would have to be despotic for many generations before it became as secure and as tolerant as that of the British Viceroy, and for many more before it became as democratic as the Government of Great Britain.

If the Government of India is to pass into Indian hands as completely as the Government of any Dominion at the end of the present war, as Sir Stafford Cripps was authorised to promise, it can only be in quite a different form—a form suited to the functions it will have to fulfil. The Moslem League have made it clear that they will not accept the Government of a Hindu majority. Congress have made it clear that they will never agree to the partition of India. The extent to which the Moslem League is entitled to speak for the Moslems of India is a debatable question, but the British Government would naturally wish to obtain the approval of that body as well as that of Congress, whose claim to speak for both Moslems and Hindus is equally debatable. The approval of the Sikhs is also essential because, though a small community (about four million) it is from them that a disproportionately great contribution to the strength of the Indian army is drawn. None of these conflicting interests can be reconciled by the kind of constitution which Congress envisages.

Although the negotiations conducted by Sir Stafford Cripps broke down, the solution of the problem has been brought appreciably nearer in the last few months. Two definite gains can be registered:—

1. The declaration of the British Government, supplemented as it has been by Sir Stafford Cripps' assurances, has established once and for all the intention of the British Government that the status of India as a Dominion after the present war shall be in every respect as free as that of any of the other Dominions. Of the sincerity of this offer our American and Russian allies are convinced. Congress leaders are not so convinced: this is not surprising; there are many reasons for their suspicions. But whether the declaration is believed or not, it is on record; it is an historical document from which there can be no going back.

2. The negotiations conducted by Sir Stafford Cripps, though they failed to secure agreement, have revealed more clearly than

before the nature of the differences that exist in India, and this should make their reconciliation easier in the future.

Command Paper C.M.D. 6350 seems to establish three facts which future negotiators will need to bear in mind:—

1. That the present delimitation of Provincial boundaries is not satisfactory, and the first step towards an agreed constitution will probably have to be a reconstruction of the self-governing Provinces.

2. That a communal franchise is incompatible both with true democracy and with the national idea, and the more nearly the self-governing units can be made to conform to their Hindu, Sikh and Moslem populations, the less will be the need to retain this unfortunate feature.

3. That, if and when this re-grouping has taken place, and greater contentment of the principal communities has thus been secured, the problem of the Central Government must be approached from a new angle.

Hitherto the Central Government has exercised control of the Provinces, and has delegated to the Provincial Governments some of its powers whilst retaining others. The White Paper makes it clear that such a Central Government in an Indian Dominion would not be acceptable to the Moslems, while the British proposal that any Province can elect to remain outside the Central Government would be destructive to Indian unity and would not be accepted by the Hindus.

There would be a greater chance of agreement if the problem were approached differently. The existence of a number of Provinces in which complete self-government on a democratic basis has already been established is the real and solid foundation which should be taken as the starting-point for the creation of a Central Government on a federal basis. These Provinces, as free and equal confederate units, should confer and decide on what terms they would consent to delegate powers to a Federal Government, and when the functions of such a Government have been determined, its form will be more easily settled.

In this form, and in this form alone, a democratic Government for the whole of India could be established at once. It would recognise the existence of the many different races which have not yet become a single nation, it would represent the terms on which these different races and communities had agreed to co-operate, without imposing on any one of them the rule of

another, and under such a constitution the process of nation-building could continue to progress.

So far I have spoken only of the self-governing Provinces of British India. There remains the question of the Indian States. Can they, too, be fitted into such a constitution? There is no reason why communities should not coalesce in a confederation, no matter how different they are in form, provided they are not divergent in movement. But here, too, the first step towards confederation must be a re-grouping of the Indian States. Of the total number of some 580 not more than 24 merit the description of States at all. The smaller ones would have to be mediatised before the federating process could begin. Whether they should be incorporated in a self-governing Indian Province, or in a neighbouring Indian State, would depend on their geographical situation and on the wishes of their inhabitants. While I was in India the question of exchanging certain areas between British India and the territory of an Indian Prince cropped up from time to time, usually at the request of the ruling Prince. The Government of India always refused to consider such exchanges without reference to the wishes of the inhabitants of the areas involved. Human beings, they insisted, could not be treated as chattels and transferred from one form of Government to another, regardless of their wishes, to suit the convenience of other parties. In all cases the inhabitants of the Indian State expressed their willingness to be included in the area of a British Indian Province, but the inhabitants of the British Indian area refused to be transferred to the rule of the Indian Prince, and the exchanges were never made.

After the mediatizing process had been carried out and the number and boundaries of the States had been fixed, their rulers would then become confederate units, and jointly with the self-governing Provinces could consider what powers they would agree to delegate to a Federal Government. If they acceded to the Constitution and submitted to the authority of the Federal Government in the same way as the Provinces, they would enjoy the economic advantages of union, but their absolute rule would have to be progressively eliminated by their conversion into constitutional rulers, when they would occupy positions similar to those of the provincial Governors.

If a constitutional development on these lines were approved by all the parties concerned, there is no reason why it should not

begin immediately; and when it was completed the Constitution which would result would be adapted to the function which it had to fulfil, and would be grounded on reality and not on dream. It would be national in that all the peoples of India would be taking part in it, and it would be democratic in that it would be based upon the wishes of those people expressed through the medium of a popular franchise. Lastly, it would be indigenous in that it had been evolved by the Indian peoples themselves by agreement after conference, and would not be an imitation of another constitution which had been evolved to meet entirely different conditions. Any help that was required from the Statesmen either of Great Britain or of the other Dominions should, of course, be forthcoming. The rate of progress and the time of its fulfilment would be entirely in Indian hands. The present Constitution would merely continue until the new one was ready to take its place.

On some such lines as these the present *impasse* could be solved, and all parties and communities in India could at once begin preparing for the steps which would have to be taken as soon as the war was over. If, on the other hand, the illusion is continued that India is already a nation and that to that nation Great Britain can transfer full power at a given moment, there can be no progress, because the actual facts cannot be reconciled with it and will be constantly obtruding themselves. The present *impasse* will remain. The rival communities will continue to quarrel among themselves and communal bitterness will increase in proportion as the chance of either of them dominating the other is thought to be within reach. Indian war effort, whether in production or defence, will be weakened and only the common enemy of all parties will gain. Even if some kind of unity be secured in face of external danger and the war is brought to a successful issue, the declaration of the British Government cannot be fruitfully utilised unless the real facts are recognised and taken into account when the Constitution-making begins. Any attempt to establish a unitary Government on the false assumption that the whole of India is a single national unit which can be governed by a central executive and a legislature as in England, built upon Parliamentary Party Government, could only result in the partition of the country, and might lead to civil war, either initially as in the U.S.S.R., or ultimately, as in the U.S.A.

THE BENGAL CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL, 1925

A BILL

to supplement the ordinary criminal law in Bengal

WHEREAS it is expedient to supplement the ordinary criminal law in Bengal:

AND WHEREAS the previous sanction of the Governor-General has been obtained under sub-section (3) of section 80A of the Government of India Act to the passing of this Act;

It is hereby enacted as follows:—

1.—(1) This Act may be called the Bengal Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1925;

(2) It shall come into force on such date as the Local Government may, by notification in the *Calcutta Gazette*, direct;

(3) It extends to the whole of Bengal; and

(4) It shall continue in force for five years from the date of its commencement.

2. In this Act, unless there is anything repugnant in the subject or context, "the Code" means the Code of Criminal Procedure, 1898.

3.—(1) The Local Government may, by order in writing, direct that any person accused of any offence specified in the First Schedule shall be tried by Commissioners appointed under this Act.

(2) No order under subsection (1) shall be made in respect of, or be deemed to include, any person who has been committed under the Code for trial before a High Court, but save as aforesaid an order under that subsection may be made in respect of, or may include, any person accused of any offence specified in the First Schedule whether such offence was committed before or after the commencement of this Act.

4.—(1) Commissioners for the trial of persons under this Act shall be appointed by the Local Government.

(2) Such Commissioners may be appointed for the whole of Bengal or for any part thereof, or for the trial of any particular accused person or persons.

(3) All trials under this Act shall be held by three Commissioners, of whom at least two shall be persons who at the time of appointment under this section are serving as, and have for at least three years served as or exercised the powers of, Sessions Judges or Additional Sessions Judges, or are persons qualified under subsection (3) of section 101 of the Government of India Act, for appointment as Judges of a High Court.

5.—(1) Commissioners appointed under this Act may take cognisance of offences without the accused being committed to them for trial, and in trying accused persons, shall record evidence in the manner prescribed in section 356 of the Code and shall, in other respects also, subject to this Act and to any rules made thereunder, follow the procedure

prescribed by the Code for the trial of warrant cases by Magistrates.

(2) In the event of any difference of opinion among the Commissioners the opinion of the majority shall prevail.

6.—(1) The Commissioners may pass upon any person convicted by them any sentence authorised by law for the punishment of the offence of which such person is convicted.

(2) If in any trial under this Act it is found that the accused person has committed any offence, whether such offence is or is not an offence specified in the First Schedule, the Commissioners may convict such person of such offence and pass any sentence authorised by law for the punishment thereof.

7. The provisions of the Code, so far only as they are not inconsistent with the provisions of, or the special procedure prescribed by or under, this Act shall apply to the proceedings of Commissioners appointed under this Act, and such Commissioners shall have all the powers conferred by the Code on a Court of Session exercising original jurisdiction.

8.—(1) Commissioners trying an offence under this Act may, with a view to obtaining the evidence of any person supposed to have been directly concerned in, or privy to, the offence, tender a pardon to such person on condition of his making a full and true disclosure of the whole circumstances within his knowledge relative to the offence and to every other person concerned whether as principal or abettor in the commission thereof.

(2) Where, in the case of any offence for the trial of which by Commissioners an order has been made under subsection (1) of section 3, a pardon has, before the passing of such order, been tendered to and accepted by any person under section 337 of the Code, the provisions of subsections (2) and (3) of that section of the Code shall apply as if the accused person had been committed for trial to the Commissioners.

(3) For the purposes of sections 339 and 339A of the Code, pardons tendered under subsection (1) and subsection (2) shall be deemed respectively to have been tendered under sections 338 and 337 of the Code.

9. Notwithstanding anything contained in the Indian Evidence Act, 1872, when the statement of any person has been recorded by any Magistrate, such statement may be admitted in evidence in any trial before Commissioners appointed under this Act if such person is dead or cannot be found, or is incapable of giving evidence, and the Commissioners are of opinion that such death, disappearance, or incapacity has been caused in the interests of the accused.

10. The Local Government may by notification in the *Calcutta Gazette* make rules consistent with this Act to provide for all or any of the following matters, namely:—

- (i) the times and places at which Commissioners appointed under this Act may sit;

- (ii) the procedure of such Commissioners, including the appointment and powers of their President, and the procedure to be adopted in the event of any Commissioner being prevented from attending throughout the trial of any accused person;
- (iii) the conduct of and the procedure at trials, the manner in which prosecutions before such Commissioners shall be conducted and the appointment and powers of persons conducting such prosecutions;
- (iv) the execution of sentences passed by such Commissioners;
- (v) the temporary custody or release on bail of persons referred to or included in any order made under subsection (1) of section 3, and the transmission of records to the Commissioners; and
- (vi) any matter which appears to the Local Government to be necessary for carrying into effect the provisions of this Act relating or ancillary to trials before Commissioners.

11.—(1) Where, in the opinion of the Local Government, there are reasonable grounds for believing that any person—

- (i) has acted, is acting or is about to act in contravention of the provisions of the Indian Arms Act, 1878, or of the Explosive Substances Act, 1908; or
- (ii) has committed, is committing or is about to commit any offence specified in the Second Schedule; or
- (iii) has acted, is acting or is about to act with a view to interfere by violence or by threat of violence with the administration of justice;

the Local Government, if it is satisfied that such person is a member, or is being controlled or instigated by a member, of any association of which the objects or methods include the doing of any of such acts or the commission of any of such offences, may, by order in writing, give all or any of the following directions, namely, that such person—

- (a) shall notify his residence and any change of residence to such authority as may be specified in the order;
- (b) shall report himself to the police in such manner and at such periods as may be so specified;
- (c) shall conduct himself in such manner or abstain from such acts as may be so specified;
- (d) shall reside or remain in any area so specified;
- (e) shall not enter, reside in, or remain in any area so specified;
- (f) shall be committed to custody in jail;

and may at any time add to, amend, vary or rescind any order made under this section:

Provided that such order shall be reviewed by the Local Government at the end of one year from the date of the making of the order, and shall not remain in force for more than one year unless upon such review the Local Government directs its continuance.

(2) The Local Government in its order under subsection (1) may direct—

- (a) the arrest without warrant of the person in respect of whom the order is made at any place where he may be found by any police-officer or by any officer of Government to whom the order may be directed or endorsed by or under the general or special authority of the Local Government;
- (b) the search of any place specified in the order which in the opinion of the Local Government has been, is being, or is about to be used by such person, for the purpose for doing any act, or committing any offence, of the nature described in subsection (1).

12. An order made under subsection (1) of section 11 shall be served on the person in respect of whom it is made in the manner provided in the Code for service of a summons, and upon such service such person shall be deemed to have had due notice thereof.

13.—(1) Any officer of Government authorised in this behalf by general or special order of the Local Government may arrest without warrant any person against whom a reasonable suspicion exists that he is a person in respect of whom an order might lawfully be made under subsection (1) of section 11.

(2) Any officer exercising the power conferred by subsection (1) may, at the time of making the arrest, search any place and seize any property which is, or is reasonably suspected of being, used by such person for the purpose of doing any act, or committing any offence, of the nature described in subsection (1) of section 11.

(3) Any officer making an arrest under subsection (1) shall forthwith report the fact to the Local Government and may by order in writing commit any person so arrested to custody pending receipt of the orders of the Local Government; and the Local Government may by general or special order specify the custody to which such person shall be committed:

Provided that no person shall be detained in custody under this section for a period exceeding fifteen days save under a special order of the Local Government, and no person shall in any case be detained in custody under this section for a period exceeding one month.

14.—(1) The Local Government and every officer of Government to whom any copy of any order made under section 11 has been directed or endorsed by or under the general or special authority of the Local Government may use any and every means necessary to enforce compliance with such order.

(2) Any officer exercising any of the powers conferred by section 13 may use any and every means necessary to the full exercise of such powers.

15. Whoever, being a person in respect of whom an order has been made under subsection (1) of section 11, knowingly disobeys any

direction in such order, shall be punishable with imprisonment for a term which may extend to three years, and shall also be liable to fine.

16.—(1) Every person in respect of whom an order has been made under subsection (1) of section 11 shall, if so directed by any officer authorised in this behalf by general or special order of the Local Government,—

- (a) permit himself to be photographed;
- (b) allow his finger impressions to be taken;
- (c) furnish such officer with specimens of his handwriting and signature;
- (d) attend at such times and places as such officer may direct for all or any of the foregoing purposes.

(2) If any person fails to comply with or attempts to avoid any direction given in accordance with the provisions of subsection (1), he shall be punishable with imprisonment for a term which may extend to six months, or with fine which may extend to one thousand rupees, or with both.

17. The power to issue search warrants conferred by section 98 of the Code shall be deemed to include a power to issue warrants authorising the search of any place in which any Magistrate mentioned in that section has reason to believe that any offence specified in the First Schedule has been, is being, or is about to be committed, and the seizure of anything found therein or thereon which the officer executing the warrant has reason to believe has been, is being, or is intended to be, used for the commission of any such offence; and the provisions of the Code, so far as they can be made applicable, shall apply to searches made under the authority of any warrant issued under this section, and to the disposal of any property seized in any such search; and an order for search issued by the Local Government under subsection (2) of section 11 shall be deemed to be a search warrant issued by a Presidency Magistrate or the District Magistrate having jurisdiction in the place specified therein, and may be executed by the person to whom the order is addressed in the manner provided in this section.

18.—(1) Within one month from the date of an order by the Local Government under subsection (1) of section 11, the Local Government shall place before two persons, who shall be either Sessions Judges or Additional Sessions Judges having, in either case, exercised for at least five years the powers of a Sessions Judge or Additional Sessions Judge, the material facts and circumstances in its possession on which the order has been based or which are relevant to the inquiry, together with any such facts and circumstances relating to the case which may have subsequently come into its possession, and a statement of the allegations against the person in respect of whom the order has been made and his answers to them, if furnished by him. The said Judges shall consider the said material facts and circumstances and the allegations and

answers and shall report to the Local Government whether or not in their opinion there is lawful and sufficient cause for the order.

(2) On receipt of the said report, the Local Government shall consider the same and shall pass such order thereon as appears to the Local Government to be just or proper.

(3) Nothing in this section shall entitle any person against whom an order has been made under subsection (1) of section 11 to attend in person or to appear by pleader in any matter connected with the reference to the said Judges, and the proceedings and report of the said Judges shall be confidential.

19.—(1) When an order under subsection (1) of section 11 has been made against a person, the Local Government may at any time, without conditions or upon any conditions which such person accepts, direct the suspension or cancellation of such order.

(2) If any condition on which an order has been suspended or cancelled is in the opinion of the Local Government not fulfilled, the Local Government may revoke the suspension or cancellation, and thereupon the person in whose favour such suspension or cancellation was made may, if at large, be arrested by any police officer without warrant and the order under subsection (1) of section 11 shall be deemed to be in full force.

(3) If the conditions on which such suspension or cancellation has been made include the execution of a bond with or without sureties, the Local Government may at once proceed to recover the penalty of such bond.

(4) A Presidency Magistrate or Magistrate of the first class shall in default of payment of such penalty issue, on application made in this behalf by an officer of the Local Government specially empowered, a warrant for the attachment and sale of the movable property belonging to the defaulter or his estate if he be dead. On the issue of such warrant the provisions of subsections (3) and (4) of section 514 of the Code shall apply to such recovery.

20.—(1) The Local Government shall, by order in writing, appoint such persons as it thinks fit to constitute Visiting Committees for the purposes of this Act and shall by rules prescribe the functions which these Committees shall exercise.

(2) Such rules shall provide for periodical visits to persons under restraint by reason of an order made under subsection (1) of section 11.

(3) No person in respect of whom any such order has been made requiring him to notify his residence or change of residence or to report himself to the police or to abstain from any specified act, shall be deemed to be under restraint for the purpose of subsection (2).

21. The Local Government shall make to every person who is placed under restraint by reason of an order made under subsection (1) of section 11, a monthly allowance for his support of such amount as is,

in the opinion of the Local Government, adequate for the supply of his wants, and shall also make to his family, if any, and to such of his near relatives, if any, as are in the opinion of the Local Government dependent on him for support, an allowance for the supply of their wants suitable in the opinion of the Local Government to their rank in life.

Explanation.—In this section the expression “under restraint” has the same meaning as in section 20.

22. The Local Government may make rules providing for the procedure to be followed regarding the notification of residence and report to the police by persons in respect of whom orders have been made under section 11, and for the place and manner of custody of all persons arrested or committed to or detained in custody under this Act.

23. All rules made under this Act shall be published in the *Calcutta Gazette*, and on such publication shall have effect as if enacted in this Act.

24. No suit, prosecution or other legal proceeding shall lie against any person for anything which is in good faith done or intended to be done under this Act.

25. Where, prior to the commencement of this Act, anything has been done, or any action has been taken under the provisions of the Bengal Criminal Law Amendment Ordinance, 1924, which thing or action might have been done or taken under the provisions herein enacted had this Act commenced on the 25th day of October 1924, such thing or action shall be deemed to have been done or taken under the provisions of this Act, and every consequence which would have ensued if this Act had commenced as aforesaid, and such thing or action had been done or taken thereunder, shall thereupon ensue in all respects as if this Act had so commenced and such thing or action had been so done or taken.

THE FIRST SCHEDULE (See sections 3 and 6.)

Any of the following offences, if in the opinion of the Local Government there are reasonable grounds for believing that such offence has been committed by a member, or a person controlled or instigated by a member, of any association of which the objects or methods include the commission of any of such offences, namely:—

- (a) any offence punishable under any of the following sections of the Indian Penal Code, namely, sections 148, 302, 304, 326, 327, 329, 332, 333, 385, 386, 387, 392, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 431, 435, 436, 437, 438, 440, 454, 455, 457, 458, 459, 460 and 506;
- (b) any offence under the Explosive Substances Act, 1908;
- (c) any offence under the Indian Arms Act, 1878;
- (d) any attempt or conspiracy to commit, or any abetment of, any of the above offences.

THE SECOND SCHEDULE (See section 11.)

- (1) Any offence punishable under any of the following sections of the Indian Penal Code, namely, sections 148, 302, 304, 326, 327, 329, 332, 333, 392, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 431, 435, 436, 437, 438, 440, 457 and 506.
- (2) Any attempt or conspiracy to commit, or any abetment of, any of the above offences.